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HN GALSWORTHY  
begins a Tremendous  
ovel in This Issue



Ah've always said, and now repeat -  
"Ma health am due to CREAM o'WHEAT!"

*Painted by Leslie Wallace for Cream of Wheat Co.*

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# COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXI

NOVEMBER, 1916

NO. 6

## *Time Makes Turncoats of Us All*

By Herbert Kaufman

**T**IME is a custom tailor, incessantly altering the lines of reason.  
*Methods change with minds—views with news.*

*Yesterday's ideas do not fit to-day's ideals. The last word on any matter or means is never the final declaration. Knowledge is comparative—there is no precise information.*

*An original thought is only one more mental polyyps added to a ceaselessly growing reef of comprehension. Fact piles upon fact. Every analysis of fundamentals reveals another transformation.*

*While a million intelligences continue to wonder at the phenomena of nature, and ponder over the latent forces in themselves and their surroundings, it is self-apparent that errors will be detected in the soundest theories and improvements made in all existing methods.*

*We know nothing to be a certainty. Therefore, precedents are precarious. No sincere man is bound by past performances or utterances. When conditions shift, opinions must be adjusted accordingly. Despite the calculations of geographers, the world is steadily growing bigger, horizons are moving back—there's much more room for thought than used to be.*

*Beliefs once tenable are discredited by progress. We constantly get new slants on old problems.*

*As broad-gaged men acquire wisdom, they reconsider their hasty, injudicious, obsolete, and superficial notions. It is pig-headed to persist in a partisanship which no longer enlists conviction. Do not criticize those courageous enough to avow a frank change of heart, but rather applaud the moral valor which scorns pretense.*

*It is not treason to renounce a mistaken cause, but a mistake to serve an undeserving one.*

*Advancement demands revision and reversion. Time inevitably makes turncoats of us all.*



# The

By Edgar

*Author of "Spoon"*

I

**B**UT you must act. And therein lies the way  
Of freedom from the Furies. You must burn  
The substance of your being. If you stay  
The impetus of life, you will not learn  
The simples of salvation. Go pluck off  
A serpent from Alecto's head and laugh,  
Exhilarate with its poison. If you scoff,  
You will perceive. You cannot love the staff  
You have not scorned. You cannot weigh the act  
You have not lived, the fear you did not prove.  
Your soul was made to focus and extract  
Through action every hatred, every love.  
Pour out yourself if you would know release  
From what the Furies do to wreck your peace.

II

Ambition that eludes, love never found,  
High hopes that tempt, or goodness still pursued  
Have their own Furies. For this mortal ground  
Breeds serpents from the blood of fortitude  
And action, as it does from listless fear.  
You have aspired and fallen, curse the quest  
Till madness come. Be quiet, hide or sear



# Furies

Lee Masters

*"River Anthology"*

*Drawing by J.D. Skidmore*

The memory of the dream—no less at last  
The Sisters shall arrive. How do they come?  
Your life grows 'round a moral governance,  
And you have served it. You are stricken dumb  
To see it crumble, spite of vigilance.  
Now, when you cannot think, rebuild, repair,  
The Sisters come and wheel your cripple's chair.

### III

You were a fennel stalk that laughed and grew  
With laughter till the life in you could use  
The cells no further. Then the cold winds blew,  
And you fell whispering of the April dews.  
Grown fair or foul, the rhythmic force was spent.  
The summer passed, your little part achieved,  
Repulsions balance I, though you might lament  
So much neglected or too much believed.  
You were a dry weed when a Great Hand seized  
And bore you as a carrier of fire.  
The garden you had grown in had not pleased.  
Was this the fruitage of your rapt desire?  
You lit a heap of leaves where children came.  
The Furies, meditating, watched the flame.

T. D. SKIDMORE



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### Spaghetti a la Russe

Take a quarter of a pound of boiled spaghetti, cut up in lengths about one inch, mix it with four tomatoes that are chopped small, one tablespoonful of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and one tablespoonful of made mustard; cook together for fifteen minutes, then add one-half cupful of grated cheese, reboil, then turn out on a hot dish and sprinkle over it a little chopped cooked shell fish, such as shrimps or lobster. Serve hot.

### Rice Surprises

Wash one-half cupful of rice in several waters and put it into a saucepan with one cupful cold water. Let it cook quickly until the water is absorbed, then add one tablespoonful of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard and add two cupfuls of milk. Simmer until the rice is thoroughly cooked and the mixture rather thick. Stir occasionally, as it will be inclined to stick to the pan. When ready, take the saucepan from the fire, and add four tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract. Rinse out some small molds with cold water, three-fourths fill them with the rice, and make a little hollow in the center. Put one teaspoonful of strawberry jam into each, cover and fill up with more rice, and set aside to cool. When firm, turn out and serve with custard sauce poured round.

### Bread Pudding with Cherries

Bring one cupful of milk to a boiling point, then mix into it one-half cupful of breadcrumbs, one-half teaspoonful of grated lemon rind and one tablespoonful of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard; boil for eight minutes. Beat up two eggs, add six tablespoonfuls of sugar and one cupful of milk; stir this mixture into the boiling milk; pour into a greased pudding dish, sprinkle it with one-half cupful of chopped preserved cherries, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes or until a golden color.

### Almond Fritters

Add one cupful of milk gradually to one-half cupful of flour, and stir them over the fire until boiling. Add one tablespoonful of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, one-half cupful of ground almonds, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the yolks of two large eggs, and cook for two minutes longer. Then spread the mixture on a plate, and allow it to become quite cold. When firm, divide into small equal-sized pieces, and roll these upon a floured board into the shape of a cork. Brush these over with the egg whites beaten to a stiff froth, toss in fine breadcrumbs, and fry in smoking hot beef fat. Drain well, and roll in powdered sugar. Serve hot.

These recipes by Marion Harrin Neil, cooking expert of Pictorial Review Magazine.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.





# COSMOPOLITAN

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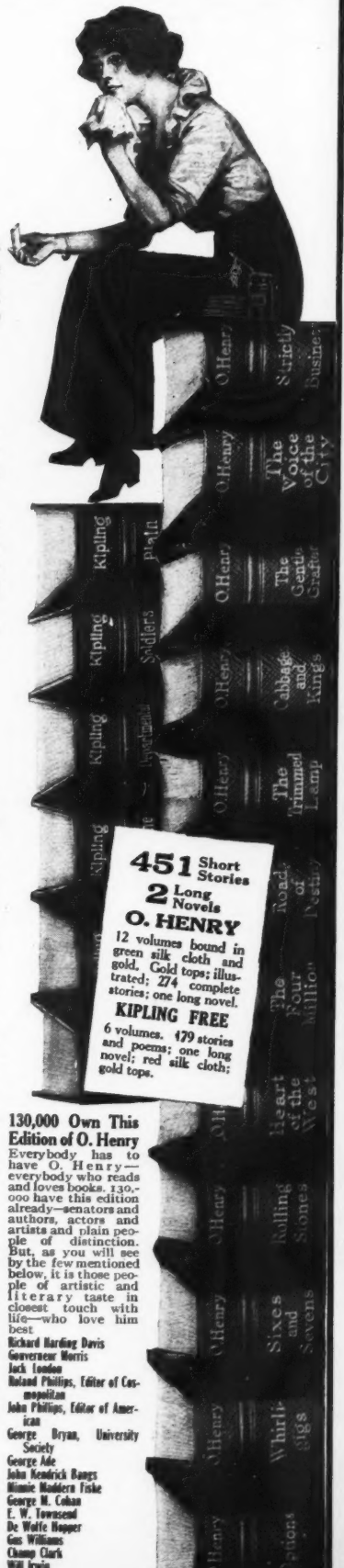
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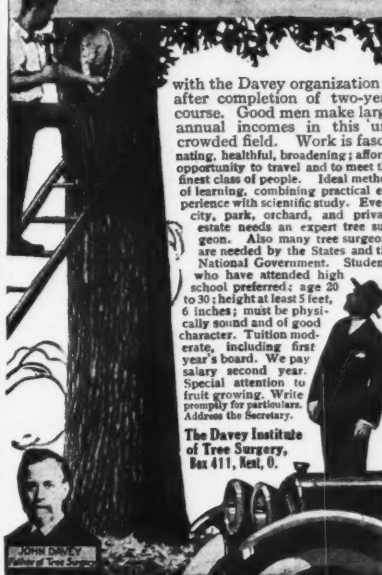
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# COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXI

NOVEMBER, 1916

NO. 6

## *Time Makes Turncoats of Us All*

By Herbert Kaufman

**T**IME is a custom tailor, incessantly altering the lines of reason. Methods change with minds—views with news.

Yesterday's ideas do not fit to-day's ideals. The last word on any matter or means is never the final declaration. Knowledge is comparative—there is no precise information.

An original thought is only one more mental polyps added to a ceaselessly growing reef of comprehension. Fact piles upon fact. Every analysis of fundamentals reveals another transformation.

While a million intelligences continue to wonder at the phenomena of nature, and ponder over the latent forces in themselves and their surroundings, it is self-apparent that errors will be detected in the soundest theories and improvements made in all existing methods.

We know nothing to be a certainty. Therefore, precedents are precarious. No sincere man is bound by past performances or utterances. When conditions shift, opinions must be adjusted accordingly. Despite the calculations of geographers, the world is steadily growing bigger, horizons are moving back—there's much more room for thought than used to be.

Beliefs once tenable are discredited by progress. We constantly get new slants on old problems.

As broad-gaged men acquire wisdom, they reconsider their hasty, injudicious, obsolete, and superficial notions. It is pig-headed to persist in a partisanship which no longer enlists conviction. Do not criticize those courageous enough to avow a frank change of heart, but rather applaud the moral valor which scorns preterse.

It is not treason to renounce a mistaken cause, but a mistake to serve an undeserving one.

Advancement demands revision and reversion. Time inevitably makes turncoats of us all.





# The By Edgar

*Author of "Spoon"*

## I

**B**UT you must act. And therein lies the way  
Of freedom from the Furies. You must burn  
The substance of your being. If you stay  
The impetus of life, you will not learn  
The simples of salvation. Go pluck off  
A serpent from Alecto's head and laugh,  
Exhilarate with its poison. If you scoff,  
You will perceive. You cannot love the staff  
You have not scorned. You cannot weigh the act  
You have not lived, the fear you did not prove.  
Your soul was made to focus and extract  
Through action every hatred, every love.  
Pour out yourself if you would know release  
From what the Furies do to wreck your peace.

## II

Ambition that eludes, love never found,  
High hopes that tempt, or goodness still pursued  
Have their own Furies. For this mortal ground  
Breeds serpents from the blood of fortitude  
And action, as it does from listless fear.  
You have aspired and fallen; curse the past  
Till madness come. Be quiet, hide or sear



# Furies

Lee Masters

*"River Anthology"*

*Drawing by T.D. Skidmore*

The memory of the dream—no less at last  
The Sisters shall arrive. How do they come?  
Your life grows round a moral governance,  
And you have served it. You are stricken dumb  
To see it crumble, spite of vigilance.  
Now, when you cannot think, rebuild, repair.  
The Sisters come and wheel your cripple's chair.

### III

You were a fennel stalk that laughed and grew  
With laughter till the life in you could use  
The cells no further. Then the cold winds blew.  
And you fell whispering of the April dews.  
Grown fair or foul, the rhythmic force was spent.  
The summer passed, your little part achieved.  
Repulsions balanced, though you might lament  
So much neglected or too much believed.  
You were a dry weed when a Great Hand seized  
And bore you as a carrier of fire.  
The garden you had grown in had not pleased.  
Was this the fruitage of your rapt desire?  
You lit a heap of leaves where children came.  
The Furies, meditating, watched the flame.

T.D. SKIDMORE



DRAWN BY JOHN ALVIN WILLIAMS

"Oh, Gyp, I love you—I love you—don't send me away—let me be with you! I am your dog—your slave! Oh, Gyp, I love you!"



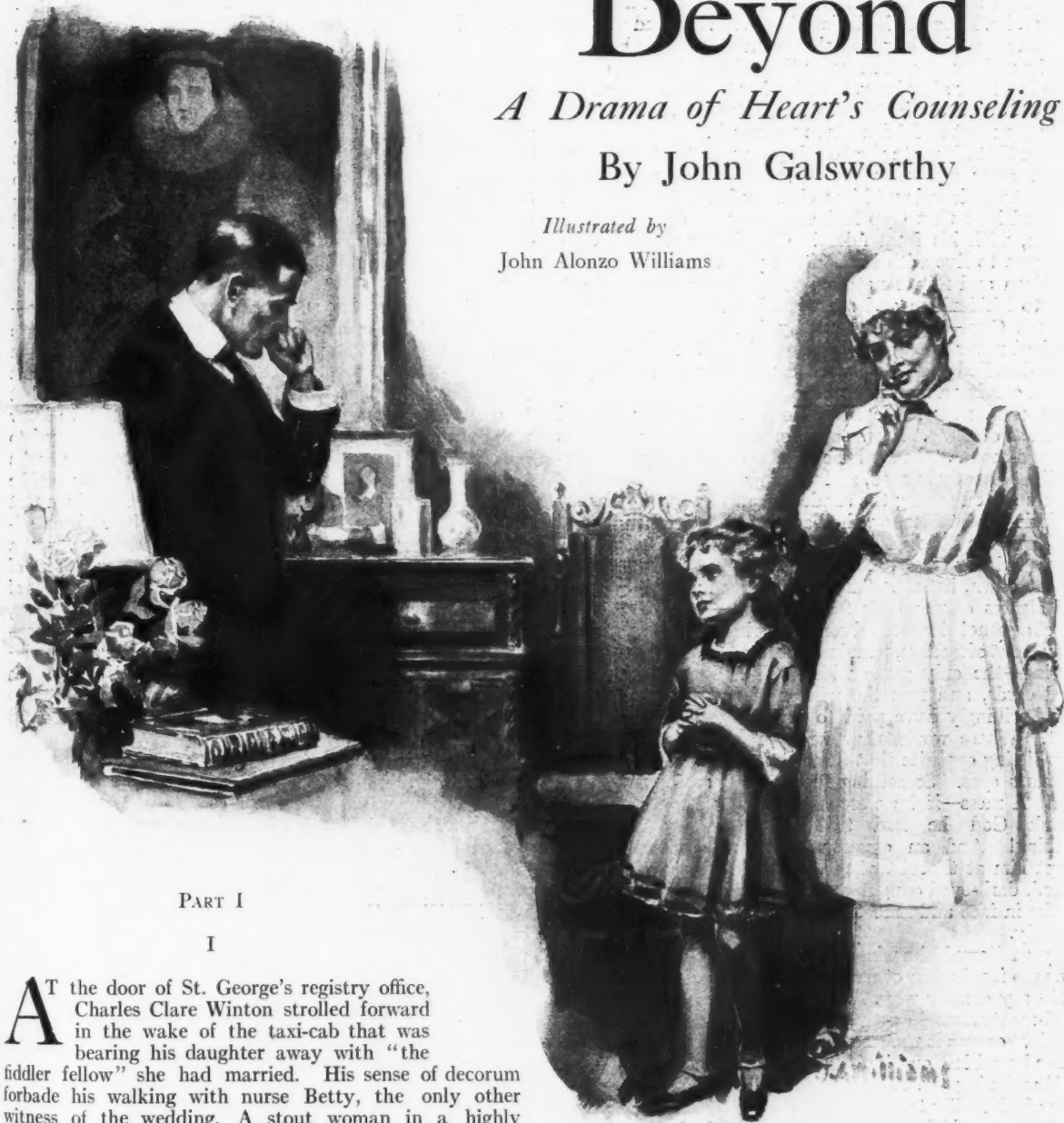
# Beyond

*A Drama of Heart's Counseling*

By John Galsworthy

*Illustrated by*

John Alonzo Williams



## PART I

### I

AT the door of St. George's registry office, Charles Clare Winton strolled forward in the wake of the taxi-cab that was bearing his daughter away with "the fiddler fellow" she had married. His sense of decorum forbade his walking with nurse Betty, the only other witness of the wedding. A stout woman in a highly emotional condition would have been an incongruous companion to his slim, upright figure, moving with just that unexaggerated swing and balance becoming to a lancer, even if he has been on the retired list for sixteen years.

Poor Betty! He thought of her with irritated sympathy—she need not have given way to tears on the door-step. She might well feel lost now Gyp was gone, but not so lost as himself. His pale-gloved hand—the one real hand he had, for his right hand had been amputated at the wrist—twisted vexedly at the small grizzling mustache lifting itself from the corners of his firm lips. On this gray February day he wore no overcoat; faithful to the absolute, almost shamefaced quietness of that wedding, he had not even donned black coat and silk hat, but wore a blue suit and a hard black felt. The instinct of a soldier and hunting man to exhibit no sign whatever of emotion did not desert him this dark day of his life; but his gray-hazel eyes kept contracting, staring fiercely, contracting again; and, at moments, as if overpowered by some deep feeling, they darkened and seemed to draw back in his head. His face was narrow and weathered and thin-cheeked, with a clean-

He said, in a voice that seemed to him to tremble. "Well, Gyp?"  
"Thank you for my toys: I like them"

cut jaw, small ears, hair darker than the mustache, but touched at the side wings with gray—the face of a man of action, self-reliant, resourceful. And his bearing was that of one who has always been a bit of a dandy and paid attention to "form," yet been conscious sometimes that there were things beyond—a man, who, preserving all the precision of a type, yet had in him a streak of something that was not typical. Such often have tragedy in their pasts.

Making his way toward the park, he turned into Mount Street. There was the house still, though the street had been very different then—the house he had passed, up and down, up and down in the fog, like a ghost, that November afternoon, like a cast-out dog, in such awful, unutterable agony of mind, twenty-three years ago, when Gyp was



born. And then to be told at the door—he, with no right to enter, he, loving as he believed man never loved woman—to be told at the door that *she* was dead—dead in bearing what he and she alone knew was their child! Up and down in the fog, hour after hour, knowing her time was upon her; and at last to be told that! Of all fates that befall man, surely the most awful is to love too much.

Queer that his route should take him past the very house to-day, after this new bereavement! Accursed luck—that gout which had sent him to Wiesbaden last September! Accursed luck that Gyp had ever set eyes on this fellow Fiorsen, with his fatal fiddle! Certainly not since Gyp had come to live with him, fifteen years ago, had he felt so forlorn and fit for nothing. To-morrow he would get back to Mildenhall and see what hard riding would do. Without Gyp—to be without Gyp! A fiddler! A chap who had never been on a horse in his life! And with his crutch-handled cane he switched viciously at the air, as though carving a man in two.

His club, near Hyde Park Corner, had never seemed to him so desolate. From sheer force of habit he went into the card-room. The afternoon had so darkened that electric light already burned, and there were the usual dozen of players seated among the shaded gleams falling decorously on dark-wood tables, on the backs of chairs, on cards and tumblers, the little gilded coffee-cups, the polished nails of fingers holding cigars. A crony challenged him to piquet. He sat down, listless. That three-legged whist—bridge—had always offended his fastidiousness—a mangled short cut of a game! Poker had something blatant in it. Piquet, though out of fashion, remained for him the only game worth playing—the only game which still had style. He held good cards, and rose the winner of five pounds that he would willingly have paid to escape the boredom of the bout. Where would they be by now? Past Newbury; Gyp sitting opposite that Swedish fellow with his greenish wildcat's eyes. Something furtive, and so foreign, about him! A mess—if he were any judge of horse or man! Thank God he had tied Gyp's money up—every farthing! And an emotion that was almost jealousy swept him at thought of the fellow's arms round his soft-haired, dark-eyed daughter—that pretty, willowy creature, so like in face and limb to her whom he had loved so desperately.

Eyes followed him when he left the card-room, for he was one who inspired in other men a kind of admiration—none could say exactly why. Many quite as noted for general good-sportsmanship attracted no such attention. Was it "style," or was it the streak of something not quite typical—the brand left on him by the past?

Abandoning the club, he walked slowly along the railings of Piccadilly toward home, that house in Bury Street, St. James's, which had been his London abode since he was quite young—one of the few in the street that had been left untouched by the general passion for pulling-down and building-up which had spoiled half London in his opinion.

A man, more silent than anything on earth, with the soft, quick, dark eyes of a woodcock and a long, greenish knitted waistcoat, black cutaway, and tight trousers strapped over his boots, opened the door.

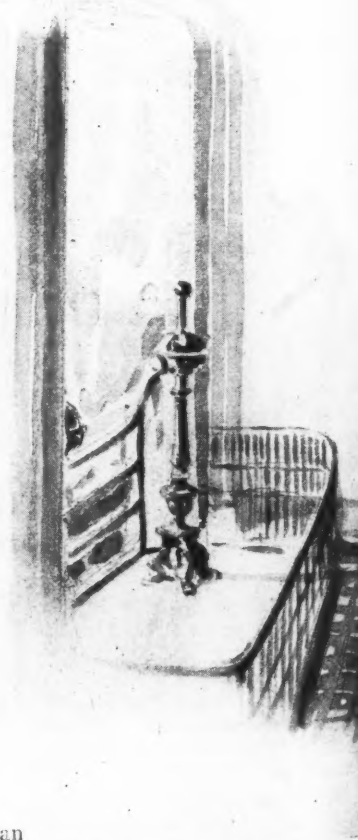
"I shan't go out again, Markey. Mrs. Markey must give me some dinner. Anything'll do."

Markey signaled that he had heard, and those brown eyes under eyebrows meeting and forming one long, dark line took his master in from head to heel. He had already nodded last night, when his wife had said the gov'nor would take it hard. Retiring to the back premises, he jerked his head toward the street and made a motion upward with his hand, by which Mrs. Markey, an astute woman, understood that she had to go out and shop because the gov'nor was dining in. When she had gone, Markey sat down opposite Betty, Gyp's old nurse. The stout woman was still crying in a quiet way. It gave him the fair hump,

for he felt inclined to howl like a dog himself. After watching her broad, rosy, tearful face in silence for some minutes, he shook his head, and, with a gulp and a tremor of her comfortable body, Betty desisted. One paid attention to Markey.

Winton went first into his daughter's bedroom, and gazed at its emptied silken order, its deserted silver mirror, twisting viciously at his little mustache. Then, in his sanctum, he sat down before the fire without turning up the light. Anyone looking in would have thought he was asleep; but the drowsy influence of that deep chair and cozy fire had drawn him back into the long-ago. What unhappy chance had made him pass *her* house to-day?

Some say there is no such thing as an affinity, no case—of a man, at least—made bankrupt of passion by a single love. In theory, it may be so; in fact, there are such men—neck-or-nothing men, quiet and self-contained, the last to expect that nature will play them such a trick, the last to desire such surrender of themselves, the last to know when their fate is on them. Who could have seemed to himself, and, indeed, to others, less likely than Charles Clare Winton to fall over head and ears in love when he stepped into the Belvoir Hunt ballroom at Grantham that December evening, twenty-four years ago? A keen soldier, a dandy, a first-rate man to hounds, already almost a proverb in his regiment for coolness and for a sort of courteous disregard of women as among the minor things of life—he had stood there by the door, in no hurry to dance, taking survey with an air that just did not give an impression of "side," because it was not at all put on. And—behold!—*she* had walked past him, and his world was changed forever. Was it an illusion of light that made her whole spirit seem to shine through a half-startled glance? Or a little trick of gait, a swaying, seductive balance of body; was it the way her hair waved back, or a subtle scent, as of a flower? What was it? The wife of a squire of those parts, with a house in London. Her name? It doesn't matter—she has been long enough dead. There was no excuse—not an ill-treated woman; an ordinary, humdrum marriage of three years' standing; no children. An amiable good fellow of a husband, fifteen years older than herself, inclined already to be an invalid. No excuse! Yet, in one month from that night, Winton and she were lovers. A thing so utterly beyond "good form" and his sense of what was honorable and becoming in an officer and gentleman that it was simply never a question of weighing pro and con, the cons



had it so completely. And yet, from that first evening, he was hers, she his. For each of them, the one thought was how to be with the other. If so, why did they not at least go off together? Not for want of his beseeching. And no doubt, if she had survived Gyp's birth, they would have gone. But to face the prospect of ruining two men, as it looked to her, had till then been too much for that soft-hearted creature. Death stilled her struggle before it was decided. There are women in whom utter devotion can still go hand in hand with a doubting soul. Such are generally the most fascinating; for the power of hard and prompt decision robs women of mystery, of the subtle atmosphere of change and chance. Though she had but one part in four of foreign blood, she was not at all English. But Winton was English to his back-bone, English in his sense of form, and in that curious streak of whole-hearted desperation that will break form to smithereens in one department and leave it untouched in every other of its owner's life. In England, there is well known to be a greater percentage of "cranks" than can be found in any other land. To have called Winton a crank would never have occurred to anyone—his hair was always perfectly parted; his boots glowed; he was hard and reticent, accepting and observing every canon of well-bred existence. Yet, in that, his one infatuation, he was as lost to the world and its opinion as the longest-haired lentil-eater of us all. Though at any moment during that one year of their love he would have risked his life and sacrificed his career for a whole day in her company, he never, by word or look, compromised her. He had carried his punctilious observance of her "honor" to a point more bitter than death, consenting, even, to her covering up the tracks of their child's coming. Paying that gambler's debt was by far the bravest deed of his life, and, even now, its memory festered.

To this very room he had come back after hearing she was dead—this very room which he had refurnished to her taste, so that, even now, with its satinwood

chairs, little dainty Jacobean bureau, shaded old brass candelabra, divan, it still had an air exotic to bachelordom. There, on the table, had been a letter recalling him to his regiment, ordered on active service. If he had realized what he would go through before he had the chance of trying to lose his life out there, he would undoubtedly have taken that life, sitting in this very chair before the fire—the chair sacred to her and memory. He had not the luck he wished for in that little war—men who don't care whether they live or die seldom have. He secured nothing but distinction. When it was over, he went on with a few more lines in his face, a few more wrinkles in his heart, soldiering, shooting tigers, playing polo, riding to hounds harder than ever; giving nothing away to the world; winning steadily the



He felt a quiver go through her, would have given much to see her face. What, even now, did she understand? Well, it must be gone through with, and he said, "What made you ask?"

curious, uneasy admiration that men feel for those who combine reckless daring with an ice-cool manner. Since he was less of a talker even than most of his kind, and had never in his life talked of women, he did not gain the reputation of a woman-hater, though he so manifestly avoided them. After six years' service in India and Egypt, he lost his right hand in a charge against dervishes, and had, perforce, to retire, with the rank of major, aged thirty-four. For a long time he had hated the very thought of the child—his child, in giving birth to whom the woman he loved had died. Then came a curious change of feeling; and for three years before his return to England, he had been in the habit of sending home odds and ends picked up in the bazaars, to serve as toys. In return, he had received, twice annually at least, a letter from the man who thought himself Gyp's father. These letters he read and answered. The squire was likable, had been fond of *her*; and though never once had it seemed possible to Winton to have acted otherwise than he did, he had all the time preserved a just and formal sense of the wrong he had done this man. He did not experience remorse, but he had always an irksome feeling as of a debt unpaid, mitigated by knowledge that no one had ever suspected, and discounted by memory of the awful torture he had endured to make sure against suspicion.

When, plus distinction and minus his hand, he was at last back in England, the squire had come to see him. The poor man was failing fast from Bright's disease. Winton entered again that house in Mount Street with an emotion to stifle which required more courage than any cavalry charge. But one whose heart, as he would have put it, is "in the right place" does not indulge the quaverings of his nerves, and he faced those rooms where he had last seen her, faced that lonely little dinner with her husband, without sign of feeling. He did not see little Ghita, or Gyp, as she had nicknamed herself, for she was already in her bed; and it was a whole month before he brought himself to go there at an hour when he could see the child. The fact is, he was afraid. What would the sight of this little creature stir in him? When Betty, the nurse, brought her in to see the soldier gentleman with "the leather hand," who had sent her those funny toys, she stood calmly staring with her large, deep-brown eyes. Being seven, her little brown-velvet frock barely reached the knees of her thin, brown-stockinged legs planted one just in front of the other, as might be the legs of a small brown bird; the

oval of her gravely wondering face was warm cream-color without red in it, except that of the lips, which were neither full nor thin, and had a little tuck, the tiniest possible dimple at one corner. Her hair of warm dark brown had been specially brushed and tied with a narrow red ribbon back from her forehead, which was broad and rather low, and this added to her gravity. Her eyebrows were thin and dark and perfectly arched; her little nose was perfectly straight; her little chin in perfect balance between round and point. She stood and stared till Winton smiled. Then the gravity of her face broke; her lips parted; her eyes seemed to fly a little. And Winton's heart turned over within him—she was the very child of her that he had lost! And, twisting hard at his mustache, he said, in a voice that seemed to him to tremble,

"Well, Gyp?"

"Thank you for my toys; I like them."

He held out his hand, and she gravely put her small hand into it. A sense of solace, as if some one had slipped a finger in and smoothed his heart, came over Winton. Gently, so as not to startle her, he raised her hand

a little, bent, and kissed it. It may have been from his instant recognition that here was one as sensitive as child could be, or the way many soldiers acquire from dealing with those simple, shrewd children—their men—or some deeper instinctive sense of ownership between them; whatever it was, from that moment Gyp conceived for him a rushing admiration, one of those headlong affections children will sometimes take for the most

unlikely persons.

He used to go there at an hour when he knew the squire would be asleep, between two and five. After he had been with Gyp, walking in the park, riding with her in the Row, or on wet days sitting in her lonely nursery, telling stories while stout Betty looked on half hypnotized, a rather queer and doubting look on her comfortable face—after such hours, he found it difficult to go to the squire's study and sit opposite him, smoking. Those interviews reminded him too much of past days when he had kept such desperate check on himself—too much of the old inward chafing against the other man's legal ownership—too much of the debt owing. But Winton was triple-proofed against betrayal of feeling. The squire welcomed him eagerly, saw nothing, felt nothing,

was grateful for his goodness to the child. Well, well! He had died in the following spring, and Winton found that he had been made Gyp's guardian and trustee. Since his wife's death, the squire had muddled his affairs; his estate was heavily mortgaged, but Winton accepted the position with an almost savage satisfaction, and, from that moment, schemed deeply to get Gyp all to himself. The Mount Street house was sold; the Lincolnshire place let. She and nurse Betty were installed at his own hunting-box, Mil-denham. In this effort to get her away from all the squire's relations, he did not scruple to employ to the utmost the





power he undoubtedly had of making people feel him unapproachable. He was never impolite to any of them; he simply froze them out. Having plenty of money himself, his motives could not be called in question. In one year, he had isolated her from all except stout Betty. He had no qualms, for Gyp was no more happy away from him than he from her. He had but one bad half-hour. It came when he had at last decided that she should be called by his name, if not legally at least by custom, around Mildenhamp. It was to Markey he had given the order that Gyp was to be little Miss Winton for the future. When he came in from hunting that day, Betty was waiting in his study. She stood in the center of the emptiest part of that rather dingy room, as far as possible away from any goods or chattel. How long she had been standing there, heaven only knew; but her round, rosy face was confused between awe and resolution, and she had made a sad mess of her white apron. Her blue eyes met Winton's with a sort of desperation.

"About what Markey told me, sir. My old master wouldn't have liked it, sir."

Touched on the raw by this reminder that before the world he had been nothing to the loved one, that before the world the squire, who had been nothing to her, had been everything, Winton said icily:

"Indeed! You will be good enough to comply with my wish, all the same."

The stout woman's face grew very red. She burst out, breathless:

"Yes, sir; but I've seen what I've seen. I never said anything, but I've got eyes. If Miss Gyp's to take your name, sir, then tongues'll wag, and my dear, dead mistress—"

But at the look on his face she stopped, with her mouth open.

"You will be kind enough to keep your thoughts to yourself. If any word or deed of yours gives the slightest excuse for talk—you go! Understand me, you go, and you never see Gyp again! In the mean time, you will do what I ask. Gyp is my adopted daughter."

She had always been a little afraid of him, but she had never seen that look in his eyes or heard him speak in that voice. And she bent her full moon of a face and went, with her apron crumpled as apron had never been, and tears in her eyes. And Winton, at the window, watching the darkness gather, the leaves flying by on a sou'westerly wind, drank to the dregs a cup of bitter triumph. He had never had the right to that dead, forever-loved mother of his child. He meant to have the child. If tongues must wag, let them! This was a defeat of all his previous precaution, a deep victory of natural instinct. And his eyes narrowed and stared into the darkness.

## II

In spite of his victory over all human rivals in the heart of Gyp, Winton had a rival whose strength he fully realized perhaps for the first time now that she was gone, and he, before the fire, was brooding over her departure and the past. Not likely that one of his decisive type, whose life had so long been bound up with swords and horses, would grasp what music might mean to a little girl. Such ones, he knew, required to be taught scales and "In a Cottage near a Wood," with other melodies. He took care not to go within sound of them, so that he had no conception of the avidity with which Gyp had mopped up all, and more than all, her governess could teach her. He was blind to the rapture with which she listened to any stray music

that came its way to Mildenhamp—to carols in the Christmas dark, to certain hymns, and one special "*Nunc Dimittis*" in the village church, attended with a hopeless regularity; to the horn of the hunter far out in the quivering, dripping coverts; even to Markey's whistling, which was full and strangely sweet.

He could share her love of dogs and horses, take an anxious interest in her way of catching bumblebees in the hollow of her hand and putting them to her small, delicate ears to hear them buzz, sympathize with her continual ravages among the flower-beds in the old-fashioned garden, full of lilacs and laburnums in spring, pinks, roses, cornflowers in summer, dahlias and sunflowers in autumn, and always a little neglected and overgrown, a little squeezed in, and elbowed by the more important surrounding paddocks. He could sympathize with her attempts to draw his attention to the song of birds; but it was simply not in him to understand how she loved and craved for music. She was a cloudy little creature, up and down in mood—rather like a brown lady spaniel that she had, now gay as a butterfly, now brooding as night. Any touch of harshness she took to heart fearfully. She was the strangest compound of pride and self-disparagement—the qualities seemed mixed in her so deeply that neither she nor anyone knew of which her cloudy fits were the result. Being so sensitive, she "fancied" things terribly. Things that others did to her and thought nothing of, often seemed to her conclusive evidence that she was not loved by any-



He played, without accompaniment, a little tune that seemed to twitch the heart



body, which was dreadfully unjust, because she wanted to love everyone — nearly. Then suddenly she would feel: "If they don't love me, I don't care. I don't want anything of anybody!" Presently, all would blow away, just like a cloud, and she would love and be gay until something fresh, perhaps not at all meant to hurt her, would again hurt her horribly. In reality, the whole household loved and admired her. But she was one of those delicate-treading beings, born with a skin too few, who — and especially in childhood — suffer from themselves in a world born with a skin too many.

To Winton's extreme delight, she took to riding as a duck to water, and knew no fear on horseback. She had the best governess he could get her, the daughter of an admiral, and, therefore, in distressed circumstances; and, later on, a tutor for her music, who came twice a week all the way from London — a sardonic man who cherished for her even more secret admiration than she for him. In fact, every man fell in love with her, at least a little. Unlike most girls, she never had an epoch of awkward plainness, but grew like a flower, evenly, steadily. Winton often gazed at her with a sort of intoxication; the turn of her head, the way those perfectly shaped, wonderfully clear brown eyes would "fly," the set of her straight, round neck, the very shaping of her limbs were all such poignant reminders of what he had so loved. And yet, for all that likeness to her mother, there was a difference both in form and character. Gyp had, as it were, an extra touch of "breeding," more chiseling in body, more fastidiousness in soul, a little more poise, a little more sheer grace; in mood, more variance; in mind, more clarity, and, mixed with her sweetness, a distinct spice of skepticism which her mother had lacked.

In modern times, there are no longer "toasts," or she would have been one with both the hunts. Though delicate in build, she was not frail, and, when her blood was up, would "go" all day, and come in so bone-tired that she would drop onto the tiger skin before the fire rather than face the stairs. Life at Mildenhams was lonely, save for Winton's hunting cronies, and they but few, for his spiritual dandyism did not gladly suffer the average country gentleman, and his frigid courtesy frightened women.

Besides, as Betty had foreseen, tongues did wag — those tongues of the countryside, avid of anything that might spice the tedium of dull lives and brains. And, though no breath of gossip came to Winton's ears, no women visited



His most strange eyes suddenly swept down on hers.

at Mildenhams. Save for the friendly casual acquaintanceships of churchyard, hunting-field, and local race-meetings, Gyp grew up knowing hardly any of her own sex. This dearth developed her reserve, gave her a faint, unconscious contempt for men — creatures always at the beck and call of her smile, and so easily disquieted by a little frown — gave her, also, a secret yearning for companions of her own gender. Any girl or woman that she did chance to meet always took a fancy to her, because she was so nice to them, which made the transitory nature of these friendships tantalizing. She was incapable of jealousies or back-biting. Let men beware of such — there is coiled in their fiber a secret fascination!

Gyp's moral and spiritual growth was not the sort of subject that Winton could pay much attention to. It was preeminently a matter one did not talk about. Outward forms, such as going to church, should be preserved; man-



and he made a movement as if to put his hand to his hat

ners should be taught her by his own example as much as possible; beyond this, nature must look after things. His view had much real wisdom. She was a quick and voracious reader, bad at remembering what she read; and though she had soon devoured all the books in Winton's meager library, including Byron, Whyte-Melville, and Humboldt's "Cosmos," they had not left too much on her mind. The attempts of her little governess to impart religion were somewhat arid of result, and the interest of the vicar, Gyp, with her instinctive spice of skepticism, soon put into the same category as the interest of all the other men she knew. She felt that he enjoyed calling her "my dear" and patting her shoulder, and that this enjoyment was enough reward for his exertions.

Tucked away in that little old dark manor-house, whose stables alone were up to date—three hours from London, and some thirty miles from The Wash, it must be confessed

that her upbringing lacked modernity. About twice a year, Winton took her up to town to stay with his unmarried sister Rosamund, in Curzon Street. Those weeks, if they did nothing else, increased her natural taste for charming clothes, fortified her teeth, and fostered her passion for music and the theater. But the two main nourishments of the modern girl—discussion and games—she lacked utterly. Moreover, those years of her life from fifteen to nineteen were before the social resurrection of 1906, and the world still crawled like a winter fly on a window-pane. Winton was a Tory, aunt Rosamund a Tory, everybody round her a Tory. The only spiritual development she underwent all those years of her girlhood was through her headlong love for her father. After all, was there any other way in which she could really have developed? Only love makes fruitful the soul. The sense of form that both had in such high degree prevented much demonstration, but to be with him, do things for him, to admire, and credit him with perfection; and, since she could not exactly wear the same clothes or speak in the same clipped, quiet, decisive voice, to dislike the clothes and voices of other men—all this was precious to her beyond everything. If she inherited from him that fastidious sense of form, she also inherited his capacity for putting all her eggs in one basket. And since her company alone gave him real happiness, the current of love flowed over her heart all the time. Though she never

realized it, abundant love for somebody was as necessary to her as water running up the stems of flowers, abundant love from somebody as needful as sunshine on their petals. And Winton's somewhat frequent little runs to town, to Newmarket, or where not, were always marked in her by a fall of the barometer, which recovered as his return grew near.

One part of her education, at all events, was not neglected—cultivation of an habitual sympathy with her poorer neighbors. Without concerning himself in the least with problems of sociology, Winton had, by nature, an open hand and heart for cottagers, and abominated interference with their lives. And so it came about that Gyp, who by nature also never set foot anywhere without invitation, was always hearing the words, "Step in, Miss Gyp; step in, and sit down, lovey," and a good many words besides from even the boldest and baddest characters. There is nothing like a soft and pretty face and sympathetic listening for seducing the hearts of "the people."

(Continued on page 132)



Henry heard a familiar, musical little laugh. He turned and flushed hotly. He got down the ladder and crossed to the curb

## Call It

Affair the First of *The Loves of*  
*An Episode in the Romances*

By Samuel

Illustrated by Howard

HENRY CALVERLY, 3d had a few hours every week or two when Power seemed to flow through him, bound from a mysterious source to a vague end. The rest of the time he wandered between listless reverie—he would walk the streets hour after hour, lost in a maze of wandering dreams and discouragement.

Outwardly, he was a rather attractive youth of eighteen, with straight hair (parted in the middle), pleasant gray eyes, a snub nose with freckles across the bridge—his complexion otherwise slightly impaired by a diet of sweets—and a moderately athletic build. He played football rather well, baseball and tennis indifferently. He was given to scribbling poems, stories, plays, few of which got finished however. He had a pretty good singing voice, to which some attention had been paid by his mother. At the moment, despite his youth, he was singing bass in the quartet of the Second Presbyterian Church across the tracks, for the wage, paid none too regularly, of two dollars a Sunday. To this small job he was faithful. He liked to stand up before the congregation, inflate his chest, and make a joyful noise. Dudley Buck, Doctor Stainer, and Harry Rowe Shelley were great names to him.

He lived with his widowed mother in Wilcox's boarding-house on Douglass Street.

He had one or two small successes to his credit. He had started, without money, the high-school organ, *The Boys' Journal*, and had himself gathered in enough Simpson Street advertising to keep it solvent for a time. Also, he had attracted outside attention by the manner in which he had drilled and managed the high-school glee-club.

His difficulty was that he couldn't stick to work that failed to engage his spirit. The power he felt was emotional. Without that stir within his breast, his will was helpless. He had tried two summer jobs—one in B. F. Jones's book store; the other as messenger in the Sunbury National Bank, and he privately knew that neither had called up any responsive interest within him. In those days, education was regarded



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# a Day

## Henry the Ninth of a Very Young Man

Merwin

Chandler Christy

as a matter of routine supported by discipline. The high-school faculty, driving and driven by an iron curriculum, was not interested in the difficult problem of the exceptional boy. As a result, toward the end of his third year, Henry took to staying away from his classrooms, and finally, in May, dropped out altogether. His mother made herself believe that the trouble lay in his eyes, and had him fitted with spectacles. Henry, in his heart, knew better, but kept his own counsel. He had no better understanding of real education than his teachers, and deeply blamed himself.

It seemed to him, as he brooded on his case, that he had no character—he had only gifts, that came in flashes, illuminating a chaotic background. He had no notion of what he hoped to do or become. It was not that way with the other boys. Most of those in his particular "crowd" either were pushing straight ahead with their studies toward college and a career or had gone into some business in Chicago that offered training and advancement. They had, besides, clearly marked characteristics and tendencies—excepting Alfred Knight.

Bancroft Widdicombe's gift at handling money, for example, was already accepted. He managed the athletic teams at high school. He planned summer work for himself that was always mysteriously profitable. He was known to have dipped considerably into his father's law-books. He was plausible; he could be sharp; there was no beating him. He meant to study law, but only as an aid to his special gift. He would be rich; also, successful with the ladies—as now with the girls. Ban had managed, during the spring, to alienate the half-fledged affections of Martha Caldwell, Henry's steady girl of the past year and a quarter. Further, it was Ban who had fastened on Henry—who had always been sensitive enough over that rather pretentious "3d" at the end of his name—a particularly irritating nickname. It was the morning after he caught Henry spooning with Bessie Alston on the lake shore. Ban, who was being



"Henry," she said, "come for dinner to-night"

dragged through English history just then, wrote the nickname out in high school and passed it along to Henry's desk. It was "Henry the Ninth." As a result of these two indignities, he and Henry were barely speaking. But Henry, none the less, perceived his gifts.

Then there was the plain case of Rufus Bowes. Rufus could never possibly become anything but a Methodist minister. He stood, year in, year out, the one pillar of the Y. M. C. A., Boys' Branch. He led prayer-meetings. He impressed Henry Calverly to lead song-services. He read, as a diversion from his studies, concordances and works on exegesis. His character was so transparent, his purpose and sincerity were so deep, that the other boys never ridiculed him. They took him for what he was.

But Henry Calverly could see himself only as a failure. Life, bewildering him with its complexity, went on. In June, his mother arranged for him to take a position in the gents' furnishing shop on Simpson Street that Mrs. Ellen F. Wilson's son Tom had recently bought from H. S. Duncen. There we find him.

It was a pleasant Saturday morning. Henry's feelings, however, were unpleasant. He sat on the top of a step-ladder before the big plate-glass window. Beside him, on his insecure perch, stood a bucket of water. He held in his left hand the polishing-cloth, in his right the short-handled squeegee.

It was his first day at Wilson's—a day that had begun at seven-thirty (a whole hour earlier than the banking job). It was now ten o'clock. He had sprinkled wet sawdust over the floor and swept it up. With rebellion seething in his breast, he had dusted the collar-, shirt-, underwear-, neckwear-, and hosiery-boxes, the glass counters, the shelves, and all the intricate grill-work of the cashier's desk. Now he was scraping the window with the squeegee, returning with averted eyes the greetings of passing acquaintances, and gazing at least once a minute eastward down Simpson Street, where shortly a particular carriage would swing around the corner from Chestnut Avenue. The carriage usually came, he knew, between ten and a quarter past. There was dread in his eyes, and there was hope. He hated himself. He hated the town. He hated the whole state of Illinois. He hated life. But, beside these lesser antipathies, his hatred of Thomas P. Wilson was an all-consuming fire.

The shopping-and-marketing district of Sunbury was confined to the three blocks of Simpson Street between Chestnut Avenue and the old red railroad station. They hadn't elevated tracks then, with concrete tunnels under them, or automobiles, or—excepting in a few stores, doctors' offices, and certain pretentious houses—telephones. Most of the Sunbury ladies did their marketing in person. The well-to-do rode down-town in their carriages; the less well-to-do walked.

Henry, on the morning of his humiliation, was clad in gray-flannel trousers, white tennis-shoes, a striped soft shirt, a pink wash-tie, and a red-and-black blazer cap on the extreme back of his well-shaped head. A paper bag of what had been chocolate creams bulged out his hip-pocket, reduced to a streaky, sticky mass by the combined warmth of his active young body and the waxing sun.

Henry sighed, laid the squeegee across the bucket, reached around to his hip-pocket, dug into the paper bag there with two crooked fingers, and drawing out a cubic inch of the sweet, soft mixture, placed it in his mouth.

The particular carriage chose this moment to pull up at the curb. Henry heard a familiar, musical little laugh. He turned and flushed hotly. The candy went down, unmasticated, in one painful gulp. He got down the ladder and crossed to the curb.

There, on the rear seat of Mrs. William B. Snow's victoria, sat Clemency Snow and her mother. Mrs. Snow wore a bonnet of the period, Clemency a straw "sailor." Each upheld a parasol—the mother's gray, the daughter's rose-pink.

William B. Snow was probably the second richest man in Sunbury. The immaculately polished carriage and the

silver-mounted harness, as well as the perfectly matched team of bays, indicated as much. Patrick, on the box, correct in livery, gloves, and posture—in everything excepting the huge, tobacco-tinged red mustache which he stormily refused to surrender to form—clinched the impression.

Clemency Snow was about Henry's age. She was not tall; she was not beautiful. I am not certain that she was, as the word goes, pretty; I don't know that anyone ever thought of applying to her these adjectives or their oppo-



He struck a few chords, and launched into the

sites. When I think of Clem Snow as she was then, my mind dwells on certain outstanding characteristics—her clothes, always the most conspicuous yet the most successful in Sunbury; her quick, positive way, and a real gift of intelligence and humor. She was, even then—perhaps particularly then—a person, almost a character. She was sophisticated beyond her years and her town, yet always kept her place in the boy-and-girl crowd that gathered, afternoons and evenings, at her home.

She even had her particular boy friend, Alfred Knight. But Alfred enjoyed only two privileges—he was recognized in the crowd as her slave, and he always accompanied her to parties (in her carriage, unless they walked). There existed among the young people a tacit understanding that a boy and a girl who were admittedly "going together" might indulge, now and again, in the emotional reverie known as "spooning." But, during the nearly three years that Clem kept Alfred at her call, she probably never

a tiny square of black court-plaster over the right cheek-bone.

She gazed, still laughing, though more softly now, at the coatless, red-faced, spectacled young fellow on the curb. But Clem seldom blundered with the other sex. She sobered abruptly.

"Henry," she said, "come for dinner to-night—as you are. Don't dress up." Then her eyes danced again, and the corners of her mouth twitched. "You might put your coat on, though. All right, Patrick!" The boys stirred and started. Clemency leaned out. "We'll expect you at seven!" she called. "Bring your guitar!"

Thomas P. Wilson, catching the drift of this incident, had come to the doorway of the shop. He was a young man, dressed in a suit of a light-checked material and wearing his straw hat a little to one side. He raised his hat as the carriage rolled away. He was six or eight years older than Henry, which years were all that had kept them from being playmates. As it stood, he was the employer, Henry the humblest of employees. Tom ignored the boy as he returned and mounted the ladder, even stared rather austere past him at the front of Donovan's drug store across the way. He had, of course, heard those last commands of Clemency's.

Henry ruefully picked up the squeegee, hesitated, then, a fresh misgiving darting in among his confused thoughts, glanced down at his employer. He didn't know whether Tom kept open Saturday evenings. He hadn't thought to ask. It seemed to him that Tom would have to tell him, since he knew of Clem's invitation; he even waited, now watching that stern face (on which a scowl appeared to be gathering), now squinting at the squeegee and moving it in aimless little circles in the air. Once he tried to voice his question; but he was beginning to get angry now and couldn't trust his tongue. He got no farther with it than a faint, choking sound, followed by a gulp, a compression of the lips, an embarrassing surge of color.

Still Thomas P. stood there; still he gazed at Donovan's wide plate-glass front. His silence, his pose, the expression of his face were now more than irritating.

They amounted to hostility.

Henry fell to work in desperation. The squeegee moved swiftly from pail to glass and back. He was more than angry now; he was blue, and becoming bluer. It did not occur to him that to Thomas P. he was nothing more than a young cub, badly in need of a breaking-in—a process, in this instance, likely to be hindered seriously by the claims of friendship between the two families. But it had just occurred to him that Thomas P. might actually be so cruel as to keep him on tenterhooks, and the thought was crushing. Why, the man might even be so mean as to refuse to let him go at all!



waltz-song from "The Serenade," then popular

once granted him this small privilege. She was too brisk, too little inclined to reverie of any sort—too far-seeing.

The definite quality that Clemency had was effectiveness. Her figure was good (she had developed earlier than the other girls), her complexion pleasing, her carriage proud. Her face was a thought broad, but her chin was not heavy. The nose tipped up a little. The eyes were gray-green—sometimes one, sometimes the other, as quick to change as the rather full, attractive mouth. She always wore



## Call It a Day

He was capable of it. Henry was now remembering things. Tom used to set his dog on pet cats. Also, he used to kick the dog. He had gone with the hard crowd from Pennyweather Point. He used to swear openly. More than once Henry had heard it said that he had been seen drunk with the Point boys. That was before he became engaged, and bought out Duneen's business and settled down.

The maddening thing was to feel this helplessness. A few months back, despite the difference in ages, it had been "Tom" and "Henry." But now it was actually impossible, after only a few hours of working for him, to ask that man a civil question. It

had never before occurred to him that Tom disliked him, much less hated him. Now the fact was evident.

Henry liked nearly everyone. He assumed that everyone liked him, or, at least, recognized his gifts and charm. The faintest doubt of this recognition in others brought on restlessness; a hint of active dislike brought on gloom and discouragement.

The window cleaned, he entered the store. Thomas P. was in there, at the cashier's desk. Henry felt now that he had made a mistake in not asking the question. He paused, on the point of an ingenuous outburst. Then he raised his eyes to the forbidding face behind the grill-work.

"Henry," said Thomas P., forestalling him. "I am not satisfied with the way the store looks. You'd better dust again."

Henry, bucket in one hand, squeegee and cloth in the other, turning white, held his breath, then asked,

"Everything?"

"Everything."

When Henry returned from lunch, he carried his guitar in its canvas case, and, walking stiffly, head up, past Thomas P., stood it in a rear corner.

Thomas P. merely followed him with his eyes. Henry, as he walked down the store, could feel those eyes burning into his back.

I don't think, in starting out from the boarding-house with the guitar, that Henry was planning a forthright act of defiance. He was moved more definitely by a sense of injustice. "He hasn't said I *couldn't* go," he told himself over and over. But when he had to enter the store and face the forbidding eyes of the man whose mean five dollars a week was buying the soul out of his skin, he knew the act for what it was—a declaration of war.

For a time, Thomas P. sat at the desk, going through the sales-slips (the cash-register phalanx had not yet moved on Sunbury in force). Finally, he pushed away the iron spindle and came around the counter, buttoning his coat.

"I shall be out for an hour or so, Henry. You will find price-tags on everything. Be very careful to make out a slip for each sale and put it on the spindle."

He moved toward the door. Henry knew he was going to the ball-game. Half-way to the door, he turned. He was scowling again.

"I don't know how much use you'll be to me, Henry. If you can learn to work, that'll help. And you know a good many people in the town. If you can bring in their trade, it may be worth my while to keep you on. We'll try it through next week, anyhow. But you'd better get it into your head that you aren't here for fun."

Henry, alone, leaned two elbows on the counter and plunged his face into his hands.

The gloom and discouragement were on him again, worse than before. He recalled moments when he had felt the Power thrilling through him. It seemed to him now



Henry noted now that Tom held the slip in his fingers



As he started up, she laid her hand on his arm. "Henry," she whispered, "stay them out"

that he would never feel it again. He had sold the Power for five dollars a week.

He tried to think up convincing reasons why he should work for Thomas P. He hit on only one—that small wage. And there seemed to be doubt that he was worth even that.

When the Power was in him, he could picture thousands of worshipping human beings swaying under his command. He could feel himself performing mighty deeds, winning great rewards. He did not know over just what fields of human activity this career would range, but he knew that dusting shirt-boxes and rubbing windows down with a squeegee had no part in it.

Customers came in. Henry's manner toward them was based on a rough, across-the-counter impression of the complete retail salesman, supplemented by memories of the job with B. F. Jones.

One of the customers was Ban Widdicombe. He drove up in a narrow buggy, plainly rented from McAllister's livery-stable, tied the horse, stepped briskly into the store, found a sour-faced Henry Calverly behind the counter, and stared.

"Hello," he said, recovering quickly; "how long you been working here?"

"Just to-day," Henry replied, wishing hopelessly that he might think of some cutting remark.

"Say, gimme a collar, will you? I just noticed this one's ragged. Fourteen and a half, turnover, about two and an eighth inches."

Henry listlessly indicated the case of samples, then found the proper box.

Ban rushed to the back of the store and made a rapid change. He tossed his old collar into a corner, saying, with an air,

"Throw it away." And then, as he rushed out, "Ask Tom to charge it, will you?"

Ban drove off. Twenty minutes later, he dashed by again, headed east, toward the Lake Shore Drive. Beside him, in her new pink dress, her abundant hair caught up at the back of her pretty neck in a pink bow, an expression of dignified propriety on her pleasantly freckled face, sat Martha Caldwell.

Henry went to the doorway and watched them make the turn into Chestnut Avenue. His breast was now a turmoil of desperate thoughts. It was a crisis in his life—perhaps the crisis.

He had felt something like this when he drifted into that disturbing little affair with Bessie Alston. Bessie was a music student, up from a down-state village, a year younger than Henry, also a hundred years older. That affair had frightened him a little. Thoughts of her moved him now. If she should appear, if she should so much as walk by the door! But Bessie did not walk by the door on this occasion.

Alfred Knight did, however, then turned back, and came in. He leaned on the counter for a long time while Henry attended to customers. Alfred was a plump youth of seventeen, with an unconvincingly assertive chin and a trick of smiling too readily. He was, to-day, in a mournful, silent frame of mind. He seemed to wish to be near Henry. He must have been there nearly an hour before he managed to ask,

"You going down to Clem's to-night?"

"Yes; are you?"

Alfred slowly shook his head.

"Not asked," he said. He was silent for a time after this admission, then left abruptly.

At ten minutes to six, Thomas P. came in, wearing a suit of creamy flannels, cream-white felt hat, white shoes, and carrying his banjo in its leather case. He nodded forbiddingly at Henry, saying:

"Get your supper now. And mind you're back at half-past six."

(Continued on page 144)



It had to do with a dream. In this dream, she was in a garden which she had known many years ago, and her husband, now in heaven, she informed me, was standing beside her, his arm around her neck. Great stress was laid upon this detail: his arm was around her neck



# The Madhouse of the Films

*Being the 'Troubles  
of a Staff Scenario  
Writer as told to*

Charles E. Van Loan

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

**T**HIS is not my story at all, I am thankful to say. It is Bill's story. Bill is a staff scenario writer in the employ of a large motion-picture plant where, literally, miles of film are made while you wait. Bill took his head in his hands and told me these things between groans.

"Write a little piece about me," said Bill, with a bitter chuckle. "They write magazine articles about the director and the actor and the film-magnate, but who ever read a word about the staff scenario writer? No-o-body. Write a little piece about me."

So this is Bill's story, and those who think that it must be a blessed thing to grind out scenarios all day long are urged to read carefully. Bill, take the witness-stand!

I was hurrying along the street the other night when Jenkins grabbed me. You know Jenkins. He is in the real-estate business. Probably he knows everything about real estate.

"What's wrong with you, Bill?" he asked.

"How do you mean, 'wrong'?"

"Why, you were muttering to yourself like a lunatic!"

"Nonsense!"

I denied the charge hotly, knowing that, in all probability, it was true. Everyone in Los Angeles has some connection or other with the motion-picture industry, and the influence is—well, at any rate, I denied the muttering.

At the moment of Jenkins' interruption, I was trying to plot a three-reeler for a mildewed old character actor and studio pet who is allowed to select his own parts. He always plays heroic and romantic leads, and he has a fondness for what some one has called "the drama *en brochette*," which means, I take it, seven or eight villains skewered on a sword.

All in the world that this old gentleman wanted in his three-reeler was an original romance with plenty of action, a sword-fight or two, a compelling love-interest, a little snappy comedy for contrast, an opportunity to "wear clothes," a good part for a vampire of his acquaintance, and a strong kick at the finish.

Outside of these things, he required practically nothing at all, but, later, I discovered that he had other suggestions

to make. He would come into my cage, fix me with his glittering eye, and, lowering his voice four tones, would command me to give him *big moments*. He would beat himself resoundingly where his chest used to be before it slipped, and demand *big moments*. I have never discovered exactly what he meant by that, and probably he does not know himself, but he invested the words with a strange, compelling thrill, and I found myself entering into a solemn covenant to deliver *big moments*. Indeed, I had been thinking of the big moments when Jenkins halted me—and muttering, no doubt.

"They let you out too soon," said Jenkins.

"Out of where?"

"Out of the padded cell; out of the nut foundry."

That was Jenkins' idea of humor. It woke no responsive thrill in me. It came too near being the cold truth.

See the unfortunate devil sprawled over the keys of his typewriter, deep in a problem!



## The Madhouse of the Films



"If you produce it in this form, you positively cannot use my name on the screen!"

"Well," said I, "don't worry. I'm at large now, but I'm going back to the madhouse the first thing in the morning. I ought to be there now. In fact, that's where I work." And then I told Jenkins that I was a staff scenario man, explaining that I had a three-reeler to deliver the first thing in the morning.

"A three-reeler? Say, listen to me! I've got the swellest idea for a moving picture——"

If heaven befriends me, I shall never know about Jenkins' swell idea. I jerked away from him and jumped on a street-car. It was impolite, of course, but I wanted to be alone with my big minutes—no, moments. I looked back once. Jenkins was gibbering and beckoning me to return and listen to his swell idea.

That is one reason why I am silvering over the ears and showing a corrugated forehead. Every man I meet—yes, and every woman, too—has a great story to give me, a great idea for my incubator. The boy who polishes my shoes in the morning knows more about scribbling for the screen than I do, and cheerfully rubs the dauber over my pale hosiery while telling me so. I once had a favorite waiter at the Athletic Club, but we are strangers now. In an unguarded moment, I allowed him to overhear some conversation which suggested my profession—I guess you would call it a profession—and since then he has been not only impossible but improbable. I trim my nails with the buttonhole scissors in order to escape the manicure lady who knows how film comedies should be trimmed,

and as to the actual writing of scenarios, I am painfully convinced that everybody is doing it, doing it, even

my barber—and soon I shall have to cut my own hair.

And now, what is this queer bird known as the staff scenario writer? What are his duties, if any, his simple pleasures, and his deep, corroding griefs? Where does he get on, how far does he ride, and where does he transfer?

The first question is easily answered. The staff scenario writer is the goat for everything and everybody. Nobody loves him; nobody trusts him. The only thing they give him ungrudgingly is blame. He is looked upon with disfavor by bad, bad actors and pert extra girls. He is frowned upon by auditors, because his labor cannot be measured by time-clocks. He is shunned by haughty directors who, many a time and oft, have dragged their lean flanks over the cinder routes of circus and burlesque. He is paid less than a very bad actor, less than one-third the salary of the average director, and all that anyone expects of him is that he shall have always on tap a flow of brilliant and original ideas, suitable for any emergency.

He is the fair-haired boy to whom the directors come in search of filmable material. He is also the one to whom they bring their own clever ideas for revamping, and, when a lordly director enters the staff scenario writer's cage with an idea only slightly antedating the flood—Noah's, not Johnstown's—and lays that idea before him with a proud air of a cat dragging her first mouse into the parlor, it is the s.s.w. who must listen to the ravings, ejaculating from time to time: "Great!" "Sim-ply corking!" and "How did you ever come to think of that?"

The staff scenario writer is, then, the one who must tactfully disregard that moldy idea, substituting in its place a reasonably fresh one of his own. Later on, he is the culprit who must stand meekly by and listen while the director acquires merit as follows:

"Ye-ah; it's a fair picture—very fair. I gave Bill the idea for it, but he butchered it, of course—shot it all to pieces. He couldn't altogether spoil the story, though, because the *stuff* was there. I had to tear it apart and

rewrite the whole thing after he got through, so now it's all right. Blessed if I can see how these scenario writers have the nerve to take money for what they do!"

Understand me: not all directors are like this. Some of them are considerate, able, modest in their demands, and charitably disposed toward their working associates. It is the others who make the poor ink-coolie long for death.

For instance, there is the director who is periodically smitten with luminous flashes of genius and must needs come charging into the scenario department to set the wretched hack writer afire with second-hand enthusiasm. Ah, my brothers, what an inspiration are these brief visits from a mighty mind of the producing staff! What an uplift! What an urge onward!

See the unfortunate devil sprawled over the keys of his typewriter, deep in a problem! Jimson, who puts on the society dramas, has decided that he must have a rescue from a burning building—can't get along without it, in fact. Oh, very well—a rescue it is! Now all the s.s.w. has to do is to figure out some plausible motive that would cause an inoffensive and chinless young clubman-around-town to heave his sweetheart into an empty barn and set fire to it. Easy! And just as the motive is taking shape, and the brain-puppets are beginning to move in the direction of the empty barn—whang!—in comes Jimson, the wild light of creative genius in his eyes.

"Oh, Bill, I've just thought of something great—something with an awful kick in it! After you get that fire-scene fixed up, can't you dope out some way to ring in the 'old mother' stuff?"

The "old mother" is Jimson's ace in the hole, his anchor to windward, his strong tower of defense. Heaven knows what would happen to him without her! When in doubt, he always plays the old mother—and gets away with it, too.

Sometimes a director turns up with a really big story—and one which has never been filmed. In this case, the director has the right to be enthusiastic; one is bound to sympathize with him in his vociferous self-appreciation.

For instance, there was Bigglesby, who came to me a few weeks ago, firing projectile-like sentences as he advanced—shooting the skeleton plot of his tale as a machine gun shoots pellets of lead.

"Say, Bill, get this! British cavalry captain captured by Russians. Not in this war. Another one. England had a war with Russia once, didn't she? All right. Captive supposed to know secret plans. Won't give 'em up. Russians put him over the jumps. Third degree. Cat-o'-nine-tails. Fierce. Can't make him come through. 'Take my life but not my honor!' All that sort of thing. Great scenes there, eh? Siberia for his. Snow-stuff. Prisoner goes nutty. Makes his escape. Finally turns up in India. Lots of good wandering stuff there. Finds his old regiment again. All in. Nothing but rags. Crawling on his hands and knees. Awful sight. Officers of regiment at dinner. Red coats and gold lace. Tramp butts in. Nobody knows him, of course. Supposed to have been dead for years. Big scene. Young officers want him chucked out. Colonel says, 'No.' Man can't speak English any more. Forgotten his own tongue. Speaks only Russian. Silver candlestick on the table—trick candlestick. Touch a spring in it, and turns to something else. Spring known only to officers of that particular regiment. Man sees the candlestick. Human look comes into his eyes. He finds the spring—"

It was a shame to do it, but I had to stop him.

"Just a second, Bigglesby. Where did you get this?"

"Man told it to me at dinner last night. Told me a lot more yarns about India. Great stuff!"

"I'll bet it was. Did you ever read 'The Man Who Was?'"

"No. Who was he?"

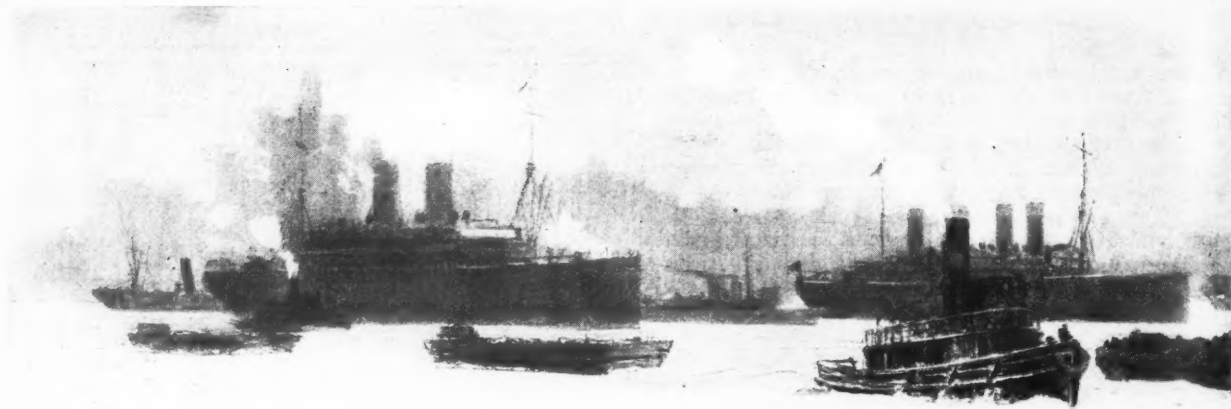
"He was the fellow you've been telling me about. A man named Kipling wrote the story."

"Oh, bunk!" he said. "Kipling wrote (Continued on page 142)"



"Why, madam, what on earth do you think this company paid you a thousand dollars for?"





New York had gone mad. Its harbor was blocked with liners.

BY means of a curious annular air-craft, the Flying Ring, and a powerful form of radiant energy, the lavender ray, a mysterious individual calling himself "Pax" creates some remarkable terrestrial disturbances and, to the great alarm of mankind, threatens to do worse. Professor Benjamin Hooker, of the Department of Applied Physics, Harvard University, locates the base of Pax's operations in the wilds of Ungava, and proceeds there with an aviator named Burke. He arrives just as Pax is killed by an accident to the machinery which generates the lavender ray. Hooker and Burke take possession of the Flying Ring and, mastering its mechanism, start for the United States.

They descend on a golf-course near Washington, much to the annoyance of Bentham Tassifer and his friend Judson, minor government officials, who are on the links. The Ring, propelled by the lavender ray, may be used as an anti-gravity machine, and Hooker sets to work on calculations to determine the velocity of the Ring when not controlled by the force of gravity, with a view to making excursions into space. Having difficulty in reaching results, he is referred by his friend Thornton, of the National Observatory, to a research professor of applied mathematics, who turns out to be an attractive woman of about thirty—Miss Rhoda Gibbs—who is Mrs. Tassifer's niece. With her assistance, Hooker solves his problem, but before he can put his plans into execution, a startling piece of news is made public.

A great comet has come into the solar system and collides with a small asteroid, Medusa. The latter, arrested in its orbit, falls toward the sun. Thornton calculates that the falling asteroid and the earth in its orbital motion must pass through the same point in space at the same moment. As to the exact result of the inevitable collision—Medusa is over a hundred miles in diameter—authorities differ, but there is no doubt that a great disaster will ensue. The place of impact will be near Galveston, Texas, and there is an immediate rush to get as far away from that spot as possible. In the midst of the excitement, Hooker announces that he will go out in the Flying Ring to meet the down-tumbling asteroid, attack it with the lavender ray, and either deflect it from its course or blow it into smithereens.

## PART II

### THE FLYING RING

#### I

BENTHAM T. TASSIFER had had a very hard day indeed. He had discovered, to his disgust, that fear is a great lever, and that the professional dignity of a deputy assistant solicitor at the Department of Justice counted for very little when the world was on the point of extinction. Like forty or fifty million other citizens of the United States, he had attempted to participate in the scramble to "get onto the lee side of the earth," but his efforts had been totally unavailing.

There wasn't a chance even for him—Bentham T. Tassifer—to get further from Washington than he could be taken in a taxi. To New York, perhaps! But New York had gone mad. Its harbor was blocked with liners,

# The Moon-

## A Romantic and Astounding

By Arthur

Written in collaboration with Professor Robert Williams  
versity, Baltimore, joint author with Mr. Train of "The

Illustrated by

cruisers, tugs, and ferry-boats away out beyond Sandy Hook, so that there was no means of departure for those already loaded with their terrified human freight. Tassifer had expostulated, insisted, ordered, roared that it was imperative that he, if anybody, should at once secure passage for Europe. But berths on the liners sailing from Newfoundland were selling for twenty-five thousand dollars each. And he hadn't the money. He had thought of asking for a war-ship to take him away—like a recalled foreign ambassador—but he had been informed that they were all otherwise engaged. His feelings were deeply hurt. Also, he was—although he did not admit it—agonized with fear. He was only fifty-three. And he didn't want to die young.

He found his wife already at the supper-table and rather snippy; so he resolved to put on a brave front and laugh the matter off.

"Well," she inquired severely, as he removed his napkin from its ring decorated with an enameled design of the Clan McIntosh plaid, "did you get anything?"

Delicately detaching a fish-ball from its comrades, he made as if he didn't fully understand.

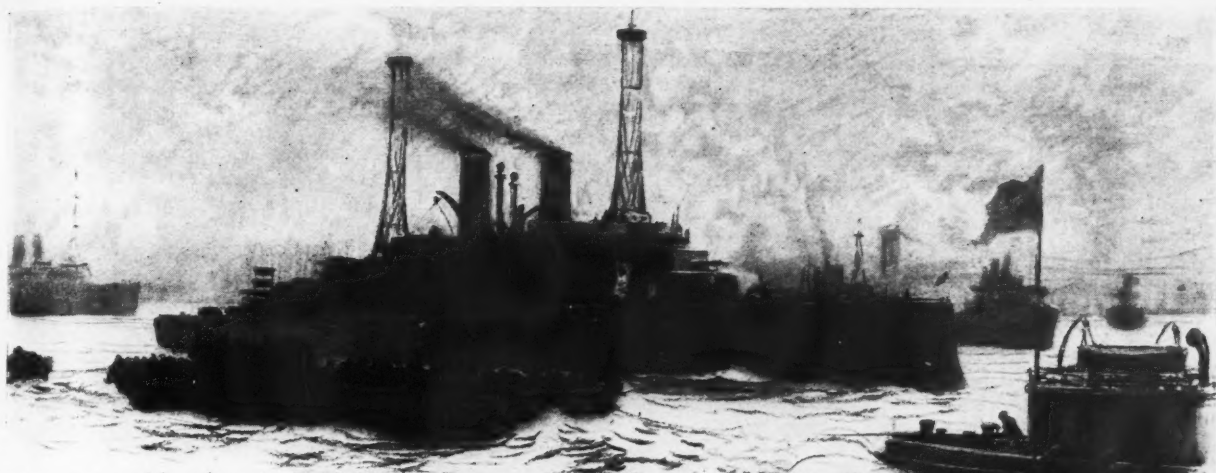
"Get—anything?" he repeated vaguely. "Oh, you mean passage? No—that is, I didn't take your suggestion seriously. Did you really mean that you wanted to run away?"

Mrs. Tassifer fixed him with a pair of fiery, if watery, gray eyes, and her lips drew down into a thin line.

"Bentham," she almost hissed, "don't trifle with me! You know you are just as anxious to get away from this God-forsaken country as I am—as everybody is! Do you suppose I am going to wait here calmly for a planet to fall on my head?"

Mr. Tassifer was frightened, but he preserved his outward placidity and sampled a piece of fish-ball.

"I don't believe a word of it," he answered, avoiding her glance. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Asteroid—rot!"



cruisers, tugs, and ferry-boats

# Maker

Adventure

Train

Wood of Johns Hopkins Uni-  
Man Who Rocked the Earth."

George Gibbs

"Nobody else thinks it's *rot*, as you call it!" she snapped. "Rhoda certainly knows about such things, and she says it's absolutely sure."

"Rhoda!" snorted Bentham. His wife's niece was a constant thorn in the side of his pride. He resented her cleverness, conscious that, if women got the vote, he could never manage to keep his job—some college girl would get it probably.

"Well, she's a real professor, isn't she?" demanded Mrs. Tassifer, who admired her brother's daughter in spite of her intellectual superiority.

"S'pose so," mumbled Bentham, removing a small bone from his mouth.

"Rhoda says," continued his wife, "that Professor Hooker is going to start out in his flying machine and drive that asteroid off, so it won't hit the earth at all!"

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed Mr. Tassifer, but without mirth.

"Ha—ha—ha!" she mocked him. "You are very irritating at times, Bentham!"

When she spoke that way, he took warning; that quiet evenness was not to be misinterpreted.

"That crazy lunatic that landed on our golf-course? Bosh!"

"They say he is a very wonderful man," she commented.

Bentham turned round and faced her, for he was now on safer ground.

"Look here," he said impressively: "Take it from me, there's nothing in it—even if Rhoda says so! I saw Sea-bury at the Cosmos Club last night, and he said none of the big fellows took any stock in this Hooker at all. Stands to reason, it's just—buncombe! Flying Ring! Oh, my!"

"You know Rhoda is awful thick with that fellow just the same," suggested his wife, a little nervously. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she tried to get him to take her along."

"What!" exploded Bentham, scattering molecules of fish-ball over the table-cloth in front of him. "Rhoda go

with him?  
Who ever  
heard of  
such a  
thing! An  
unmarried  
woman! What would  
everybody say?"

"She hasn't admitted it in so many words," his wife answered, "but I can tell by the way she acts. She thinks he's the most extraordinary man that ever lived. Talks about the 'wonderful opportunity' of flying about in space—and all that!"

"Flying fiddlesticks!" he retorted. "If she goes off with that fellow, I'll never have her in the house again—never!"

"Maybe there won't be any house," commented Mrs. Tassifer grimly.

"Don't say that!" he expostulated. "Don't!"

"I *knew* you were afraid," she thrust at him.

"I'm not," he answered defiantly. "I don't believe a word of it. As for getting passage for Europe, it's impossible—I asked at the War Department this morning. I couldn't even get standing-room on one of those open scow-tows the cruisers are taking over. The millionaires have bought up every berth on the liners and tugs. Twenty-five thousand dollars apiece they're asking! What chance has a poor man got, anyway, in this world?" Tears stood in his eyes.



Bennie ran up the rungs, gave Mrs. Tassifer a hand

"All the same," she answered, "I'm not going to give up hope. And, what's more, I believe Professor Hooker will be able to do something. I'd like to see the inside of that Ring, too. Rhoda says she can arrange it. Will you go with me?"

"Y-e-e-s," admitted Mr. Tassifer.

## II

WHILE it was quite true that the "big fellows" at the Cosmos Club and elsewhere took little stock in Hooker, and the public at large were openly incredulous, it was nevertheless the fact that the announcement of his proposed attempt to destroy the asteroid created an extraordinary amount of interest. For Professor Hooker's plan had at last received the approval and cooperation of the government, and he was now almost ready to undertake his flight. His crew was to consist of Atterbury and Burke, who had been in daily consultation with him for weeks, and little remained to be done except to verify some of their more important calculations and install a new dynamo and their uranium turbine.

Among the privileged few to whom he had offered to exhibit his sidereal war-ship were Mr. and Mrs. Tassifer and, of course, Rhoda.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon about two weeks after the conversation just recounted between the solicitor and his lady, and their chauffeur found great difficulty in threading his way among the crowds of people who had come out, as usual, to struggle for a glimpse of the famous machine that was going to essay a trip through space, not merely for the banal purposes of scientific discovery but actually to attack and alter the course of a celestial body. Finally, having gained the gate without committing manslaughter, they found themselves on a flat parade-ground, in the center of which rested a gigantic, shining circular tube, seventy-five feet in diameter and fifteen feet thick, built of aluminum plates, and surmounted by the superstructure which had been visible from outside, and which, as Bennie told them, bore the tractor that lifted the car.

"It's the thing at the top shaped like an inverted thimble," he explained. "There's a big cylinder of metallic uranium inside, and we play our disintegrating rays on the under surface of this cylinder from those oblique tubes below. When the rays hit the uranium in the cylinder, the atoms explode, and the decomposition products are shot off downward at almost the velocity of light. A back pressure is thus produced which lifts the Ring exactly like a rocket."

"How long does one of your cylinders last?" inquired Rhoda.

"Atterbury—Pax's engineer, who came back with us—says that a cylinder is good for about a ten-hour run."

"But you can't get very far out into space in ten hours, can you?" she queried. "What will you do when the cylinder is exhausted?"

"I've figured out that we can get up a velocity of over fifteen miles a second with a one-hour run of the tractor," he answered. "If we then shut off the power, our momentum alone will carry us over fifty thousand miles during the next hour. So, you see, we can coast most of the way."

One of the khaki-uniformed guards now detached and lowered a steel ladder and then climbed up and opened a round door in a sort of vestibule on the side of the Ring.

"Now, Mrs. Tassifer," remarked Bennie, "that is the air-lock. It has double doors. When the car is in a vacuum, or beyond the earth's atmosphere, the



contained air would all rush out into space if there were any direct communication with the outside. You enter the air-lock from the inside, close and bolt the inner door behind you, open the other door and step out, just as the divers leave and enter a submarine on the bottom of the ocean."

Bennie ran up the rungs, gave Mrs. Tassifer a hand, and then both of them assisted Rhoda, who gingerly ascended to the vestibule. Thence they passed into the large, well lighted chart-room of the Ring, which, except for the glass observation-windows in the floor, looked exactly like a comfortable cabin on board a yacht. This resemblance was heightened by the fact that in the center of the room a number of easy chairs were drawn up around a table, where a teakettle was purring in homelike fashion. Burke, the aviator who had rescued Hooker from the wilds of Ungava, a jolly-looking man of about thirty-five, now made his appearance from the remote interior and was presented to the guests.

"But how could one breathe on the moon?" continued Rhoda, after the introduction, following up an idea suggested by the presence of the air-lock.

"Until we found the Ring, I didn't suppose one could," answered the air-man. "But Pax has worked that all out for us beforehand. In that next room, over there, we found three suits of heavy rubber with helmets and oxygen-tanks, or, rather, small, double-walled cylinders designed to carry liquid air. The slow evaporation of this supplies fresh air to the interior of the rubber suits, the excess escaping through a valve."

The two ladies having expressed some interest in these new style "outing suits," Burke obligingly put one of them on and walked up and down the chart-room for their edification. It was a simple-enough device, weighing but little, and resembled a modified suit of diving-armor, although much less cumbersome.

Then Mrs. Tassifer busied herself at the tea-table, and Rhoda strolled over and looked through one of the circular deadlights in the outer wall of the Ring. What she saw was a skeleton framework of steel rods, reaching out like the arm of a derrick and carrying at its extremity a cylinder composed of a yellowish white metal, the open end of which was closed by a plate of some transparent substance. This cylinder, from which the disintegrating ray was discharged, pointed downward, and was held in such a manner that it could be swung or aimed in any direction by means of an electric motor operated from inside the chart-room.

Rhoda eagerly examined all the appliances as Bennie described them in turn, and then followed her host into the adjacent control-room of the Ring, which contained a tangle



Rhoda eagerly examined all the appliances as Bennie described them in turn

of complicated machinery and where hung the famous twin gyroscopes, the axes of their thirty-inch disks at right angles.

"These give us our automatic stability," explained the master of the Ring. "They control the slant of the tractor. You see, we rise just like a rocket, vertically at first, the blast shooting straight down through the center of the machine, but when we wish to fly in a horizontal direction at a fixed height, we tilt the tractor, and the blast drives off in an oblique direction. The vertical component of the recoil keeps us up, and the horizontal drives us forward. The gyroscopes act on the rods controlling the slant of the

tractor and keep this balance automatically. You see, if we didn't have some device of this sort, our equilibrium would be destroyed every time anybody moved about in the Ring. But we have no idea how the machine is going to behave when we get out into space away from the earth's attraction. She may act like a kite without a tail."

He smiled confidently at his companion, however, as if he had no fears upon that score.

Bentham Tassifer was tremendously impressed by what he saw, for, like most lawyers, he had no knowledge of mechanics or physics, and the sight of a perfectly contrived machine, the equanimity of which could not possibly be upset by either cross-examination or any sort of bullyragging, filled him with vast respect. He had been especially taken with the gyroscopes and their automatic adjustment—was, in fact, almost converted to the idea that the Ring might actually get somewhere. And now, as he looked around the cozy chart-room, with its crimson-cushioned armchairs and its walls hung with maps of the world on Mercator's projection, on which dotted red lines in great curved loops showed the previous flights of the Ring, he began to feel as if he were an honored guest at the admiral's table on a flag-ship, rather pleased than otherwise with the whole thing and his own vicarious part in it, through being the uncle of the research professor.

He felt very drowsy after the mental exertion of following Bennie's explanations, and the air was indubitably a trifle close in there. Mrs. Tassifer also was having hard work to keep awake. Rhoda, beckoning to Professor Hooker, tiptoed into the control-room.

"Those two old dears will be sound asleep in three minutes," she whispered. "I want to talk to you. Where is the kitchen—galley, or whatever you call it?"

Bennie led her through the condenser-room into a white-tiled apartment furnished with both gas- and electric stoves. There were chairs there and a table, and Rhoda took possession of one and pointed to the other.

"Yes," she repeated; "I want to talk to you—seriously."

The ordinarily unobservant Bennie noticed that she was dressed in the same trim tan suit she had worn when he first met her, and that her cheeks were quite pink. She looked very nice there, in that white-tiled room—very nice indeed! This was the second time he had been struck by that salient fact. If all girls were like *her*! But most of them were, unfortunately, more like Miss Beebe. He sat down opposite her and lit his pipe. Somehow, he never felt the slightest awkwardness when in her company—always at his best! She had a brain like—

well, even better than Seabury's, for instance, and a figure—His eye followed the line of the tailor-made suit, and his heart pumped noticeably. Too much tobacco, he thought.

"Look here," she said, with determination: "Don't start on this fool adventure. There is still the possibility that the moon may turn the asteroid aside." He looked at her, astounded. "Oh, I mean it!" she insisted, wrinkling her brows. "This machine is all very well—in theory. It will go. But we all know that it won't come back!"

"Of course it will come back," he retorted, "unless it busts!"

"It's a thousand-to-one-shot!"

"Supposing it is—isn't it *up* to me to go?" he replied simply. "It's the only chance to save the earth from destruction. I'd be the worst sort of a coward if I didn't. You wouldn't want me to show the white feather—now!"

He stopped short at the look in her eyes—such a queer look. Her cheeks had become quite pale.



Through the whirling clouds of dust, Tassifer caught a glimpse of what appeared to be the sudden of the entire structure. The Ring remained suspended in the air—nay, it was rising, slowly

"No," she answered, in a low voice, but still with a question in it. "Then you are resolved to go?"

"Absolutely!" He gripped his pipe-stem hard between his teeth.

She looked down, and the red came back into her face, stealing gradually from the collar of her almost military jacket to her eyes.

"Then take me, too!" she said.

"You! I *will* not!" he answered brusquely.

"Please! Don't you think you almost owe it to me? It was my idea—and I worked out your equations for you. I ought to have some of the fun."

"Don't be foolish," he urged, although he hated to deny her anything. "You've got your life to live. You're young and clever and—and pretty"—his own features had become unaccountably warm—"and—and—what's the sense of it? Of course, it's a very uncertain project—this space-navigation. I wouldn't let you risk your life in this blooming car for—for anything! No—by thunder!"

"My life is my own—isn't it?—if I want to sacrifice it to science, as you purpose doing with yours?"

"One of—us—is enough," he announced, with conviction. Somehow, the word "us" sounded curiously personal. She raised her eyes to his, and there were tears in them. The flush had spread over her whole face and to the very roots of her dark-yellow hair. He had never seen her so before. She had always been so capable, so crisp, so cool—and now she was so—young, and pathetic almost. He had a strange inclination to reach over and put his arm along the back of her chair. And then she gave him a funny, teary little smile.

"That's—just—it. One of us—isn't *enough*—for me!"

Something blurred Professor Hooker's sight. There was a roaring in his ears like that of a thousand pine trees in a gale.

"How do you mean?" he heard himself asking, in a weirdly conventional tone, although he knew what she meant all the time, and the knowledge seemed to be swelling him up like a balloon. Indeed, he felt as if he was just coming out of a dose of laughing-gas—inflated and very much excited and irresponsible.

The next instant, he was kneeling on the tiles in front of her; those tailor-made arms were around his neck, and his face was pressed up against the tan jacket, and her hair was tickling his ears.

"You funny little man!" she was saying, in a trembly voice. "You funny, silly little man! I won't let you go without me."

And Bennie answered—he could feel her heart beating through the tan military jacket:

"Silly little thing yourself! Do you think I'd let you take a chance like that *now*—dear?"

"You must!"

"I won't!"

He raised his head and drew down her face to his.

"I simply—simply—w-won't!"

"Rhoda! Where are you?"

Mrs. Tassifer's acrid voice echoed through the Ring from the control-room. Bennie scrambled to his feet and hastily lit his pipe.

"Yes, auntie!" she called back sweetly, with a whimsical glance at Bennie. "I'm in here looking at the electric stove—such a funny little thing!"

### III

As the date set for the departure of the Flying Ring on its amazing venture drew near, a furious controversy arose in the newspapers as to the feasibility of Professor Hooker's project. Leading scientists wrote technical letters demonstrating not only that the Ring could not possibly be controlled in space when beyond the earth's attraction, but that it was manifestly absurd to suppose that it could even get away from the earth's attraction at all. One distinguished pedagog



explosion of the scaffolding—great timbers and joists flying through the air, followed by the collapse and majestically at first, like a balloon, and then faster, with the rush and roar of a rocket



## The Moon-Maker



"Rhoda!" he murmured, unconscious of her presence

was particularly insistent upon the point that the gravitational force of the earth was a *sine qua non* for steering the Ring in a given direction. He demonstrated conclusively—to himself, at any rate—that, once in the pure ether, the Ring would be like a rudderless ship, quite unmanageable and unable to meet and oppose any external influence. But another, equally celebrated, immediately countered on him with great effect by showing that, once in space, there would be no external influence to alter the direction of the flying machine. Going his opponent one better, he gave it as his own opinion that the Flying Ring would never even start—couldn't get off the ground!

Bennie, Atterbury, and Burke read all these letters, articles, and editorials with considerable amusement, spending all their waking-hours in the Ring, overseeing the installation of the new apparatus and making plans to meet all possible emergencies. The longer they waited—and the collision between the earth and the asteroid was due to occur on April twenty-second—the less distance it would be necessary for the Ring to traverse to meet its enemy. They had, therefore, arranged to leave the earth on April twentieth.

But while all these preparations were being made, a great migration—like nothing in the history of mankind save possibly the western movement of the Huns and Ostrogoths—was taking place from Lower California and the Southwestern states, northward along the Pacific coast, across the deserts of Arizona and Nevada, and eastward across the Gulf of Mexico by tug, barge, and steamer, as hundreds of thousands of Mexicans, miners, cowboys, and their families sought to escape their impending doom. The migration, however, was not confined to the Southwest. A large proportion of the total population of the Northwestern states also streamed across the boundary into Canada and British Columbia. The rivers were choked with flotillas of boats; flat cars and coal-cars brought fabulous prices and took the place of Pullmans; while a millionaire who could commandeer, beg, borrow, steal, or purchase a cattle-van was regarded as fortunate indeed.

In the East, where there was, perhaps, less actual hysteria, millions of men, women, and children clamored with but a single voice for passage to Europe or to any port upon the other side of the world. At Boston, New York, and Baltimore, the congestion from incoming and outgoing ships was so great that passengers could speak from vessel to vessel until they were well out to sea. The same situation prevailed at San Francisco. For every mere thousand who escaped through the Golden Gate, there were millions more who either could secure no passage or who had not the means of paying for it.

To be sure, the daily papers were still published, and a pretense was made at keeping office-hours.


But most people were actively engaged in excavating subcellars in their houses, to which they might take refuge from the prophesied deluge of rock and slag. The minds of many, of course, refused to grasp the situation. This was particularly the case with the very old, who remembered having been fooled before by these scientists. Hadn't the papers, only ten years before, stated that the earth was going to pass through the tail of Halley's Comet? And hadn't everybody sat up for three whole nights without even *seeing* a comet? And, after it was all over, the scientists had said that the event had really occurred, only nobody (Continued on page 114)

# The Ledge on Baldface

Here is a thrilling drama of the wilds, brought about by human interference with the customs of the animal folk in their own domains. Joe Peddler unwittingly broke the "law of the Ledge," of which he knew nothing. Hence the startling sequence of events so graphically described.

By Charles G. D. Roberts

Illustrated by Paul Bransom




**T**HAT one stark-naked side of the mountain, which gave it its name of Baldface, fronted full south. Scorched by sun and scourged by storm throughout the centuries, it was bleached to an ashen pallor that gleamed startlingly across the leagues of somber, green-purple wilderness outspread below. From the base of the tremendous bald steep stretched off the interminable leagues of cedar swamp, only to be traversed in dry weather or in frost. All the region behind the mountain-face was an impenetrable jumble of gorges, pinnacles, and chasms, with black woods clinging in crevice and ravine and struggling up desperately toward the light.

In the time of spring and autumn floods, when the cedar swamps were impenetrable to all save mink, otter, and muskrat, the only way from the western plateau to the group of lakes that formed the source of the Ottanoosis on the

east was by a high, nerve-testing trail across the wind-swept brow of old Baldface. The trail followed a curious ledge, sometimes wide enough to have accommodated an ox-wagon, at other times so narrow and so perilous that even the sure-eyed caribou went warily in traversing it.

The only inhabitants of Baldface were the eagles—three pairs of them who had their nests, widely separated from each other, in haughty isolation, on jutting shoulders and pinnacles accessible to no one without wings. Though the ledge path at its highest point was far above the nests and commanded a clear view of one of them, the eagles had learned to know that those who traversed the pass were not troubling themselves about eagles' nests. They had also observed another thing—of interest to them only because their keen eyes and



He paused to observe, from above and thus fairly near at hand, the slow flapping of those wide wings as they employed the wind to serve the majesty of their flight

## The Ledge on Baldface



He crouched low and scurried past, growling

suspicious brains were wont to note and consider everything that came within their purview—and that was that the scanty traffic by the pass had its more or less regular times and seasons. In seasons of drought or hard frost, it vanished altogether. In seasons of flood, it increased the longer the floods lasted. And whenever there was any passing at all, the movement was from east to west in the morning, from west to east in the afternoon.

This fact may have been due to some sort of dimly recognized convention among the wild kindreds, arrived at, in some subtle way, to avoid unnecessary—and necessarily deadly—misunderstanding and struggle. For the creatures of the wild seldom fight for fighting's sake. They fight for food, or, in the mating season, they fight in order that the best and strongest may carry off the prizes.

But mere purposeless risk and slaughter they instinctively strive to avoid. The airy ledge across Baldface, therefore, was not a place where the boldest of the wild kindred—the bear or the bull moose, to say nothing of lesser champions—would wilfully invite the doubtful combat. If, therefore, it had been somehow arrived at that there should be no disastrous meetings, no face-to-face struggles for the right of way at a spot where dreadful death was inevitable for one or both of the combatants, that would have been in no way inconsistent with the accepted laws and customs of the wilderness. On the other hand, it is possible that this alternate easterly and westerly drift of the wild creatures—a scanty affair enough at best of times—across the front of Baldface was determined, in the first place, on clear days, by their desire not to have the sun in their eyes in making the difficult passage, and afterward hardened into custom. It was certainly better to have the sun behind one in treading the knife-edge pass above the eagles.

Joe Peddler found it troublesome enough—that strong, searching glare from the unclouded sun of early morning full in his eyes—as he worked over toward the Ottanooosis lakes. He had never attempted the crossing of old Baldface before, and he had always regarded with some scorn the stories told by Indians of the perils of that passage. But already, though he had accomplished but a small portion of his journey and was still far from the worst of the pass, he had been forced to the conclusion that report had not exaggerated the difficulties of his venture. However, he was steady of head and sure of foot, and the higher he went in that exquisitely clear, crisp air, the more pleased he felt with himself. His great lungs drank deep of the tonic wind, which surged against him rhythmically and seemed to him to come unbroken from the outermost edges of the world. His eyes widened and filled themselves, even as his lungs, with the ample panorama that unfolded before them. He imagined (for the woodsman, dwelling so much alone, is apt to indulge some strange imaginings) that he could feel his very spirit enlarging, as if to take full measure of these splendid breadths of sunlit, wind-washed space.

Presently, with a pleasant thrill, he observed that, just ahead of him, the ledge went round an abrupt shoulder of the rock-face, at a point where there was practically a sheer drop of many hundreds of feet into what appeared a feather-soft carpet of tree-tops. He looked shrewdly to the security of his footing as he approached, and also to the roughnesses of the rock above the ledge, in case a sudden violent gust should chance to assail him just at the turn. He felt that at such a spot it would be so easy—indeed, quite natural—to be whisked off by the sportive wind, whirled out into space, and dropped onto that green carpet so far below.

In his flexible, oil-tanned larigans of thick cowhide, Peddler moved noiselessly as a wildcat, even over the bare stone of the ledge. He was like a gray shadow drifting slowly across the bleached face of the precipice. As he drew near the bend of the trail, of which not more than eight or ten paces were now visible to him, he felt every nerve grow tense with exhilarating expectation. Yet, even so, what happened was the utterly unexpected.

Around the bend before him, stepping daintily on her fine hoofs, came a young doe. She completely blocked the trail, just on that dizzy edge.

Peddler stopped short, tried to squeeze himself to the rock like a limpet, and clutched with fingers of iron at a tiny projection.

The doe, for one second, seemed petrified with amazement. It was contrary to all tradition that she should be confronted on that trail. Then, her amazement instantly dissolving into sheer madness of panic, she wheeled about violently to flee. But there was no room





The arrogant old moose kept straight on, though slowly, and with the wariness of the practised duelist

for even her lithe body to make the turn. The inexorable rock-face bounced her off. And with an agonized bleat, legs sprawling and great eyes starting from their sockets, she went sailing down into the abyss.

With a heart thumping in sympathy, Peddler leaned outward and followed that dreadful flight till she reached that treacherously soft-looking carpet of tree-tops and was

engulfed by it. A muffled crash came up to Peddler's ears.

"Poor leetle beggar!" he muttered. "I wish't I hadn't scared her so. But I'd a sight rather it was her than me!"

Peddler's exhilaration was now considerably damped. He crept cautiously to the dizzy turn of the ledge and peered around. The thought upon which his brain dwelt with

## The Ledge on Baldface

unpleasant insistence was that, if it had been a surly old bull moose or a bear which had confronted him so unexpectedly, instead of that nervous little doe, he might now be lying beneath that deceitful green carpet in a state of dilapidation which he did not care to contemplate.

Beyond the turn, the trail was clear to his view for perhaps a couple of hundred yards. It climbed steeply, through a deep reentrant, a mighty, perpendicular corrugation of the rock-face, and then disappeared again around another jutting bastion. He hurried on rather feverishly, not liking that second interruption to his view, and regretting, for the first time, that he had no weapon with him but his long hunting-knife. He had left his rifle behind him, as a useless burden to his climbing.

No game was now in season, no skins in condition to be worth the shooting, and he had food enough for the journey in his light pack. He had not contemplated the possibility of any beast, even bear or bull moose, daring to face him, because he knew that, except in mating-time, the boldest of them would give a man wide berth. But, as he now reflected, here, on this narrow ledge, even a buck or a lynx would become dangerous, finding itself suddenly at bay.

The steepness of the rise in the trail at this point almost drove Peddler to helping himself with his hands. As he neared the next turn, he was surprised to note, far out to his right, a soaring eagle perhaps a hundred feet below him. He was surprised, too, by the fact that the eagle was paying no attention to him whatever, in spite of his invasion of the great bird's aerial domain. Instinctively, he inferred that the eagle's nest must be in some quite inaccessible spot, at safe distance from the ledge. He paused to observe, from above and thus fairly near at hand, the slow flapping of those wide wings as they employed the wind to serve the majesty of their flight. While he was studying this, another deduction from the bird's indifference to his presence flashed upon his mind. There must be a fairly abundant traffic of the wild creatures across this pass, or the eagle would not be so indifferent to his presence. At this thought, he lost his interest in problems of flight, and hurried forward again, anxious to see what might be beyond the next turn of the trail.

His curiosity was gratified all too abruptly for his satisfaction. He reached the turn, craned his head around it—and came face to face with an immense black bear.

The bear was not a dozen feet away. At sight of Peddler's gaunt, dark face and sharp blue eyes, appearing thus abruptly and without visible support around the rock, he shrank back upon his haunches with a startled "Woof!"

As for Peddler, he was equally startled, but he had too much discretion and self-control to show it. Never moving a muscle, and keeping his body out of sight so that his face seemed to be suspended in mid-air, he held the great beast's eyes with a calm, unwinking gaze.

The bear was plainly disconcerted. After a few seconds, he glanced back over his shoulder and seemed to contemplate a strategic movement to the rear. As the ledge, at this point, was sufficiently wide for him to turn with due care, Peddler expected now to see him do so. But what Peddler did not know was that dim but cogent "law of the Ledge," which forbade all those who traveled by it to turn and retrace their steps or to pass in the wrong direction at the wrong time. He did not know what the bear knew—namely, that if that perturbed beast *should* turn, he was sure to be met and opposed by other wayfarers, and thus find himself caught between two fires.

Watching steadily, Peddler was unpleasantly surprised to see the perturbation in the bear's eyes slowly change into a savage resentment—resentment at being balked in his inalienable right to an unopposed passage over the ledge. To the bear's mind, that grim, confronting face was a violation of the law which he himself obeyed loyally and without question. To be sure, it was the face of man, and therefore to be dreaded. It was also mysterious, and therefore still more to be dreaded. But the sense of bitter injustice, with the realization that he was at bay and taken at a disadvantage, filled him with a frightened rage which swamped all other emotion.

Then he came on.

(Continued on page 94)



He fell backward, and went bouncing down into the abyss

# Back to the Cave

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

AS individuals, the lights of New York were dead. And the pale glow in the winter sky that marked the position of the city was dying. She stood in the rear vestibule of the rear car, her face close to the glass in the upper half of the door. Sometimes she watched the track—the metals flowing and the cross-ties rippling away into the night. But more often her eyes were lifted to that dying glow in the sky. It was a symbol to her. It was a symbol of the discontented and sheltered life that she was leaving. But she still had regrets—and compunctions. When the glow of the city died, these would die. And the new life would begin.

At length, the glow was dead. There were only pale stars now in the wintry sky. She drew a deep breath. She felt that now indeed she had crossed the Rubicon, that she had burned her bridges behind her.

She returned to her drawing-room and mechanically looked out of the window. But more often the glass gave her reflected images of the drawing-room itself than of the passing landscape. Sometimes, lights went by in the night. At the end of an hour, she rang for the porter and told him to make up her berth. As soon thereafter as possible, she undressed and went to bed. During the night she cried a little and slept a good deal.

She waked to a landscape white with snow and dark with pine and spruce. The snow had fallen during the night, and scattered flakes were still settling slowly from a cold, gray sky. An hour later, the train stopped at the station of Lovers' Pond. It was only a station; and the train stopped only long enough for her two trunks to be dumped out of the baggage-car. The train had hesitated rather than stopped, and now it was once more under way. She looked up the platform and down, and across the clearing that surrounded the station, and the corners of her mouth began to droop and her lips to quiver, for there was not a human being in sight.

She tried to enter the station. But the door was locked. Her train was not scheduled to stop at Lovers' Pond, and the station-master was off duty.

But presently her quick ears detected a sound of creaking wagon-wheels. Her heart gave a great bound. But Paxton was not in the

More often her eyes were lifted to that dying glow in the sky



buckboard which emerged presently from the woods drawn by two heavy horses. There was only a backwoodsman who hadn't shaved for days and days. What had happened? Paxton should have been on the platform, ready to take her into his arms, and by his affection and infinite solicitude to begin at once to make up to her for those solid things, such as position and respectability, which she was sacrificing for his sake.

"You Mrs. Raeburn?"

"Yes."

"Them yourn?" He pointed to the trunks.

"Yes."

"Then you keep an eye on them horses while I lash 'em on behind."

In a hard voice, she asked,

"Why didn't Mr. Paxton come himself?"

"Well," said the unshaven driver, "for one reason, he's broken his leg."

Instantly she was on fire with fear and compassion. Her heart was flooded with self-reproach because, even for a moment, she had doubted his chivalry.

"How did it happen? It's no more than you said?" She shot questions at him as swiftly as bullets from an automatic. He answered her that Paxton was in more pain than danger.

"Oh, hurry," she exclaimed; "do hurry!"

With extreme deliberation, the driver lashed the two trunks and the valise to the back of the buckboard.

The scant and moth-eaten buffalo-robe which the driver had tucked about their feet and knees was constantly slipping, and exposing Mrs. Raeburn's black-silk ankles to the nipping cold. She was none too warmly clad, but there was no breeze, and sunbeams were beginning to find their way through the grays of the sky. The horses, in a mist of their own making, advanced at a slow and lugubrious trot.

"This road doesn't seem to be used much," said Mrs. Raeburn. "Have we far to go? I'm half frozen."

To her consternation, the driver replied that they would be at least four hours more on the road. Somehow, she had pictured an Adirondack camp as a suburban affair—within easy walk of the railroad station.

She looked upward with a sigh of impatience and found that the sky had turned blue. She accepted this as a good omen, and prepared her mind to endure the four interminable hours which separated her from the man she loved. The fact that she had not breakfasted in no way lightened the ordeal. She had been a fool not to bring at least a thermos bottle of hot coffee.

The driver volunteered no small talk. Once he made her get down and walk until she was in a warm glow. And she was grateful to him even for this small show of interest.

An eternity passed. And suddenly they were there.

The camp was in a partial clearing. Only the finest forest trees had been left standing. There was a long and low main building of logs, and there were half a dozen smaller buildings. Beyond them sparkled the narrow and serene surface of Lovers' Pond.

Pale smoke curled slowly upward from a central chimney in the main building. Otherwise, there was no sign of life or activity. Now that the horses stood and the wheels of the buckboard no longer creaked, there was a superb and ominous stillness.

But Mrs. Raeburn felt that now the new life had really begun; faint though she was, her heart was beating with a wild excitement, and she leaped lightly to the ground.

"Just push that door open and sing out," directed the driver.

She obeyed.

"Harry! Harry!" she sang out, in a clear voice.

There was no answer. It was dark and bitterly cold in the main hall of the camp. She hurried through it with a shiver and pushed open the door at the further end.

"Harry! Where are you?"

A quiet and cultivated voice replied,

"I don't know where Harry is; but here I am."

Mrs. Raeburn cried aloud with fear, and her knees almost buckled under her. She clutched at the log wall for support.

Raeburn was not a heroic figure of a man. He had fine eyes and a determined chin, but he stooped and he was very slight and pale.

"Don't be frightened," said Raeburn; "I'm not going to murder you."

"What have you done to Harry?" Her courage was returning. "Where is he?"

"I suppose he's in New York."

"But he wrote——"

"Yes; I made him."

"Made him! You!" Her mouth curled with scorn.

"Well," said Raeburn, "although he is twice as big as me, I told him I guessed he'd better, and he did. He wrote you to come to him here. You came; and here I am."

"The driver told me that he had a broken leg."

"Yes. When he had written the letter, I accompanied him to the top of the stairs, and there some imp of the perverse forced me to place my foot in the small of his back and push. He broke his leg on the way down."

"I want to know why you have tricked me to this place."

"To give you that one more chance that every husband owes his wife."

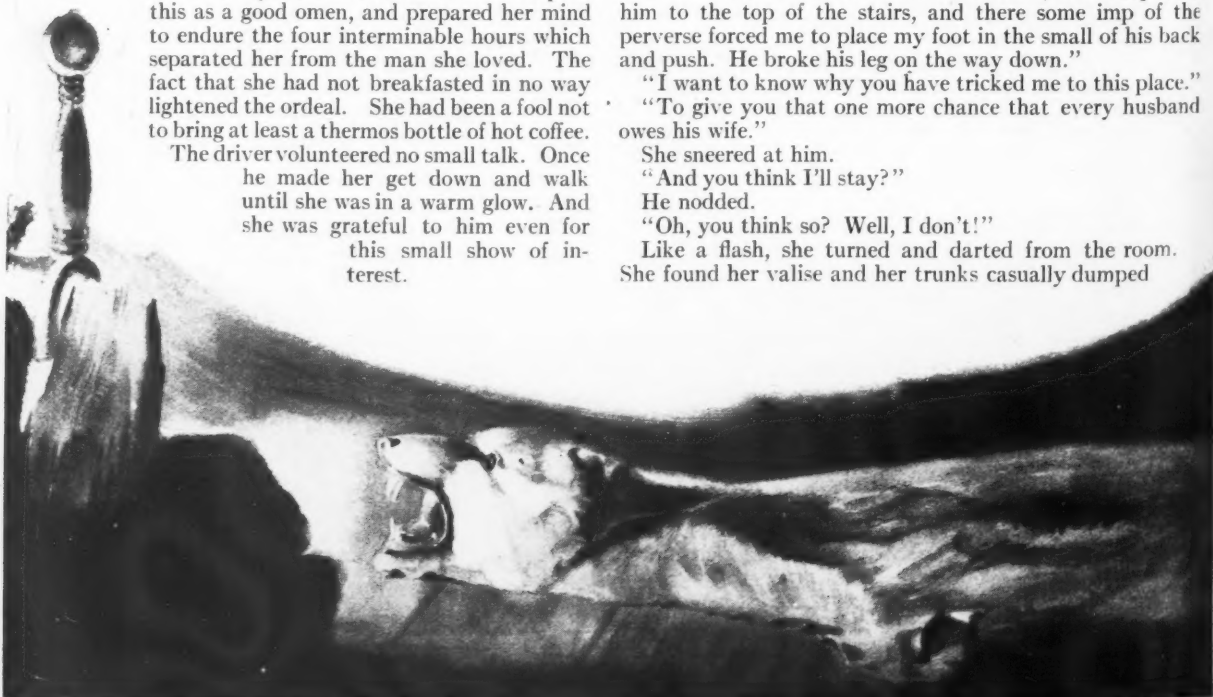
She sneered at him.

"And you think I'll stay?"

He nodded.

"Oh, you think so? Well, I don't!"

Like a flash, she turned and darted from the room. She found her valise and her trunks casually dumped



He put his arm around her shoulders. Instantly she burst into tears: but instead of wrenching loose

in the snow. The buckboard was gone. She shouted: "Driver! Driver!" but had no answer.

Raeburn, who had followed slowly, suggested that she talk things over before doing anything heroic. She said there was nothing to talk over. But she followed him back to the room at the end of the hall. She remembered vaguely that it had seemed warmer in there.

"Well," she said coldly, "what is the idea?"

"I feel that I have accomplished something already. I have saved you from a male flirt, who, because he is built on heroic lines and drives a golf-ball three hundred yards, you have imagined to be a hero. He will no more come near you now than a cat will sit for the second time on a hot stove. That much is accomplished. It remains to give you yourself one more chance to make something of your life and behave yourself. I've given the best of my youth and health to lap you in luxury, to clothe and bedeck you, to surround you with tapestry and marble, to anticipate your wishes. In return, you have given me—love with restrictions. That lasted for two years. Since then you have given me tolerance and anxiety. Then, in the case of this Paxton, you have tortured me as no human being should be tortured. You fed yourself on dreams of a grand passion. You've been badly spoiled, my dear Ellen, but you are young enough to acquire new habits."

"Are you going to keep me here by force?"

"It won't be necessary. It's thirty miles to the station. You, who have been carefully trained to use the cushions of six-cylinder cars instead of legs, will not walk thirty miles. No; you'll stay, because you've no place to go. After a while, I hope you'll see life from a more human angle and stay willingly." He pointed to a door at the end of the room. "Out that way you'll find the



from the encircling arm and turning away, she turned toward him and hid her face against him



Fifteen minutes later, a soft, warm wrapper covering her cold and hurt body, she was bending over the kitchen stove, while her husband, seated on a table, his feet swinging free, coached her in the art of camp-cooking

kitchen. You're probably hungry, and I certainly am; so you'd better try your hand at cooking. There are no servants here. You and I'll have to do all the work, or freeze or starve or both." He pointed in the opposite direction. "The bedrooms are off there. I'll bring your trunks in somehow."

"I'm not in the least hungry," said Mrs. Raeburn indifferently. "And if you think I'm going to cook for you, you are vastly mistaken."

"All right," said Raeburn; "I'll cook for myself. You can bring the trunks in."

He marched off to the kitchen, cheerfully whistling. And she burst into tears.

## II

"My job," explained Raeburn, "is to provide wood, fish and game. Your job is to cook and keep house. I cooked my own dinner and ate it. It's time you ate something, and I'm hungry again. Now, will you try to cook some supper for us both—or have I got to make you?"

"Make me!" she exclaimed contemptuously.

"I've put up with sneers and hysterics for several hours," said Raeburn, "and I have reached the limits of civilized patience. I am no longer a fool wasting myself on a rag and a bone and a hank of hair. I'm a—a caveman, and you are my wife." She burst into a peal of hysterical laughter. "Will you cook supper—or won't you? I mean, will you *try*? I know that you haven't a notion how to go about anything useful; but will you try—or won't you?"

"No, I won't!" she shouted, and went off into another wet gale of hysterical laughter. Raeburn calmly locked the doors of the room and put the keys in his pocket. Then he took down from the wall a heavy black whip of braided leather. He rolled this up and put it into his jacket pocket. Then he took his wife firmly in his arms, tripped her with his heel, and laid her at full-length on the floor, face down. Then he seated himself upon her, controlled her frenzied struggles with his knees, and, with a jerk, ripped the flimsy waist of her dress in two. When he had finished and rose to his feet, she was half paralyzed with fear. But she struggled to her knees.

The heavy leather whip whistled sharply through the air and cracked across her shoulders. The scream that was torn from her throat might have been heard for a mile.

Again the whip descended, and again she screamed.

For years, her least whims had been (Continued on page 53)

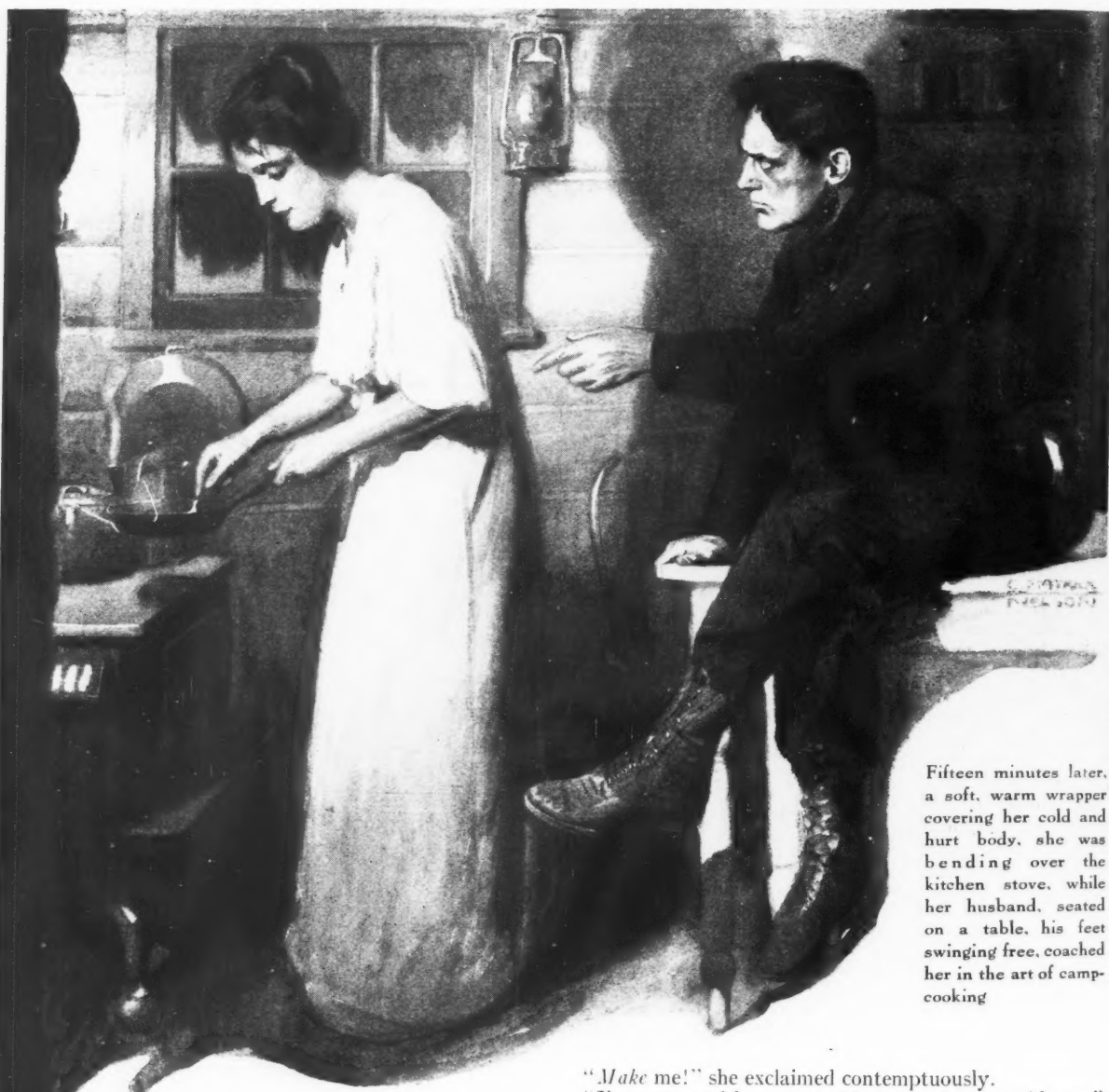




## Beatrice in the Films

**THIS** is  
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the rôle of that famous  
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Each episode drama-  
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



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*EVA LE GALLIENNE*, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Richard Le Gallienne, won the hearts of American theatergoers in "The Melody of Youth," and will appear this coming season in "Mr. Lazarus."

# The Portia of the Follies



**A** DELIGHT  
Hazel Lewis,  
the amusing Shake  
included in the latest "Follies." Miss Lewis also  
impersonates the Follies Girl of 1908, for that is the  
year in which she joined this famous organization.

FUL dancer,  
is the Portia of  
spearean travesty

# Dolly Comes to Town



**DOLLY HACKETT**, as Rosalind in "The Passing Show's" diverting review of the present year's interest in things Shakespearian, has distinctly won out in her first regular connection with the New York stage. Heretofore, she has been in vaudeville.



# The Dark Star

## *A Story of Destiny*

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens



Suddenly Ruhannah stood up, one hand pressed to the ill-fitting blue serge over her wildly beating heart

**A** BELIEF in the influence of the heavenly bodies upon human destiny has played an important part in history. A dark star called by the ancients Erlik, after the Prince of Darkness, presided over the birth of the chief characters in this story—they are children of the Dark Star.

The Reverend Wilbur Carew, a missionary, with his wife and daughter Ruhannah (Rue), having escaped massacre by the Turks at Trebizond, returns, incapacitated and poverty-stricken, to his old home at Brookhollow, near Gayfield, New York.

When Rue is old enough, she goes to work in a knitting-mill and the box factory connected with it. But she has a great love for drawing, and dreams of being an artist. Jim Neeland, the mill-owner's son, who has studied in Paris and begun his career as an illustrator, takes an interest in her, and she is thrilled by his descriptions of his life in New York. The girl has been left six thousand dollars by her grandmother, which is to be hers when she is twenty-five years old or when she marries. Rue wants the money in order to study art. It seems an eternity to wait until she is twenty-five. Marriage would bring it into her possession at once.

One day, two sporting men, Ed Brandes and Ben Stull, on their way to the races at Saratoga, meet with an automobile mishap near the Carew home and go there. Brandes, who is a theatrical manager, is the husband of Ilse Dumont, a singer, known on the stage as Minna Minti. She is suing for a divorce. Brandes is greatly attracted to Rue, and tells Stull that he would like to marry her. He is unwilling to wait, and plans to have a mock marriage performed by one of his associates and then to be legally tied as soon as he is free. Stull tries to persuade him from this rash course, but he will not listen. Brandes lingers in Gayfield, completely deceiving the Carews as to his character and pursuits. His courtship is brief. One evening, he comes out to Rue, who is sitting on the porch, and informs her that he has told her parents that he is in love with her and wants to make her his wife. The girl sits there, speechless, astounded. The thought that here is an opportunity to get her inheritance and begin the study of art is uppermost in her mind.

### VIII

#### A CHANGE IMPENDS

**T**HE racing-season at Saratoga drew toward its close, and Brandes had appeared there only twice, both times with a very young girl.

"If you got to bring her here to the races, can't you get her some clothes?" whispered Stull, in his ear. "That get-up is something fierce."

Late hours, hot weather, indiscreet nourishment, and the feverish anxiety incident to betting other people's money had told on Stull. His eyes were like two smears of charcoal in his pasty face; sourly he went about the business which Brandes should have attended to, nursing resentment—although he was doing better than Brandes had hoped to do. Their joint commission from his winnings began to assume considerable proportions; at track and club and hotel, people were beginning to turn and stare when the little man with the face of a sick circus clown appeared, always alone, greeting with pallid indifference his acquaintances, ignoring overtures, noticing neither sport, nor fashion, nor political importance.

After a little study of that white, sardonic, impossible

face, people who would have been glad to make use of him became discouraged. And those who first had recognized him in Saratoga found, at the end of the racing-month, nothing to add to their general identification of him as "Ben Stull, partner of Eddie Brandes—Western sports."

Stull, whispering in Brandes's ear again, where he sat beside him in the grand stand, added to his earlier comment on Ruhannah's appearance.

"Why don't you fix her up, Eddie? It looks like you been robbing a country school."

Brandes's slow, greenish eyes marked sleepily the distant dust where Mr. Sanford's Nick Stoner was leading a brilliant field, steadily overhauling the favorite, Deborah Glenn.

"When the time comes for me to fix her up," he said, between thin lips which scarcely moved, "she'll look like Washington Square in May—not like Fifth Avenue and Broadway."

Nick Stoner continued to lead. Stull's eyes resembled two holes burned in a sheet; Brandes yawned. They were plunging the limit on the Sanford favorite.

As for Ruhannah, she sat with slender gloved hands tightly clasped, lips parted, intent, fascinated with the sunlit beauty of the scene. Brandes looked at her, and his heavy, expressionless features altered subtly.

## Dolly Comes to Town



**DOLLY HACKETT**, as Rosalind in "The Passing Show's" diverting review of the present year's interest in things Shakespearian, has distinctly won out in her first regular connection with the New York stage. Heretofore, she has been in vaudeville.

# The Dark Star

## *A Story of Destiny*

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens



Suddenly Ruhannah stood up, one hand pressed to the ill-fitting blue serge over her wildly beating heart

**A** BELIEF in the influence of the heavenly bodies upon human destiny has played an important part in history. A dark star called by the ancients Erlik, after the Prince of Darkness, presided over the birth of the chief characters in this story—they are children of the Dark Star.

The Reverend Wilbur Carew, a missionary, with his wife and daughter Ruhannah (Rue), having escaped massacre by the Turks at Trebizond, returns, incapacitated and poverty-stricken, to his old home at Brookhollow, near Gayfield, New York.

When Rue is old enough, she goes to work in a knitting-mill and the box factory connected with it. But she has a great love for drawing, and dreams of being an artist. Jim Neeland, the mill-owner's son, who has studied in Paris and begun his career as an illustrator, takes an interest in her, and she is thrilled by his descriptions of his life in New York. The girl has been left six thousand dollars by her grandmother, which is to be hers when she is twenty-five years old or when she marries. Rue wants the money in order to study art. It seems an eternity to wait until she is twenty-five. Marriage would bring it into her possession at once.

One day, two sporting men, Ed Brandes and Ben Stull, on their way to the races at Saratoga, meet with an automobile mishap near the Carew home and go there. Brandes, who is a theatrical manager, is the husband of Ilse Dumont, a singer, known on the stage as Minna Minti. She is suing for a divorce. Brandes is greatly attracted to Rue, and tells Stull that he would like to marry her. He is unwilling to wait, and plans to have a mock marriage performed by one of his associates and then to be legally tied as soon as he is free. Stull tries to persuade him from this rash course, but he will not listen. Brandes lingers in Gayfield, completely deceiving the Carews as to his character and pursuits. His courtship is brief. One evening, he comes out to Rue, who is sitting on the porch, and informs her that he has told her parents that he is in love with her and wants to make her his wife. The girl sits there, speechless, astounded. The thought that here is an opportunity to get her inheritance and begin the study of art is uppermost in her mind.

### VIII

#### A CHANGE IMPENDS

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"Some running," he said.

A breathless nod was her response. All around them, repressed excitement was breaking out; men stood up and shouted; women rose, and the grand stand seemed suddenly to blossom like a magic garden of wind-tossed flowers. Through the increasing cheering, Stull looked on without a sign of emotion, although affluence or ruin sat astride the golden roan in the Sanford colors.

Suddenly Ruhannah stood up, one hand pressed to the ill-fitting blue serge over her wildly beating heart. Brandes rose beside her. Not a muscle in his features moved.

"Some killing, Ben," he nodded presently, in his low, deliberate voice. His heavy, round face was deeply flushed. Fortune, the noisy wanton, had flung both arms around his neck. But his slow eyes were continually turned on the slim young girl whom he was teaching to walk beside him without taking his arm.

"Ain't she on to us?" Stull had inquired. And Brandes's reply was correct; Ruhannah never dreamed that it made a penny's difference to Brandes whether Nick Stoner won or whether it was Deborah Glenn which the wild-voiced throng saluted.

They did not remain in Saratoga for dinner. They took Stull back to his hotel on the rumble of the runabout, Brandes remarking that he thought he should need a chauffeur before long, and suggesting that Stull look about Saratoga for a likely one.

Halted in the crush before the hotel, Stull decided to descend there. Several men in the passing crowds bowed to Brandes—one, Norton Smawley, known to the fraternity as "Parson" Smawley, came out to the curb to shake hands. Brandes introduced him to Rue as "Parson" Smawley—whether with some sinister future purpose already beginning to take shape in his round, heavy head, or whether a perverted sense of humor prompted him to give Rue the idea that she had been in godly company, it is difficult to determine.

He added that Miss Carew was the daughter of a clergyman and a missionary. And the "Parson" took his cue. At any rate, Rue, leaning from her seat, listened to the persuasive and finely modulated voice of Parson Smawley with pleasure, and found his sleek, graceful presence and courtly manners most agreeable. She hoped shyly that, if he were in Gayfield, he would call on her father.

The Parson promised to call, very gravely. It would not have embarrassed him to do so; it was his business in life to have a sufficient knowledge of every man's business to enable him to converse convincingly with anybody.

He took polished leave of her, took leave of Brandes with the faintest flutter of one eyelid, as though he understood Brandes's game—which he did not; nor did Brandes himself, entirely.

They had thirty miles to go in the runabout. So they would not remain for dinner. Besides, Brandes did not care to make himself conspicuous in public just then. Too many people knew more or less about him—the sort of people who might possibly be in communication with his wife. There was no use slapping chance in the face. Two quiet visits to the races with Ruhannah was enough for the present. Even those two visits were scarcely discreet. It was time to go.

Stull and Brandes stood consulting together beside the runabout; Rue sat in the machine, watching the press of carriages and automobiles on Broadway and the thronged sidewalks, along which animated crowds were pouring.

"I'm not coming again, Ben," said Brandes, dropping his voice. "No use to hunt the limelight just now. You can't tell what some of these people might do. I'll take no chances that some fresh guy might try to start something."

"Stir up Minnie?" Stull's lips merely formed the question, and his eyes watched Ruhannah.

"They couldn't. What would she care? All the same, I play safe, Ben. Well, be good. Better send me mine on pay-day. I'll need it."

Stull's face grew sourer.

"Can't you wait till she gets her decree?"

"And lose a month off? No."

"It's all coming your way, Eddie. Stay wise and play safe. Don't start anything now."

"It's safe. If I don't take September off, I wait a year for my—honeymoon. And I won't—see?"

They both looked cautiously at Ruhannah, who sat motionless, absorbed in the turmoil of vehicles and people. Brandes's face slowly reddened; he dropped one hand on Stull's shoulder and said:

"She's all I'm interested in. You don't think much of her, Ben. She isn't painted. She isn't dolled up the way you like 'em. But there isn't anything else that matters very much to me. All I want in the world is sitting in that runabout, looking out of her kid eyes at a thousand or two people who ain't worth the pair of run-down shoes she's wearing."

But Stull's expression remained sardonic and unconvinced. So Brandes got into his car and took the wheel, and Stull watched them threading a tortuous path through the traffic—tangle of Broadway. They sped past



"Jim Neeland!" she exclaimed impulsively. "I mean, Mr. Neeland remained outstretched. He took it, pressed it lightly."

the great hotels, along crowded sidewalks, along the park, and out into an endless stretch of highway where hundreds of other cars were traveling in the same direction.

"Did you have a good time?" Brandes inquired, shifting his cigar and keeping his narrow eyes on the road.

"Yes; it was beautiful—exciting!"

"Some horse, Nick Stoner! Some race, eh?"

"I was so excited—with everybody standing up and shouting. And such beautiful horses—and such pretty women in their wonderful dresses! I—I never knew there were such things."

He swung the car, sent it rushing past a lumbering limousine, slowed a little, gripped his cigar between his teeth, and watched the road, both hands on the wheel.

Yes; things were coming his way—coming faster and faster all the while. He had waited many years for this—for material fortune—for that "chance" which every gambler waits to seize when the psychological second ticks out. But he never had expected that the chance was to include a very young girl in a country-made dress and hat.

As they sped westward, the freshening wind from distant pine woods whipped their cheeks.

"I want to make you happy," said Brandes, in his low, even voice. It was, perhaps, the most honest statement he had ever uttered. Ruhannah remained silent, her eyes riveted on the far horizon.

It was a week later, one hot evening, that he telegraphed to Stull in Saratoga:

Find me a chauffeur who would be willing to go abroad. I'll give you twenty-four hours to get him here. Wages no object.

The next morning, he called up Stull on the telephone from the drug store in Gayfield.

"Get my wire, Ben?"

"Yes. But I—"

"Wait! Here's a postscript. I also want Parson Smawley. I want him to get a car and come over to the Gayfield House. Tell him I count on him. And he's to wear black."



Neeland"—a riot of color flooding her face. But her eager hand ceremoniously, and, still standing, continued to smile down at her

"Yes. But about that chauffeur you want——"

"Don't argue. Have him here. Have the Parson also. Tell him to bring a white tie. Understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand you, Eddie. You don't want anything of me, do you? Go out and get that combination? Just like that! What'll I do? Step into the street and whistle?"

"It's up to you. Get busy."

"As usual," retorted Stull, in an acrid voice. "All the same, I'm telling you there ain't a chauffeur you'd have in Saratoga. Who handed you that dope?"

"Try. I need the chauffeur part of the combine, anyway. If he won't go abroad, I'll leave him in town. Get a wiggle on, Ben. How's things?"

"All right. We had War-ax and Lady Johnson. Some killing, eh? That stable is winning all along. We've got Adrintha and Queen Esther to-day. The Ocean Belle skate is scratched. Doc and Cap and me is thick with the legislature outfit. We'll trim 'em to-night. How are you feeling, Eddie?"

"Never better. I'll call you up in the morning. Ding-dong!"

"Wait! Are you really going abroad?" shouted Stull.

But Brandes had already hung up. He walked in a leisurely manner back to Brookhollow through the sunshine. He had never been so happy in all his life.

## IX

### NON-RESISTANCE

"LONG distance calling you, Mr. Stull. One moment, please—here's your party," concluded the operator.

Stull, huddled sleepily on his bed, picked up the transmitter from the table beside him with a frightful yawn.

"Who is it?" he inquired sourly.

"It's me, Ben!"

"Say, Eddie, have a heart, will you? I need the sleep."

Brandes's voice was almost jovial.

"Wake up, you poor tout! It's nearly noon."

"Well, wasn't I singing hymns with Doc and Cap till breakfast-time? And believe *me*, we trimmed the senator's bunch! They've got their transportation back to Albany, and that's about all."

"Careful what you say! I'm talking from the Gayfield House. The Parson got here all right. He's just left. He'll tell you about things. Listen, Ben: The chauffeur you sent me from Saratoga got here last evening, too. I went out with him, and he drives all right. Did he have references?"

"Sure—a wad of them! But I couldn't verify 'em."

"Who is he?"

"I forget his name. You ought to know it by now."

"How did you get him?"

"Left word at the desk. An hour later, he come to my room. I told him you wanted a chauffeur will ng to go abroad. He said he was all that and then some. So I sent him on. Anything you don't fancy about him?"

"Nothing, I guess. He seems all right. Only I like to know about a man——"

"How can I find out if you don't give me time?"

"All right, Ben. I guess he'll do. By the way, I'm starting for town in ten minutes."

"What's the idea?"

"Ask the Parson. Have you any other news except that you killed that Albany bunch of grafters?"

"No—yes! But it ain't good news. I was going to call you soon as I waked up."

"What's the trouble?"

"There ain't any trouble—*yet*. But a certain party has showed up here—a very smooth young man whose business is hunting trouble. Get me?"

"No."

"Listen: A certain slippery party——"

"Who? Talk out. I'm in a hurry."

"Very well, then—Maxy Venem is here!"

The name of his wife's disbarred attorney sent a chill over Brandes.

"What's he doing in Saratoga?" he demanded.

"I'm trying to find out. He was to the races yesterday. He seen Doc. Of course, Doc hadn't laid eyes on you for a year—oh, no, indeed! Heard you was somewhere South, down and out. I don't guess Maxy was fooled none. What we done here in Saratoga is growing too big to hush up."

"What *we've* done? What *ye* mean, '*we*'? I told you to work by yourself quietly, Ben, and keep me out of it."

"That's what I done. Didn't I circulate the news that you and me had quit partnership? And, even then, you wouldn't take my advice—oh, no! You must show up here at the track with a young lady——"

"How long has Maxy Venem been in Saratoga?" snapped Brandes.

"He told Doc he just come, but Cap found out he'd been here a week. All I hope is he didn't see you with the Brookhollow party."

"Do you think he *did*?"

"Listen, Eddie: Max is a smooth guy——"

"Find out what he knows—do you hear?"

"Who? Me? Me try to make Maxy Venem talk? That snake! If he isn't on to you now, that would be enough to put him wise. Act like you had sense, Eddie. Call that *other matter* off and slide for town."

"I can't, Ben."

"You got to!"

"I *can't*, I tell you. *It's done!*"

"What's done?"

"What I told you I was going to do."

"*That!*"

"The Parson married us."

"Oh——"

"Wait! Parson Smawley married us in church, assisted by the local dominie. I didn't count on the dominie. It was her father's idea. He butted in."

"Then is it—is it——"

"That's what I'm not sure about. You see, the Parson did it, but the dominie stuck around. Whether he got a half-nelson on me, I don't know till I ask. Anyway, I expect to clinch things later, so it doesn't really matter—unless Max Venem means bad. Does he, do you think?"

"He *always* does, Eddie."

"Yes, I know. Well, then, I'll wait for a cable from you. And if I've got to take three months off in Paris, why, I've got to—that's all."

"What about Stein? What about the theayter?"

"You'll handle it for the first three months. Say—I've got to go now. I think she's waiting."

"Who?"

"My—wife."

"Oh!"

"Yes. The chauffeur took her back to the house in the car to put something in her suitcase which she forgot. I'm waiting for her here at the Gayfield House. We're on our way to town. Going to motor in. Our trunks have gone by rail."

After a silence, Stull's voice sounded again, tense, constrained.

"You better go aboard to-night."

"That's right, too."

"What's your ship?"

"Lusitania."

"What'll I tell Stein?"

"Tell him I'll be back in a month. You look out for my end. I'll be back in time."

"Will you cable me?"

"Sure. And if you get any 'ater information about Max to-day, call me at the Stuyvesant. We'll dine there, and then go aboard."

"I get you. Say, Eddie, I'm that worried! If this break of yours don't kill our luck——"





DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS

The next moment he had passed his arm around her, and was half leading, half carrying her through a short hallway into a big, brilliantly lighted studio

"Don't you believe it! I'm going to fight for what I got till some one hands me the count. She's the first thing I ever wanted. I've got her, and I guess I can keep her. And, listen: There's nothing like her in all God's world!"

"When did you do it?" demanded Stull coldly.

"This morning, at eleven. She's back by this time—and waiting, I guess. So take care of yourself till I see you."

"Same to you, Eddie. And be leery of Max. He's *bad*. When they disbar a man like that, he's twice as dangerous as he was. His ex-partner, Abe Grittlefeld, is a certain party's attorney of record. Ask yourself what you'd be up against if that pair of wolves get started after you. You know what Max would do to you if he could—and Minnie, too."

"Don't worry."

"I *am* worrying. And *you* ought to. You know what you done to Max. Don't think he ever forgets. He'll do you if he can, same as Minnie will."

Brandes's stolid face lost a little of its sanguine color where he stood in the telephone-box behind the bar of the Gayfield House.

Yes; he knew well enough what he had once done to the disbarred lawyer out in Athabasca when he was handling the Unknown and Venem, the disbarred, was busy looking out for the Athabasca Blacksmith, furnishing the corrupt brains for the firm of Venem & Grittlefeld, and paying steady court to the prettiest girl in Athabasca, Ilse Dumont.

And Brandes's Unknown had almost killed Max Venem's blacksmith; Brandes had taken all Venem's money, and then his girl; more than that, he had "made" this girl, in the theatrical sense of the word, and he had gambled on her beauty and her voice and had won out with both.

Then, while still banking her salary to "reimburse" himself for his trouble with her, he had tired of her sufficiently to prove unfaithful to his marriage-vows at every opportunity—and opportunities were many. Venem had never forgiven him; Ilse Dumont could not understand treachery.

And now she was employing Max Venem, once senior partner in the firm of Venem & Grittlefeld, to guide her with his legal advice. She wanted Brandes's ruin, if that could be accomplished; she wanted her freedom, anyway.

Until he had met Rue Carew, he had taken measures to fight the charges, hoping to involve Venem and escape alimony. Then he met Ruhannah, and became willing to pay for his freedom. And he was still swamped in the vile bog of charges and countercharges, not yet free from it, not yet on solid ground, when the eternal gambler in him

suggested to him that he take the chances of marrying this young girl before he was legally free to do so.

Why on earth did he want to take such a chance? He had only a few months to wait. He had never before really cared for any woman. He loved her—as he understood love—as he was capable of loving. If, in all the world, there was anything sacred to him, it was his sentiments regarding Rue Carew. Yet he was tempted to take the



"You dirty dog!" she said unsteadily. "You'll marry this girl before I've divorced

chance. Even she could not escape his ruling passion; at the last analysis, even she represented to him a gambler's chance. But in Brandes there was another streak. He wanted to take the chance that he could marry her before he had a right to and get away with it. But his nerve failed. And, at the last moment, he had hedged, engaging Parson Smawley to play the lead instead of an ordained clergyman. All these things he now thought of as he stood undecided, worried, in the telephone-booth behind the bar at the Gayfield House. Twice Stull had spoken, and had

been bidden to wait and to hold the wire. Finally, shaking off the premonition of coming trouble, Brandes called again, "Ben?"

"Yes; I'm listening."

"Well, I'm going at once. Keep me posted, Ben. Be good!"

He hung up and went out to the wide, tree-shaded street where Ruhannah sat in the runabout awaiting him and

Rue, very still and colorless, said "No," with a mechanical smile. The chauffeur climbed into the rumble.

"I'll jam her through," nodded Brandes, as the car moved swiftly westward. "We'll lunch in Albany on time."

They took the gradual slope of a mile-long hill as swallows take the air. Houses, barns, woods, orchards, grain fields flew by on either side; other cars approaching passed them like cannon-balls; the sunlit, undulating world flowed

glittering away behind; only the stainless blue ahead confronted them immovably—a vast, magnificent goal, vague with the mystery of promise.

"On this trip," said Brandes, "we may only have time to see the Looove and the palaces and all like that. Next year, we'll fix it so we can stay in Paris and you can study art."

Ruhannah's lips formed the words,

"Thank you."

"Can't you learn to call me 'Eddie'?" he urged.

The girl was silent.

"You're everything in the world to me, Rue."

The same little mechanical smile fixed itself on her lips, and she looked straight ahead of her.

"Haven't you begun to love me just a little bit, Rue?"

"I like you. You are very kind to us."

"Don't your affection seem to grow a little stronger now?" he urged.

"You are so kind to us," she repeated gratefully; "I like you for it."

The utterly unawakened youth of her had always alternately fascinated and troubled him. Gambler that he was, he had once understood that patience is a gambler's only stock in trade. But now, for the first time in his career, he found himself without it.

"You said," he insisted, "that you'd love me when we were married."

She turned her child's eyes on him in faint surprise.

"A wife loves her husband always, doesn't she?"

"Do you?"

"I suppose I shall. I haven't been married very long—long enough to feel as though I am really married. When I begin to realize it I shall understand, of course, that I love you."

It was the calm and immature reply of a little girl playing house.

He leaned over and kissed the cold, almost colorless cheek; her little mechanical smile came back. Then they remembered the chauffeur behind them, and Brandes reddened. He was unaccustomed to a man on the rumble.

"Could I talk to mother on the telephone when we get to New York?" she asked presently, still painfully flushed.

"Yes, darling; of course."

(Continued on page 132)



you, will you? And you think you are going to get away with it! You dog!"

the new chauffeur stood by the car. He took off his straw hat, pulled a cap and goggles from his pocket. His man placed the straw hat in the boot.

"Get what you wanted, Rue?"

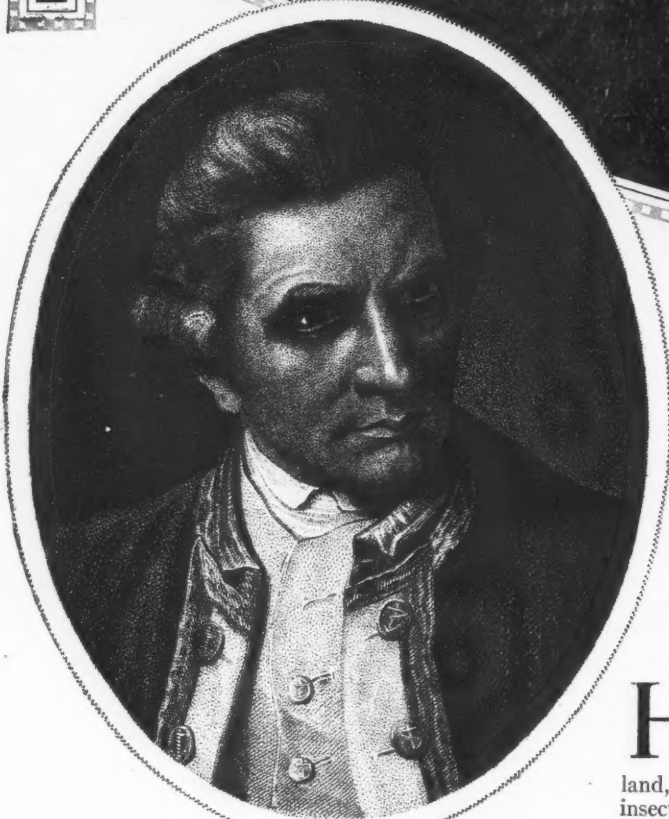
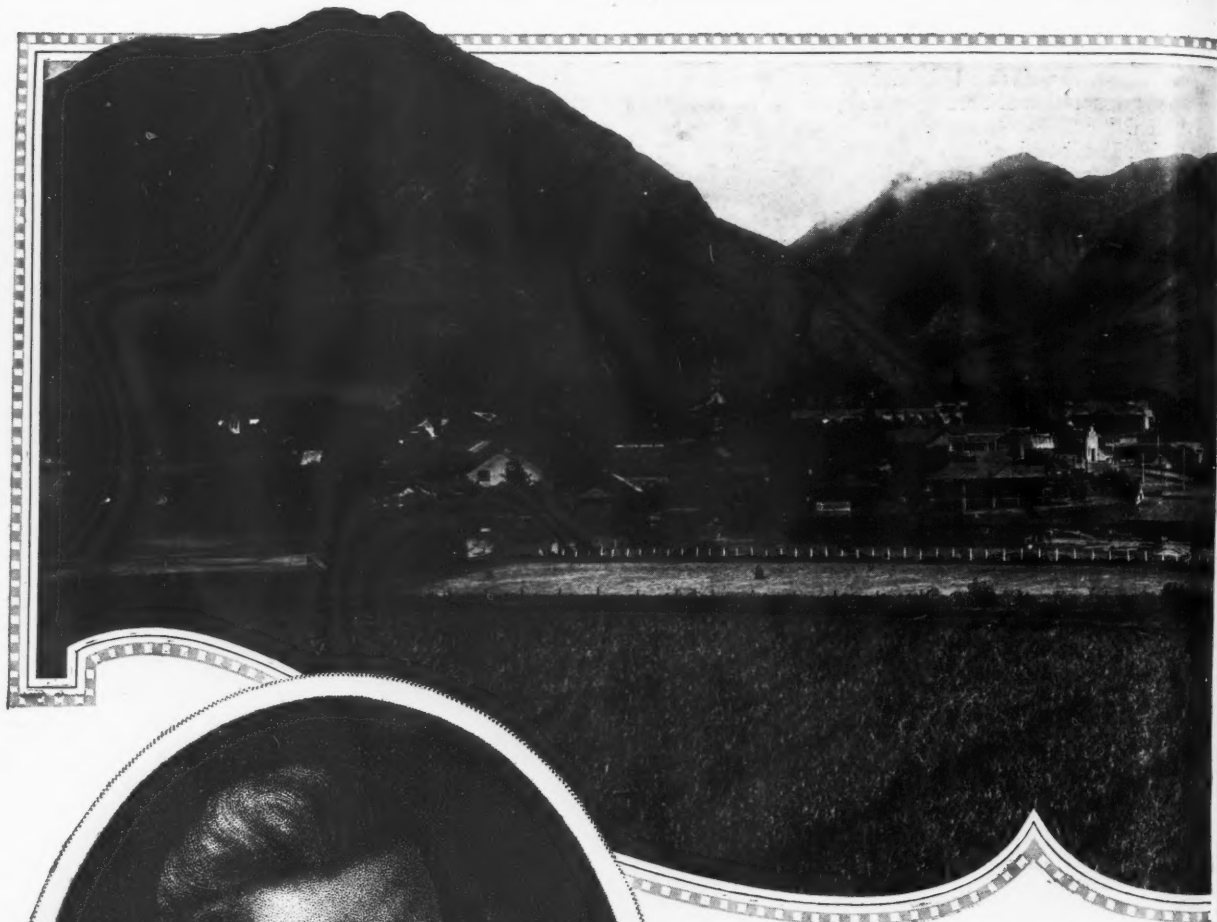
"Yes; thank you."

"Been waiting long?"

"I—don't think so."

"All right," he said cheerily, climbing in beside her. "I'm sorry I kept you waiting. Had a business matter to settle. Hungry?"





Captain Cook, who rediscovered the Hawaiian Islands in 1778, named them in honor of the Earl of Sandwich, and was killed by a native when he landed in Kealahou Bay the following year

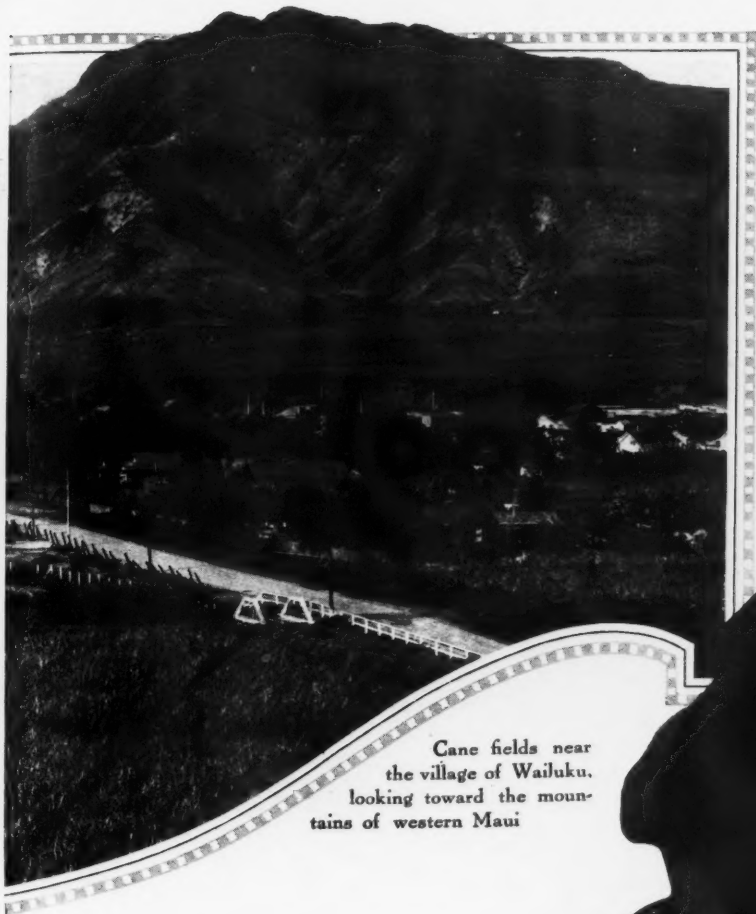
## My Hawaiian

By Jack

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In this, his concluding article on "Alohaland," Mr. London deals with several of the interesting problems that loom large in Hawaii's future, and about which it is important that every American citizen should have some knowledge.

**H**AWAII is a great experimental laboratory, not merely in agriculture but in ethnology and sociology. Remote in the heart of the Pacific, more hospitable to all forms of life than any other land, it has received an immigration of alien vegetable, insect, animal, and human life more varied and giving rise to more complicated problems than any other land has received. And right intelligently and whole-heartedly have the people of Hawaii taken hold of these problems and striven to wrestle them to solution.

A melting-pot is what Hawaii is. In a single school, at one time, I have observed pupils of as many as twenty-three different nationalities and mixed nationalities. First of all, is the original Hawaiian stock of pure Polynesian. These were the people whom Captain Cook discovered, the first pioneers who voyaged in double canoes from the South Pacific and colonized Hawaii at what is estimated, from their traditions, as some fifteen hundred years ago. Next, from Captain Cook's time to this day, has drifted in the *haole*, or



Cane fields near  
the village of Wailuku,  
looking toward the moun-  
tains of western Maui

same way, King Sugar has introduced definite migrations of Japanese, Koreans, Russians, Portuguese, Spanish, Porto Ricans, and Filipinos. With the exception of the Japanese, who are jealously exclusive in the matter of race, all these other races insist and persist in intermarrying, and the situation here should



# Aloha

## London

Caucasian—Yankee, Scotch, Irish, English, Welsh, French, German, Scandinavian. Every Caucasian country of Europe and every Caucasian colony of the world have contributed their quota. And not least to be reckoned with are the deliberate importations of unskilled labor for the purpose of working the sugar plantations. First of these was a heavy wave of Chinese coolies. But the Chinese Exclusion Act put a stop to their coming. In the



Throne-room of the royal palace (now the Executive Building), Honolulu

Queen Liliuokalani, last royal ruler of Hawaii (1891-1893), at the present day

afford much valuable data for the ethnologist.

Of the original Hawaiians, one thing is certain: They are doomed to extinction. Year by year, the total number of the pure Hawaiians decreases. Marrying with the other races as they do, they could



Date-palms.  
Honolulu

persist as hybrids if—if fresh effusions of them came in from outside sources equivalent to such continued effusions that do come in of the other races. But no effusions of Polynesian come in or have ever come in. Steadily, since Captain Cook's time, they have faded away. To-day, the representatives of practically all the old chief-stocks and royal stocks are half-whites, three-quarters whites, and seven-eighths

whites. And they and their children continue to marry whites, or seven-eighths and three-quarters whites like themselves, so that the Hawaiian strain grows thinner and thinner against the day when

it will vanish in thin air. All of which is a pity, for the world can ill afford to lose so splendid and lovable a race.

No better opportunity could be found for observing this medley of all the human world than that afforded by the Mid-Pacific Carnival last February, when the population turned out and held festival for a week.

Nowhere within the territory of the United States could so exotic a spectacle be (Continued on page 172)



Pa-u, Hawaiian riding-costume.

(Right) Children of many races in a Hawaiian school







More under the spell of her plea than even Marlowe's vigorous urging, Kennedy, without a word, picked up the bullet and examined it

# The Submarine Mine

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Love-Meter," "The Vital Principle" and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

"**H**ERE'S the bullet. What I want you to do, Professor Kennedy, is to catch the crank who fired it."

Captain Lansing Marlowe, head of the new American ship-building trust, had summoned us in haste to the Bellevue, and had met us in his suite with his daughter Marjorie. Only a glance was needed to see that it was she, far more than her father, who was worried.

"You must catch him," she appealed. "Father's life is in danger. Oh, you simply *must!*"

I knew Captain Marlowe to be a proverbial fire-eater, but in this case, at least, he was no alarmist. For, on the table, as he spoke, he laid a real bullet.

Knowledge gained from bacteriological research, as well as the use of powerful implements of modern warfare combine to make this one of the most complicated mysteries upon which the wonderful talents of Craig Kennedy have been employed. It is not surprising that Jameson characterizes the scheme as "diabolical," even before its whole extent and purpose are discovered through Craig's scientific detective work.

Marjorie Marlowe shuddered at the mere sight of it, and glanced apprehensively at him as if to reassure herself. She was a tall, slender girl, scarcely out of her teens, whose face was quite as striking for its character as its beauty. The death of her mother,

a few years before, had placed on her much of the responsibility of the captain's household and, with it, a charm added to youth.

More under the spell of her plea than even Marlowe's vigorous urging, Kennedy, without a word, picked up the bullet and examined it. It was one of the modern spitzer type, quite short, and conical in shape.

"I suppose you know," went on the captain eagerly,

## The Submarine Mine



"And the shot?" prompted Craig, tapping the bullet.  
 • "Oh, yes; let me tell you. Last night, Marjorie and I arrived from Bar Harbor on my yacht for the launching. It's anchored off the yard now. Well, early this morning, while it was still gray and misty, I was up. I'll confess I'm worried over to-morrow. I hadn't been able to forget

"that our company is getting ready to launch to-morrow the Usona, the largest liner that has ever been built on this side of the water—the name is made up of the initials of United States of North America. Just now," he added enthusiastically, "is what I call the golden opportunity for American shipping. Why, the shipyards of my company are being worked beyond their capacity."

Somehow, the captain's enthusiasm was contagious. I could see that his daughter felt it, that she was full of fire over the idea. But, at the same time, something vastly more personal weighed on her mind.

"But, father," she interrupted anxiously, "tell them about the bullet."

The captain smiled indulgently.

"We've had nothing but trouble ever since we laid the keel of that ship," he continued pugnaciously, "strikes, a fire in the yard, delays, about everything that could happen. Lately, we've noticed a motor-boat hanging about the river front of the yards. So I've had a boat of my own patrolling the river."

"What sort of craft is this other?" inquired Kennedy.

"A very fast one—like those express cruisers that we hear so much about now."

"Whose is it? Who was in it? Have you any idea?"

"No idea," replied Marlowe. "I don't know who owns the boat or who runs it. My men tell me they think they've seen a woman in it sometimes, though. It's all a mystery."

Once she turned to reach something on a shelf back of her. Quick as a flash, Kennedy abstracted a couple of the nearest implements, one being a nail-file and the other, I think, a brush

that cruiser. I was out on the deck, peering into the mist when I'm sure I saw her. I was just giving a signal to the boat we have patrolling when a shot whistled past me and the bullet buried itself in the woodwork of the main saloon back of me. I dug it out of the wood with my knife—so, you see, I got it almost unflattened. That's all I have got, too. The cruiser made a getaway—clean."

"I'm sure it was aimed at him!" Marjorie exclaimed. "I don't think it was chance. Don't you see? They've tried everything else. Now, if they could get my father, the head of the company, that would be a blow that would cripple the trust."

Marlowe patted his daughter's hand reassuringly.

"Marjorie was so alarmed," he confessed, "that nothing would satisfy her but that I should come ashore and stay here at the Bellevue, where we always put up when we are in town."

The telephone-bell rang, and Marjorie answered it.

"I hope you'll pardon me," she excused, hanging up the receiver. "They want me very much down-stairs." Then appealing, she added: "I'll have to leave you with father. But, please, you *must* catch that crank who is threatening him!"

"I shall do my level best," promised Kennedy. "You may depend on that."

"You see," explained the captain, as she left us, "I've invited quite a large party to attend the launching, for one reason or another. Marjorie must play hostess. They're mostly here at the hotel."

Craig was still scanning the bullet.

"It looks almost as if some one had dumfounded it," he remarked finally. "It's curiously done, too. Just look at those grooves!"

Both the captain and I looked. It had a hard jacket of cupro-nickel, like the army bullet, covering a core of softer metal. Some one had notched or scored the jacket as if with a sharp knife, though not completely through it.

"There've been other shots, too," went on Marlowe. "One of my watchmen was wounded in the leg last night. It didn't look like a serious wound, yet the poor fellow seems to be in a bad way, they tell me."

"How is that?" asked Craig, glancing up quickly.

"The wound seems to be all puffed up and very painful. It won't heal; and he seems so weak and feverish. Why, I'm afraid the man will die!"

"I'd like to see that case," remarked Kennedy.

"Very well; I'll have you driven to the hospital where we have had to take him."

"I'd like to see the yards, too, and the Usona," Craig added.

"All right. After you go to the hospital, I'll meet you at the yard at noon. Now, if you'll come downstairs with me, I'll get my car and have you taken to the hospital first."

We followed Marlowe into the elevator and rode down. In the large parlor, we saw that Marjorie Marlowe had joined a group of the guests, and the captain turned aside to introduce us. Among them, I noticed a striking woman, somewhat older than Marjorie. She turned as we approached and greeted the captain cordially.

"I'm so glad there was nothing serious this morning," she remarked, extending her hand to him.

"Oh, nothing at all, nothing at all!" he returned, holding the hand, I thought, just a bit longer than was necessary. Then he turned to us.

"Miss Alma Hillman, let me present Professor Kennedy and Mr. Jameson."

I was not so preoccupied in taking in the group that I did not notice that the captain was more than ordinarily attentive to her. Nor can I say that I blamed him, for, although he might almost have been her father in age, there was

a fascination about her that youth does not often possess.

Talking with them had been a young man, slender, good-looking, with almost a military bearing.

"Mr. Ogilvie Fitzhugh," introduced Marjorie.

Fitzhugh bowed and shook hands, murmured something stereotyped, and turned again to speak to Marjorie.

I watched the young people closely. If Captain Marlowe was interested in Alma, it was more than evident that Fitzhugh was absolutely captivated by Marjorie. And I fancied that Marjorie was not averse to him.

As the conversation ran gaily on to the launching and the



I could only stare at him while the diabolical nature of the attack impressed itself on my mind



gathering party of notables who were expected that night and the next day, I noticed that a dark-eyed, dark-haired, olive-complexioned young man approached and joined us.

"Doctor Gavira," said Marlowe, turning to us. "He is the hotel physician."

Gavira also was welcomed in the party, chatting with animation. It was apparent that the physician was very popular with the ladies, and it needed only half an eye to discern that Fitzhugh was jealous when he talked to Marjorie, while Marlowe but ill concealed his restlessness when Gavira spoke to Alma. As for Alma, she seemed to treat the men impartially.

Just then, a young lady, all in white, passed. Plainly she did not belong to the group, though she was much interested in it. As his eye roved over the parlor, Gavira caught her glance and bowed. She returned it, but her look did not linger. For a moment, she glanced sharply at Fitzhugh, still talking to Marjorie, then at Marlowe and Alma Hillman. She was a pretty little girl with eyes that it is impossible to control. Perhaps there was somewhat of the flirt in her. It was not that that interested me. For there was something almost akin to jealousy in the look she gave the other woman.

The conversation, as usual at such times, consisted mostly of witticisms, and, just at present, we had a rather serious bit of business in hand. Kennedy did not betray any of the impatience that I felt, yet I knew he was glad when Marlowe excused himself and we left the party and passed down the corridor while the captain called his car.

"I don't know how you are going to get at this thing," he remarked, pausing after he had sent a boy for his driver. "But I'll have to rely on you. I've told you all I know. I'll see you at noon at the yard. My man will take you there."

As he turned and left us, I saw that he was going in the direction of the barber shop. Next to it, and in connection with it, though in a separate room, was a manicure. As we passed we looked in. There, at the manicure's table, sat the girl who had gone by us in the parlor and had looked so sharply at Marlowe and Alma.

The boy had told us that the car was waiting at a side entrance, but Kennedy seemed now in no haste to go, the more so when Marlowe, instead of going into the barber shop, apparently changed his mind and entered the manicure's. Craig stopped and watched.

For a moment, the captain paused and spoke, then sat down. Quite evidently he had a keen eye for a pretty face and trim figure. Nor was there any mistaking the pains which the manicure took to please her rich and elderly customer. After watching them a moment, Kennedy lounged over to the desk in the lobby.

"Who is the little manicure-girl?" he asked.

The clerk smiled.

"Seems as if she was a good drawing card for the house, doesn't it?" he returned. "Her name is Rae Melzer."

He turned to speak to another guest before Kennedy could follow with another inquiry. As we stood before the desk, a postman arrived with the parcels-post.

"Here's a package addressed to Doctor Fernando Gavira," he said brusquely. "It was broken in the mail—see?"

Kennedy, waiting for the clerk to be free again, glanced casually at the package at first, then with a sudden though concealed interest. I followed his eye. In the crushed box

could be seen some thin broken pieces of glass and a wadding of cotton-wool.

As the clerk signed for another package, Craig saw a chance, reached over, and abstracted two or three of the broken pieces of glass, then turned, with his back to the postman and clerk, and examined them.

One, I saw at once, had a rim around it. It was quite apparently the top of a test-tube. The other, to which some cotton-wool still adhered, was part of the rounded bowl. Quickly Craig dropped the pieces into one of the hotel envelopes that stood in a rack on the desk, then, changing his mind about asking more now about the little manicure, strode out of the side entrance, where Marlowe's car was waiting for us.



Hurriedly we drove across to the City Hospital, where we had no difficulty in being admitted and finding, in a ward, on a white cot, the wounded guard.

Though his wound was one that should not have bothered him much, it had, as Marlowe said, puffed up angrily and in a most peculiar manner. He was in great pain.

Though he questioned the man, Craig did not get anything out of him except that the shot had come from a cruiser which had been hanging about and was much faster than the patrol-boat.

Puzzled himself, Craig did not say much, but, as he

pondered the case, shook his head gravely to himself and finally walked out of the hospital abstractedly.

"We have almost an hour before we are to meet Marlowe at the yard," he considered, as we came to the car. "I think I'll go up to the laboratory first."

In the quiet of his own workshop, Kennedy carefully examined again the peculiar grooves on the bullet. He was about to scrape it, but paused. Instead, he filled a tube with a soupy solution, placed the bullet in it, and let it stand. Next, he did the same with the pieces of glass from the envelop.

Then he opened a drawer and, from a number of capillary pipettes, selected a plain capillary tube of glass. He held it in the flame of a burner until it was red hot. Then

ascended the tubes by capillary attraction and siphoned over the curve, running, as he turned the tubes up, to the finely pointed ends.

Next, in one watch-glass he placed some caustic soda and in another some pyrogalllic acid, from each of which he took just a drop, as he had done before, inclining the tubes to let the fluid gravitate to the throttle-end.

Finally, in the flame he sealed both the tip and butt of the tubes.

"There's a bubble of air in there," he remarked. "The acid and the soda will absorb the oxygen from it. Then I can tell whether I'm right: By the way, we'll have to hurry if we're to be on time to meet Marlowe in the yard," he announced, glancing at his watch, as he placed the tubes in the electric incubator.

We were a little late as the chauffeur pulled up at the executive offices at the gate of the shipyard, and Marlowe was waiting impatiently for us. Evidently he wanted action, but Kennedy said nothing yet of what he suspected, and appeared to be interested only in the yard.

In the towering superstructure of the building-slip, we at last came to the huge steel monster itself, the Usona. As we approached, above us rose her bow, higher than a house, with poppets both there and at the stern, as well as bracing to support her. All had been done up to the launching, the stem- and stern-posts set in place, her sides framed and plated up, decks laid, bulkheads and casings completed, even much of her internal fitting done.

Marlowe explained to us how the launching-ways were composed of the ground-ways, fastened to the ground, as the name implied, and the sliding-ways that were to move over them. The sliding-ways, he said, were composed of a lower course and an upper course, on which rested the "cradle," fitting closely the side of the ship.

To launch her, she must be lifted slightly by the sliding-ways and cradle from the keel-blocks and bilge-blocks, and this was done by oak wedges, hundreds and hundreds of which we could see, jammed between the upper and lower courses of sliding-ways. Next he pointed out the rib-bands which were to keep the sliding-ways on the ground-ways, and at the bow the points on either side where the sliding- and ground-ways were bolted together by two huge timbers, known as sole-pieces.

"You see," he concluded, "it is a gigantic task to lift thousands of tons of steel and literally carry it a quarter of a mile to forty feet of water in less than a minute. Everything has to be calculated to a nicety."

It was all very interesting, and we talked with men whom it was a pleasure to see handling great problems so capably. But none could shed any light on the problem which it was Kennedy's to solve. And yet I felt sure, as I watched Craig, that, unsatisfactory as it appeared to Marlowe and to myself, he was slowly forming some kind of theory or, at least, plan of action in his head.

"You'll find me either here or at the hotel, I imagine," returned Marlowe to Kennedy's inquiry, as we parted from him. "I've instructed all the men to keep their eyes open. I hope some (Continued on page 106)



"Oh, a Lewis gun!"  
he exclaimed, seeing  
what I was looking at.  
"That's an idea!  
Sprague, can you mount  
that on the plane?"

carefully he drew out one end of the tube until it was hair-fine.

Again he heated the other end, but this time he let the end alone, except that he allowed it to bend by gravity, then cool. It now had a siphon curve. Another tube he treated in the same way.

By this time, he was ready to proceed with what he had in mind. He took a glass slide, and on it placed a drop from each of the tubes containing the bullet and the glass.

That done, he placed the bent, larger end of the capillary tubes in turn on each of the drops on the slide. The liquid



THE alchemists searched in vain for the philosopher's stone. It was in their own heads—Vision.

Brains alone can transmute base metals into gold. Wealth is a by-product of thought. Peoples are poor in proportion to their ignorance.

Adam owned the earth—had everything that we possess (besides all that we squandered, destroyed, and consumed through the intervening ages)—and died without a coat on his back.

Evolution establishes knowledge and therefore values. Thus, the most advanced civilization is only comparative—we are still unaware of forces and facts destined to enrich and comfort the future, to a degree that will overshadow our hugest attainments.

To-morrow delights to prove Yesterday a blockhead.

When we contrast our prowess with the works of the last century, we seem to have achieved miracles.

But our achievements will be correspondingly measured and demeaned by a generation able to discover incalculable potencies we have meanwhile overlooked.

There are few permanent impossibilities.

One invention suggests and simplifies its improvement. Every new device prepares the chain of efficiency for its next logical link.

As facilities accumulate, we immediately grope for further ones to exploit properly the possibilities they reveal.

We shall never grind a lens so powerful but that the telescope in which it is used will not detect strange stars.

The mounted messenger passes the runner; the heliograph foretells the rider; the telephone anticipates the heliograph; wireless outreaches the telephone.

The dimmest goal we can visualize soon becomes the starting-point for a still further destination of endeavor.

The more we know, the more means we have of knowing what we do not know—there's always something bigger to be done.

The universe is slowly consuming its original stock of supplies.

As plagues, epidemics, and famines are banished, we keep breeding and needing. Sources are being depleted at a rate beyond the recuperative strength of nature. She cannot quicken her schedule of production and reproduction to keep pace with ours.

So we must compensatingly sharpen our wits.

Life eternally waxes more complex and makes bolder demands upon ingenuity.

# VISION

The sudden revelation of our ability to do as far as we will dare has ambitioned all classes with high resolves.

Every man now considers himself the peer of his aspiration, and demands of the commonwealth the training to equip him for his potentialities.

The cost of preparing a modern citizen for his career is so great that, in sheer defense of the outlay, we should permit him to do nothing which can be more economically performed by a wheel.

We can't delay the watch, so we must reduce its waste and apply the salvage to maximum profit.

In no other way than the conservation of minutes and the broadening of minds may the mounting operating-expenses of the state be offset.

The outer limits of a municipality are seldom more than an hour's distance from its heart; toilers are compelled to locate within reasonable access of their jobs.

The time-clock is responsible for huddling and hovelings. Slums and tenements are not the expression of preference, but of necessity.

The inauguration of Manhattan's subways was the signal for a hegira of clerks and mechanics, grateful for a chance to remove to sections formerly too far away for them.

When (and no observer doubts the imminence of Everyman's car, to be followed by even cheaper air-machines) folks are able to travel forty and sixty miles an hour, suburbs will range indefinitely; all tracts contiguous to townships will be transformed into home-sites.

Rapid transit is the answer to the cheaper housing question and the social questions traceable to bad housing.

Wherever there are interurban railroads and trolleys, development keeps close to the stations and is confined to narrow stretches along the right of way.

Such property becomes very dear in a short while, but with good roads and automobiles, the inexpensive adjacent acreage is rendered quite as desirable.

Even though the struggle is sternest where crowds are thickest, man, being an instinctively sociable animal, is reluctant to maroon himself.

Once habituated to urban conveniences and recreations, he relinquishes them under protest, and then strives to remain as near as possible to a congressional point.





## By Herbert Kaufman

*Photographic Decoration by Lejaren A. Hiller*

Thus we find an ever augmenting congestion in and about centers, which naturally intensifies realty values and consequently raises rental and the price of provisions—a condition to be met only through proportionately increased incomes.

The vicious circle ceaselessly expands with vague prospect of a break.

The one promise of relief seems to be a proper diffusion of population. We must spread out—take up vacant soil—erect homes where decencies are possible to small purses, energize every arable holding.

But the degree of this promotion will always be regulated by transportation provision.

Communication is the master key of national satisfaction—most of our discontents are outcroppings of this underlying problem and will yield in ratio as we solve it.

Although it is impossible, at this early stage, to predict the effect of the motor-car upon our destiny, still it is quite apparent that its chief function will not be that of a pleasure vehicle but, rather, a public utility which will, in its way and period, induce as radical changes as followed the locomotive, of which it bids to be both an auxiliary and a competitor.

Recently a privilege of the rich, it is already an indispensable to multitudes.

With three million automobiles in active use and the prospect of far more to come, cities soon will be forced to alter their schemes of arrangements—unprecedented types of thoroughfare are inevitable; entire blocks of buildings will be condemned and razed to provide parking-space.

What must be, will be.

When we adopt a radical habit, we invariably adapt ourselves and our surroundings to accommodate it.

We do not protest any bill for competent service.

And so, for efficiency's sake, the world stands ready to pay out billions for autos through the next decade.

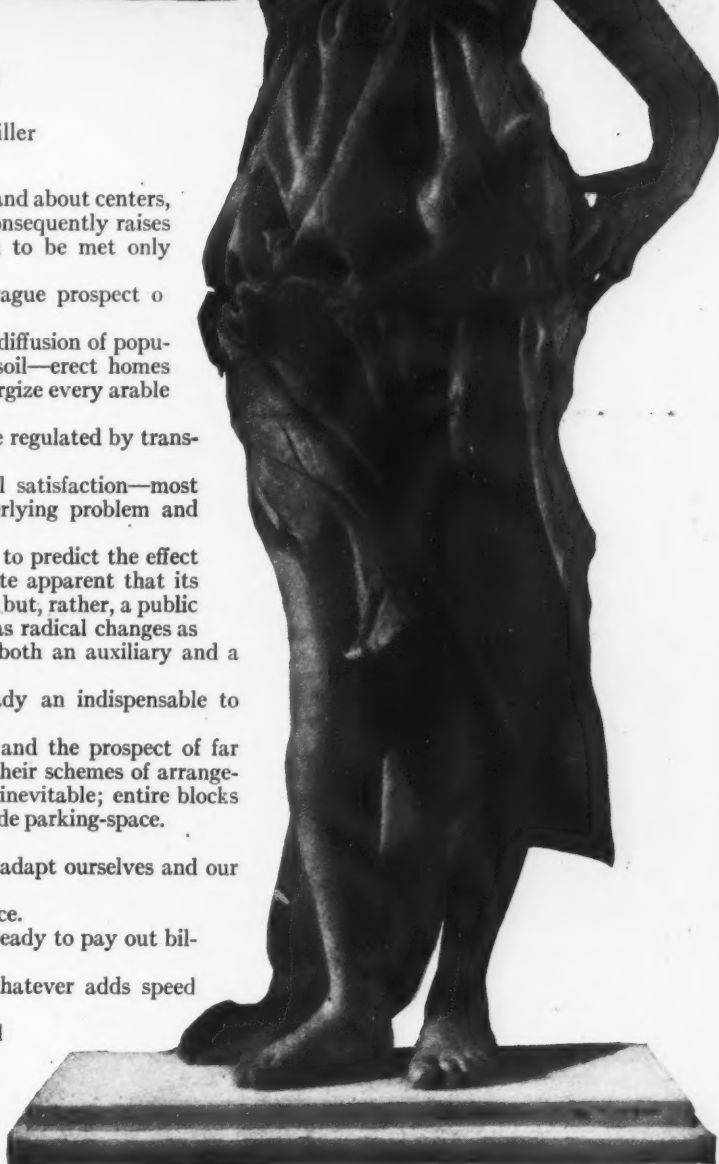
Irrespective of expenditure, we can afford whatever adds speed to method.

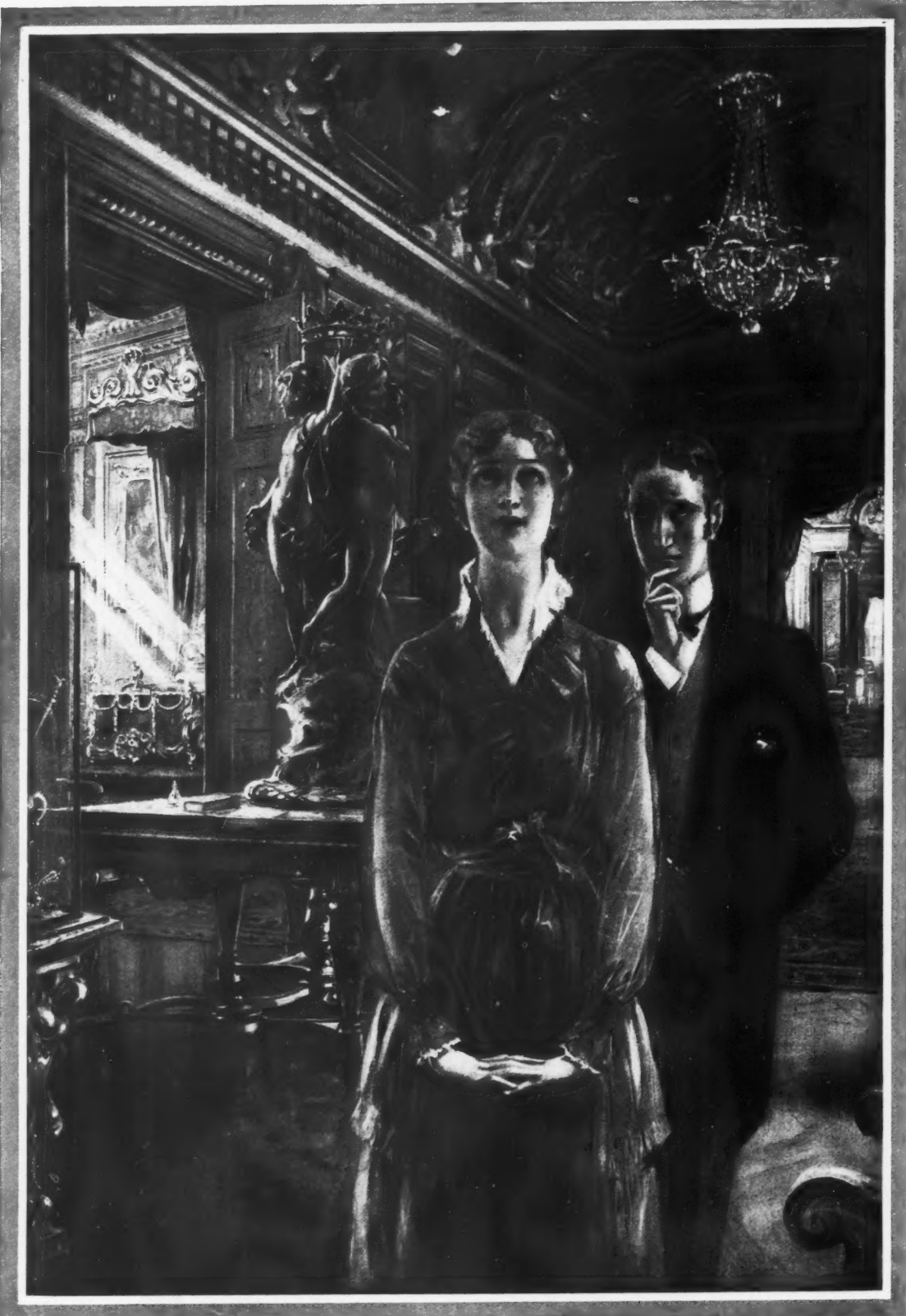
So long as we continue to move faster, we shall keep ahead of the compounding cost of living.

When we slow down, we'll go down.

To lag is to fail.

Rest assured, we shall never revert to simpler ways. On the contrary, household and government budgets (Concluded on page 130)





DRAWN BY ARTHUR CANTAUDE

"How wonderful!" she said, at last. "And there are many other places such as this in England—how great and rich a country it is!"



Mordryn saw them go off together from the window where he stood

## The Career of Katherine Bush

By Elinor Glyn

Illustrated by André Castaigne

KATHERINE BUSH had been a short-hand typist in the office of Livingstone and Devereux ("Liv & Dev"), money-lenders, but through her own efforts has become secretary to Lady Garribardine, one of the great ladies of London society. Katherine's consuming ambition is to lift herself above the cultural plane of her brothers and sisters, whom she considers hopelessly vulgar, and for whom, except her eldest sister, Matilda, she has no affection. While at "Liv & Dev's," she had a brief love-affair with Lora Algernon ("Algy") Fitz-Rufus, younger son of a Welsh marquis, but she knows that his family would never accept her as his wife, and consequently thrusts him completely out of her life.

Lady Garribardine becomes very fond of Katherine, and offers her many opportunities to cultivate her mind and manners. The girl finds a staunch friend and adviser in Gerard Strobbridge, Lady Garribardine's nephew, who falls in love with her; but he is a married man, and Katherine gives him to understand that he can never be more than a friend, and he accepts the rôle. Finally, she meets the Duke of Mordryn, an aristocrat of the most conserva-

tive type, middle-aged, a widower, and recently returned to England after a long absence. The duke does not then suspect that she is not of his own station in life, and is greatly attracted to her. When he learns the truth, which he does when he goes to Lady Garribardine's estate, Blissington Court, for an Easter party, he is inclined at first to be angry, but soon begins to ask himself whether the barrier of the enormous difference in their position cannot be overcome.

He plans to have a house-party at his own place, Valfreyne, at Whitsuntide, under Lady Garribardine's chaperonage, and asks that Miss Bush be invited as a guest. Lady Garribardine has included several marriageable women of his station in her own party, but the duke finds them insufferable. He seeks opportunities to be with Katherine, and she handles the situation with great tact. She realizes that the position of this man's wife would be one of the greatest to be achieved in the land. The duke is quite shocked when Lady Garribardine tells him that she has a plan to marry Katherine to Sir John Townly, an elderly and tiresome baronet.

WHEN Katherine entered the drawing-room after dinner, Mordryn was nowhere in sight. A Cabinet minister, one of the few her ladyship considered sufficiently worthy to be allowed to visit Blissington, had arrived in the afternoon, and the duke and the hostess and another man and woman made a group in the small red drawing-room in earnest converse, while most of the rest of the company danced in the hall. And Katherine went among these, and presently she slipped up to her old schoolroom. His grace was carrying out her request, it appeared, but therein she found no joy.

And, later, Mordryn drank his final hock and Seltzer in his old friend's boudoir, where they had a little talk together alone.

"It has been dear of you to stay so long, Mordryn," she told him. "Especially as the diversions which I hoped I had provided for you turned out of no more use than a plague of gnats. I hope you have not been too bored."

"I am never bored with you, dear friend."

"No; I know that; but in a big party I cannot give you as much time as I should like. You will come again when we are quiet, though, just as you always used to, and I will really find you a suitable bride."

The duke was in a cynical mood, it seemed, for he treated this proposal not at all in the light fashion he had done at the beginning of the visit.

He replied gloomily that he had decided to select something steady and plain if he must marry—he knew he could never care for a woman again—and a healthy, quiet, well-bred creature with tact who would leave him alone was all he asked. Life was a hideous disappointment and very difficult to understand, and to try to do one's duty to one's state, and get through with it, was all that anyone could hope to accomplish.

But to this her ladyship said a vigorous:



"Tut—tut! You speak like a boy crossed in love, Mordryn! If you were five-and-twenty, you could not have a more delightful vista opening out in front of you. '*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*!' That was cried from a wise and envious heart! Well, you both *know* and *can*; so what more could a man ask of fate? I have no patience with you. I don't want you now only to do your duty, to fulfil the obligations of your station. I want you to kick over the traces and be happy, Mordryn—ridiculously, boyishly happy—do you hear, conscientious martyr?"

Mordryn heard, but his smile was still bitter as he answered,

"We are not so made, Seraphim, neither you nor I."

Then he said good-night and good-by—for he was leaving at cockcrow for a place of his in the North.

When Lady Garribardine was alone, she did not look at all disturbed at the passage of events as she reviewed her Easter party. She smiled happily, in fact, and decided that she would take her secretary to Valfreyne for Whitsuntide, after all.

In the following week, the establishment from Blissington moved up to Berkeley Square for the season, and Katherine's duties became heavy again. Her first meeting with Gerard Strobbridge happened quite soon. He came into the secretary's room after luncheon.

"Now tell me all about everything," he said. "I have gathered from Gwendoline that you came down every night and had your usual success at the Easter party, and that Mordryn evidently liked you, for he told Gwen that you were the most intelligent girl that he had ever met."

Katherine half smiled, a little sadly.

"Yes; he may have thought so, but eventually the secretary swallowed up the guest. I do not know if he will ever speak to me again."

"He felt as badly as that, did he? Poor Mordryn! No doubt you tormented him; but Mordryn is no weak creature like me. If he feels very much about you, he will either defy convention or break away from all temptation." Then his voice changed, and he asked a little anxiously, "Katherine, do you begin to care for him?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"I do not know—I could care a great deal. He pleases me in every way. I love his looks and his mind—and he—he makes me feel something which I have never felt before. Is it the capability for devotion? I do not know."

For the first time in their acquaintance, Mr. Strobbridge saw her undecided, gentle, a little helpless, even. It touched him deeply. He loved her so very dearly he would rather see her happy if he could aid her to become so. He came over to her and leaned upon the table.

"Dearest girl, everything is a sickening jumble in this world, it seems. I have a kind of premonition, though, that you will emerge triumphant, however it goes; but after to-day, Katherine, I shall not see you until late in the autumn. I am going away—to Russia, this time—and I am going to try once more not to care."

So even her one friend would be far from her. Well, she must not lose her nerve. She gave him her blessing for his journey and they said good-by. And the days went on apace.

Matilda was engaged to be married to Charlie Prodggers, and was full of importance and glee, and had drifted fur-

ther and further away from her sister ever since the engagement was announced. Some instinctive feminine jealousy made her feel that she would prefer Katherine to be as far as possible from her *fiancé*.

"After all, Kitten," she said, when they met in the park to discuss the news, "you aren't one of us, and we aren't one of you."

"Yes; I feel that," agreed Katherine, meekly lowering her eyes so that her sister might not see their twinkle. "I expect we shall not meet often in the future, Tild."

"Well, of course, Kitten, I'd always be very pleased to have tea with you up here now and then"—and Matilda gave an uncomfortable laugh—"but it is always best to avoid awkwardness—isn't it, dearie?—and you are only a paid servant—aren't you?—living in—not like you were at 'Liv & Dev's', out on your own, and everyone starts better in considering her husband's position, don't they? And Charlie is manager in his department now, and very particular as to who I know."

"You are perfectly right, Tild." Katherine's voice was ominously soft. "We do not think alike on any point—but I shall always remember how good you were to me when I was a tiresome little girl."



"Oh, Kitten!" And Matilda felt almost tearful; for she still had a secret affection for her.

"Yes; you were very good to me, then, Tild; but now we have come to a final parting of the ways, and we are all satisfied. I shall fulfil my ideas, and you will fulfil yours."

And, afterward, when she walked back to Berkeley Square, she pondered deeply. There was no such thing as family

affection really, in the abstract—it only held when the individuals were in sympathy and had a community of interests. They—her family—were as glad at the thought that they had risen above her, and need not communicate in the future, as she was that she would not have to bring her mind down to their point of view. Matilda was the last link, and Matilda had shown that she desired also to break away. Katherine felt that, but for Lady Garribardine's real affection for her, she was virtually alone in the world.

If only there were no backward thoughts in her mind,

she would have looked upon her fair future as a certainty. Sooner or later, with the visit to Valfreyne in front of her, and the frequent occasions upon which she must see the duke at her mistress's house, she knew she could continue to attract him if she so desired, and make him love her with a great love. There was a subtle, indescribable sympathy of ideas between them. But she would banish the whole subject from her mind, and leave the future in the hand of destiny—neither assisting fate by personal initiative nor resisting its march by deliberate renunciation.

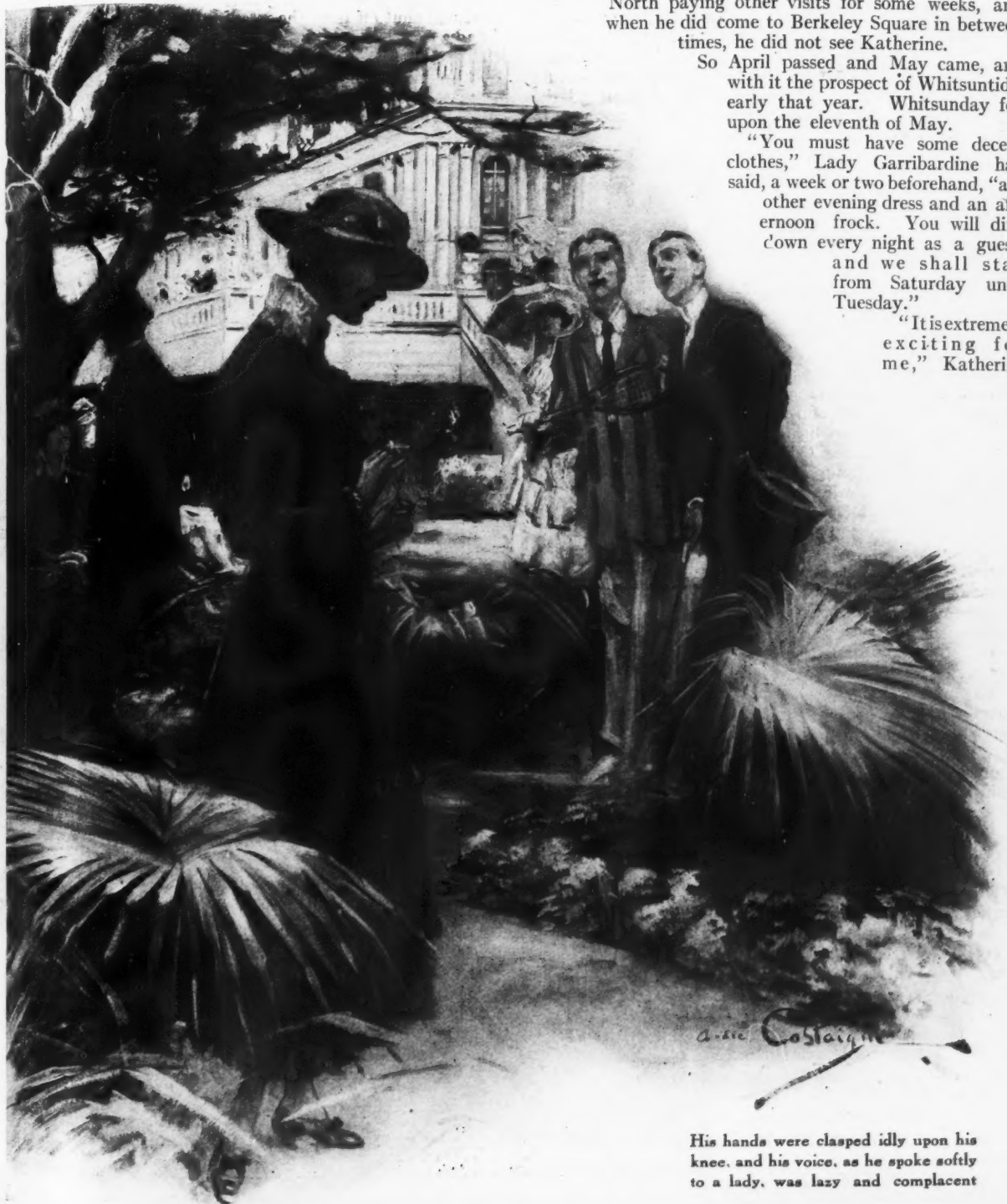
But she seemed very quiet, her ladyship thought, and wondered to herself at the cause. The duke was in the

North paying other visits for some weeks, and when he did come to Berkeley Square in between times, he did not see Katherine.

So April passed and May came, and with it the prospect of Whitsuntide, early that year. Whitsunday fell upon the eleventh of May.

"You must have some decent clothes," Lady Garribardine had said, a week or two beforehand, "another evening dress and an afternoon frock. You will dine down every night as a guest, and we shall stay from Saturday until Tuesday."

"It is extremely exciting for me," Katherine



His hands were clasped idly upon his knee, and his voice, as he spoke softly to a lady, was lazy and complacent

## The Career of Katherine Bush

admitted. "I wonder so much what the house will be like."

"It is a huge Palladian monument, very splendid and ducal; everything is on an immense scale, and the duke keeps it up with great state. It is more like some royal residence than a house, but there are some cozy rooms to be found in odd corners. It will interest and educate you, child. You had better read up all about it in one of the old volumes of *Country Life*—some three years ago, I think, it was described."

Katherine lost no time in doing this, and read of its building in 1680, and of its wonderful gardens "in the French style," and of its superb collections of pictures and art treasures, and of its avenues and lake and waterways and fountains. Yes; it must be a very noble place.

They were to arrive early in time for luncheon, since her ladyship was to act hostess to the party, who would come in the afternoon. And when they approached the gates, Katherine felt that one of the supreme moments in her life had come.

The park was vast, larger, even, than Blissington, and with more open spaces, and the house could be viewed from a distance—a symmetrical, magnificent pile. And it seemed that they walked through an endless succession of halls and great salons until they were ushered into the duke's presence in his own particular paneled room.

It was very lofty and partly filled with bookcases arranged in rather an unusual way, sunk into the wall itself, with very beautiful decorations by Grinling Gibbons surrounding them, and also the intervening panels, wherein fine pictures hung. The curtains and chair-coverings were of the most superb old-blue silk, faded now to a wonderful greenish tone, and harmonizing with the beautiful Savonnerie carpet with its soft tints of citron and puce and green.

Katherine was frankly awed. Blissington was a very fine gentleman's house—but this was a palace. And, suddenly, the duke seemed a million miles away from her, and she wondered how she had ever dared to be familiar with him, and rebuke him for coming to her schoolroom to talk.

She was meek as a mouse, and never opened her lips after the first words of greeting.

The host had come forward with cordial graciousness and bidden them welcome, and he had looked a very magnificent person, somehow, in his morning country riding-clothes. And all the glamour of high rank and power and fastidiousness enhanced his natural charms, so that Katherine felt a little cold and sick with the emotion which she was experiencing. He was courtly and aloof in his manner, with all his kindness; and, in a moment or two, he accompanied them along to the Venetian suite himself.

This suite was on a par in

splendor with the rest of the house. It was on the same floor as Mordryn's own sitting-room which they had left, and it was reached by a passage-place that led to the terrace, which the windows looked upon. This was marble-paved, with a splendid balustrade. The antechamber had been arranged with a writing-table near the great window, and every convenience for Miss Bush to do any writing her mistress might require. There was a sitting-room, a great bedroom, and dressing-room for her ladyship—all with the same lofty ceilings and fine windows as the room they had left, and behind it came that green damask-hung chamber designed for Miss Bush.

"In this apartment you will find yourselves completely quiet and shut off from the world," the duke said.

Lady Garribardine expressed herself as content, and he left them alone.

Katherine examined her room; it would have struck her as very large if it had been in any other house. It looked onto an inner courtyard with a fountain playing, and stat-



Katherine could see his face, and the puzzled expression which now she met his gaze, and there



uary, and hundred-year-old lilac bushes in huge tubs. The room was hung with pale-green silk, and had Italian-painted, eighteenth-century furniture, and on the dressing-table were bowls of lilies-of-the-valley.

She thrilled a little. Was this accidental or deliberate?

She was very well acquainted with the workings of a great house, and the duties of the housekeeper and groom of the chambers. She saw, from a technical point of view, that these retainers must be of a very high order of merit because of the result of their work; but even their intelligence could hardly have selected the volumes of her favorite authors which she had discussed with the duke, and which were placed in book-stands, with the "Letters of Abélard and Héloïse" and a beautiful edition of "Eothen" out on the top.

These silent testimonies of some one's personal thought gave her unbounded pleasure; they restored her submerged self-confidence, and made her eyes glow. It was divine to feel that he cared enough to have troubled to do this. The subtle flattery was exquisite.

Lady Garribardine had told her secretary to take off her hat, as she might be required to do a little work after lunch.

"I shall settle with his grace how I think the party had better sit, and then you can type anything we want."

So Katherine was particularly careful to arrange her silvery hair becomingly, and looked the perfection of refined neatness as she followed her mistress back into the duke's sitting-room, and then on into luncheon in a smaller dining-room in another wing.

They were only three at the meal, and the host talked of politics and the party who were coming, and was gracious. He did not treat Katherine with the slightest condescension or with any special solicitude. If she had been an unknown niece of Lady Garribardine's, his manner would have been the same. Katherine felt chilled again for the moment, and had never appeared more subdued.

She slipped off back to her room when they went to take coffee in a small drawing-room, known as "the Gamester's parlor," for in it was hung a world-known picture of the

famous thoroughbred of that name, the riding of whom in a match against His Grace of Chandos's colt, Starlight, had been the cause of the third duke breaking his neck.

There was no immediate work to be done, so Katherine stood and looked from the window of her green chamber and took in the view. Surely, she thought, if people, even with the intelligence of Matilda, could see such men as the duke and such splendid homes as this, with every evidence in it of fine tastes and fine living and fine achievement stamped upon it by hundreds of years of noble owners, they could not go on being so blind to the force of heredity and environment as factors in determining the actions of the human race.

She stood for a long time quite still, with trouble in her heart, which every fresh realization of the beauties around her augmented.

No; the duke could never overlook the three days in Paris, even if he could forget that she had come from Bindon's Green—and she could not banish their memory either, and so would never be able to rely upon her own power to carry on the great undertaking untrammelled by inward apprehension and self-contempt at the deception of so great a man—her serenity would be gone and, with it, her power.

Lady Garribardine opened the door presently, and saw her still standing there.

"Run out for a little walk, child," she said kindly. "You can reach the terrace from the passage antechamber, which has been arranged for you to write in, and there are steps at the side into the garden. I shall not want you until just before tea. The duke has the menus and cards and door-names printed by his own (Continued on page 190)



and then came over the two ladies on either side of him; and once was pain and a challenge in it

# The Life of CHARLES FROHMAN

by Daniel Frohman  
and Isaac F. Marcossou

EDITOR'S NOTE—This instalment describes the career of Edna May and other notable stars in England under Charles Frohman's management, as well as the establishment of the famous Repertory Theatre in London.

## American Stars in London and the Repertory Theatre

THE picturesqueness of detail which seemed to mark the beginning of so many of Charles Frohman's personal and professional friendships attended him in England, as the case of his first negotiations with Edna May now shows.

One hot night, late in the summer season of 1900, Charles Frohman was having supper alone on his little private balcony at the Savoy Hotel overlooking the Thames. As he sat there, clad only in pajamas and smoking a large black cigar, he heard a terrific din in the street below. There was cheering and shouting and clapping of hands. Summoning a waiter, he asked,

"What's all that noise about?"

"Oh, it's only Miss Edna May coming to supper, sir."

"Why all this fuss?" continued Frohman.

"Well, you see, sir," answered the servant, "they are bringing her back in triumph."

When Frohman made investigation, he found that the doctors and nurses at the Middlesex Hospital, where Edna May frequently sang for the patients, had engaged the whole gallery of the Shaftesbury Theatre, where she was singing in "The American Beauties," and attended in a body. After the play, they had surrounded her at the stage entrance,

Edna May, in "The Schoolgirl"



Scene from  
Act II, "The  
Girl from Up There"

unhitched the horse from her little brougham, and hauled her through the streets to the Savoy.

This episode made a tremendous impression on Frohman. He was always drawn to the people who could create a stir. He had heard that Edna May was nearing the end of her contract with George Lederer, so he entered into negotiations with her, and, that autumn, she passed under his management and remained so until she retired, in 1907.

In the case of Edna May, there could be no star-making. The spectacular rise of this charming girl from chorus to the most talked-of musical-comedy rôle in the English-speaking world—that of the Salvation Army Girl in "The Belle of New York"—had given her a great reputation.

and afterward put on with great success at Daly's, in New York.

In the English production of this play, was a petite, red-haired little girl named Billie Burke, who sang a song called "Put Me in My Little Canoe," which became one of the hits of the piece. Frohman was immensely attracted to this girl and afterward took her under his patronage, and she became one of his best known stars.

Edna May, under Frohman's direction, was now perhaps the best known of the musical-comedy stars in England and America.

He took an infinite delight in her success. In "The

Catch of the Season," which

he did at Daly's, in

New York, in August, 1905,

she practically

bade farewell to

the American stage.

Henceforth, Frohman kept her in England.

In "The Belle of Mayfair," she was succeeded by Miss Burke in the

leading part. Frohman's production of

"Nelly Neil," at

the Aldwych Theatre, in 1907, was

one of the most



Edna May, in  
"The Girl from  
Up There"

Frohman now capitalized that reputation in his usual elaborate fashion. He first presented Miss May in "The Girl from Up There."

She appeared under his management both in New York and in London. Her company in New York included Montgomery and Stone, Dan Daly, and Virginia Earle. When he presented Miss May in London in this play, he did the biggest business that the theater had ever known up to that time. In succession, followed "Kitty Grey," which ran a year in London; "Three Little Maids," and "La Poupée."

All this while there was being written for Miss May a musical piece in which she was to achieve one of her greatest successes and which was to bring Charles Frohman into contact with another one of his stars. It was "The School-girl," which Frohman first did in May, 1903, in London,



Joseph  
Coyne be-  
came so  
great a favorite in  
England that he has  
remained there



Pauline Chase,  
most popular of  
the English  
Peter Pans



superb musical-comedy productions ever put on. For this, Frohman imported Joseph Coyne from America to do the leading juvenile. He became such a great favorite that he has remained in England ever since.

Just as Edna May had bidden farewell to America in "The Catch of the Season," so she now bade farewell to the English stage in "Nelly Neil." She had become engaged to Oscar Lewisohn, who insisted on an early marriage. About this time, Charles Frohman and George Edwardes secured the English rights to "The Merry Widow." They both urged Miss May to postpone her marriage and do this part. Miss May was now compelled to decide between matrimony and what would have been perhaps her greatest success, and she chose matrimony.

Her good-by appearance on the stage, May 1, 1907, was one of the

most extraordinary events in the history of the British theater. This lovely, unassuming American girl had so completely endeared herself to the hearts of the London theatergoers that she was made the center of a tumultuous farewell. The day the seat-sale opened, there was a *queue* several blocks long. On this night, Charles Frohman sat in a box alone. When some people suddenly entered, they

found him in tears. He had a genuine personal affection for Miss May, and her retirement had touched him very deeply.

In connection with "Nelly Neil" is a little story which illustrates Charles Frohman's attitude toward his productions. He had spent a fortune on it, and it was not a financial success. After giving it every chance, he instructed Lestocq to put up a two weeks' notice. Lestocq remarked that it was a shame to end such a magnificent presentation. Whereupon, Frohman turned around quickly and said:

"Shut up, or I'll run it another month. You know, Lestocq, if I don't keep a hand on myself sometimes, my sentiment will be the ruin of me."

By this time, Frohman and James M. Barrie had become close friends. The former had produced

**THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE**  
Location de 11 heures à 7 heures  
CE SOIR 1<sup>re</sup> JUNE 1909 A 8 H. 3/4  
PREMIERE  
**CHARLES FROHMAN**  
Presente  
**PETER PAN**  
ou le Petit Gargon qui ne voulait pas grandir  
PAR J.-M. BARRIE  
Musique composée par JOHN CROOK

**ACTE I**  
Les Jours de notre Enfance - Le "Nelly"  
ACTE II  
La Terre de Jamais, Jamais, Jamais  
ACTE III  
Le Rêve des Naufrageurs ou le Lagon  
ACTE IV  
La Maison Souterraine

**MATINEES JEUDIS ET DIMANCHES A 2 HEURES**  
Représentation de "Peter Pan" in Paris  
Playbill of the premiere of "Peter Pan" in Paris

"Quality Street" at the Vaudeville Theatre with great success. He now approached a Barrie production which gave him perhaps more pleasure than anything he did in his whole stage-life. The advent of "Peter Pan" was at hand. The remarkable story of how Charles Frohman got the manuscript of this play has already



Interior of Charles Frohman's London office, the walls covered with portraits of his famous stars

been told in this narrative. The Wonder Boy Who Would Not Grow Up made a complete conquest of Frohman. In England, as later in the United States, he fairly bubbled with it. He adored the boy's character.

The original title that Barrie gave the play was "The Great White Father," which Frohman liked. Just as soon as Barrie suggested that it be named after its principal rôle, Frohman fairly overflowed with enthusiasm.

In preparing for "Peter Pan" in England, Charles Frohman was like a child with a toy. Money was spent like water; whole scenes were made and never used. He regarded it as a great and rollicking adventure. Happily, it justified his every confidence, because, on its first production on any stage, at the Duke of York's Theatre on

(Continued on page 178)



William Collier, an American star who was a London success



Billie Burke and Ernest Lawford, in "Love Watches"



One of the real personalities in the municipal life of our country

# The Mayor of Chicago

By John Temple Graves

**W**ILLIAM HALE THOMPSON, elected mayor of Chicago last April by an unprecedented plurality of one hundred and fifty thousand votes, is one of the real personalities in the municipal life of our country.

Imagine a figure of superb and towering proportions, standing over six feet two inches in his stocking feet, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, with the fresh enthusiasm and the smiling face of a boy, human to the core in his timber and characteristics, and you have the extraordinary mayor of Chicago at the age of forty-six.

The man is a born leader of men and has illustrated it in a dozen striking incidents. Every strong man who couples the "human touch" with his strength always has had a

powerful hold upon the affections and enthusiasms of men. And perhaps, if one should seek the central element which has given William Hale Thompson his extraordinary hold upon the great populace of Chicago, it will be found in that touch of fellowship, of comradeship, of kindness, and of humor.

Men with the human touch are never infallible—otherwise, they would not be human. And other men forget the faults in the man of human touch, because they find in his very foibles something akin to themselves. And if the mayor of Chicago has developed any particular fault in his really remarkable executive and historic career, it is in this human impulse which makes him love his friends fully as well as, if not better than, he loves them wisely.

Disposing, in the beginning, of this fault developed in an extraordinary mental and physical equipment, it may be said that Mayor Thompson, of Chicago, has exhibited, in his term of office, several instances of public courage and resolution which stamp him among the public personalities of the republic.

When the new mayor went into office, he found upon the statute-books of Chicago a law of nearly forty years' standing, requiring the closing of the saloons and liquor shops upon the Sabbath day. That law had never been repealed. No previous executive had ever dared or had ever been able to enforce it. Several efforts had been made by other chief executives, but the power and the numbers of the liquor interests in this great cosmopolitan city were always found omnipotent to compel abandonment of its enforcement.

William Hale Thompson set his executive jaw resolutely in the beginning upon the determination that, (Concluded on page 189)



Mrs.  
William  
Hale Thompson



*A New Adventure of  
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*



"Simple story, but sad, J. R.," explained Blackie. "Mr. Brown is the inventor of a machine for fooling the suction-sweeper. He weaves the dirt and germs and things into genuine antique Chinese rugs so that the antiquity can't be sucked out"

## *That Genuine Antique Smell*

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

**A**N explosion of voices, a smack of a fist in a face, the slam of a door, and a chunky man tumbled backward down the stone steps and landed in the roundness of J. Rufus Wallingford.

"Whoosh!" gasped J. Rufus, as the chunky man bounced off.

"Why so hasty, friend?" inquired Blackie Daw, raising the sudden arrival from the sidewalk.

The man replied not a word. His nose was bleeding; his ear was skinned, and his breath came short, but in his reddened eye blazed righteous wrath. He scanned the narrow factory street for weapons. He seized a twenty-pound paving-block, swung it above his head, and rushed up the five stone steps of the Ming Antique Rug Company. J. Rufus and Blackie had already batted their eyes in anticipation of the crash, when the door flew open and a pail of water slapped the chunky man. Once more he came tumbling backward; and this time the paving-block held him flat.

"I'm getting plum tired picking you up," remarked the lean and lanky Mr. Daw, as he again restored the stranger to his feet.

"Thanks," wheezed the man. He looked up at the door

and stooped for his weapon, but the huge Wallingford laid a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"I wouldn't do it just now, brother," he kindly advised. "Let me tell you something you probably haven't discovered. You're not welcome in there."

"I'll tear down that shop a brick at a time! I'll——"

"Tut, brother!" Blackie thrust himself between the warrior and the steps. "I'll tell you something else you don't know. You're licked."

"Not on your life! I can——"

"What's the riot here?" boomed a rough voice, and a vast bulk of blue was in the group. "Why, it's Mr. Brown! Anything I can do?" And he looked inquiringly toward the two well-dressed strangers.

"All seven of 'em can't lick me!" roared the chunky Brown, and he tried to get past.

Officer Casey viewed the gathering crowd. They were coming on the dead run, with their eyes and their mouths wide open.

"Here, you; grab him!" ordered Casey, and the three of them spanished the raging Brown up to the corner and thrust him into a friendly saloon. "Wash him up, and give him a drink, and keep him away while I clear the block."

## The New Adventures of Wallingford

"Certainly," grinned Blackie. "I like his work. He has great form when he's in action. Come on, Tabasco Brown!" And a grip like a handcuff settled on the chunky wrist. "I'm a regular deputy of the law. Jim, order the drinks, and I'll wash the prisoner."

Twenty minutes later, the prisoner, subdued and human but with a puffing eye, was led over to a little table.

"Simple story, but sad, J. R.," explained Blackie. "Mr. Brown is the inventor of a machine for fooling the suction-sweeper. He weaves the dirt and germs and things into genuine antique Chinese rugs so that the antiquity can't be sucked out. Then he made the amateur's mistake; he capitalized in his own home town."

"I see." Wallingford was relieved to find the chunky man taking an interest in his drink. "Of course you hadn't a cent, because no man invents unless he's broke. So they gave you some promoter's stock for your patents, and held the stock in escrow to prevent you from selling it, and——"

"Step on the brake," interposed Tabasco Brown; "you're speeding! They handed me one share out of that hundred-thousand-dollar corporation so I could be president, and set aside a treasury issue to give me when the business reached a certain volume. Everything fine; but I didn't

know how I was muzzled until the Ottoman Weaving Company served notice of infringement of patents. And who did my fellow townsmen stick with?"

"You; oh, yes," grinned Blackie Daw.

"Him not," chuckled Wallingford. "I judge it by the eye."

"Of course me not! They fell for the bluff without calling in a lawyer, brought copies of the Ottoman patents into this stockholders' meeting, decided that I had infringed, got ice in the shoes, and, when I yelped, voted me out of the presidency. Now what do you suppose they're going to do?"

"Oh, what?" Blackie Daw lit a cigarette.

"Dissolve—that's what! They're going to scrap the swell machines that cost half our capital to build, and split up the money that's left in the treasury pro rata! And what do I get for my patents and business prospects? The pro-rata split for my one share! Fifty dollars! Fifty dollars!" A hearty laugh from both his auditors, and the chunky man glared at them. "Swell joke, I guess! I work two years on my weaving machine, and get a real start toward my million, and lose out because a lot of village financiers let the sap rush to their heads. And me, I finish with a bloody nose. Oh, swell joke! Look here, you big fat slob——"

"Peace, brother," admonished Blackie; "why should the sight of innocent happiness rouse your rage? In our hearts we sympathize with you. Be soothed."

"Oh, well," growled Tabasco Brown, unclenching his fist, "if you'd had it rubbed in like I have, you'd fight everything on the street, from cigar-store Indians to piccaninny hitching-posts. Why, a patent-injunction's no more detriment to a business, these days, than a bee-sting on a door-knob! A real business man would make advertising out of that injunction. And we're quitting cold, with fifty-two thousand dollars in the treasury!"

"Fifty-two thousand dollars?" Wallingford turned to Blackie, and the two men looked at each other speculatively; then they turned, by



"I would like to know, though, who sent you to bother me with this fool errand"

common impulse, and smiled at Tabasco Brown. J. Rufus hitched his chair closer and folded his big arms in front of him. "If you had absolute ownership of more than half the stock of that company, and consequent control of its patents and machinery, you could get fresh backing; and I don't suppose you'd care whether there was any money left in the treasury or not."

## II

CYRUS PUNTINGTON, proprietor of the People's Salary Loan Company, looked up in astonishment as there pushed past the boy at the door a long, lean, black-mustached individual, followed by a Chinaman in a purple jacket, yellow trousers, and bead-embroidered shoes.

"Excuse me," said the black-mustached individual, depositing his silk hat carefully on the corner of the desk and balancing his ebony cane across two of his fingers; "my name is B. Daw. I am the agent for Wun Lun Lo. I have the pleasure to introduce him, Mr. Puntington. Wun, ki yi kik go gum ki yi; Mr. Puntington." And B. Daw bowed profoundly, happily conscious that the employees of the outer office were thronging the door.

"Ug-ghum."

Mr. Puntington, who was a sallow man, and a hollow-faced and a squinch-eyed, considered the occasion with a troubled brow, but saw no way out of it but to rise and shake hands with the solemn Chinaman—which he did.

A silence ensued. B. Daw politely placed a chair for Wun Lun Lo, and drew one up for himself and sat down.

"Ug-ghum," finally observed Mr. Puntington, beginning to be nervous. "What can I do for you?"

"I understand that you are in the market for a large quantity of sandal twine," returned Mr. Daw, with pleased assurance, and, turning immediately to Wun Lun Lo, said smilingly, with many easy gestures toward Mr. Puntington: "King wing bing boo goo. Gow!"

The solemn Chinaman folded his hands across his purple-silk coat and smiled politely—that was all.

"Sandal twine?" crackled Mr. Puntington.

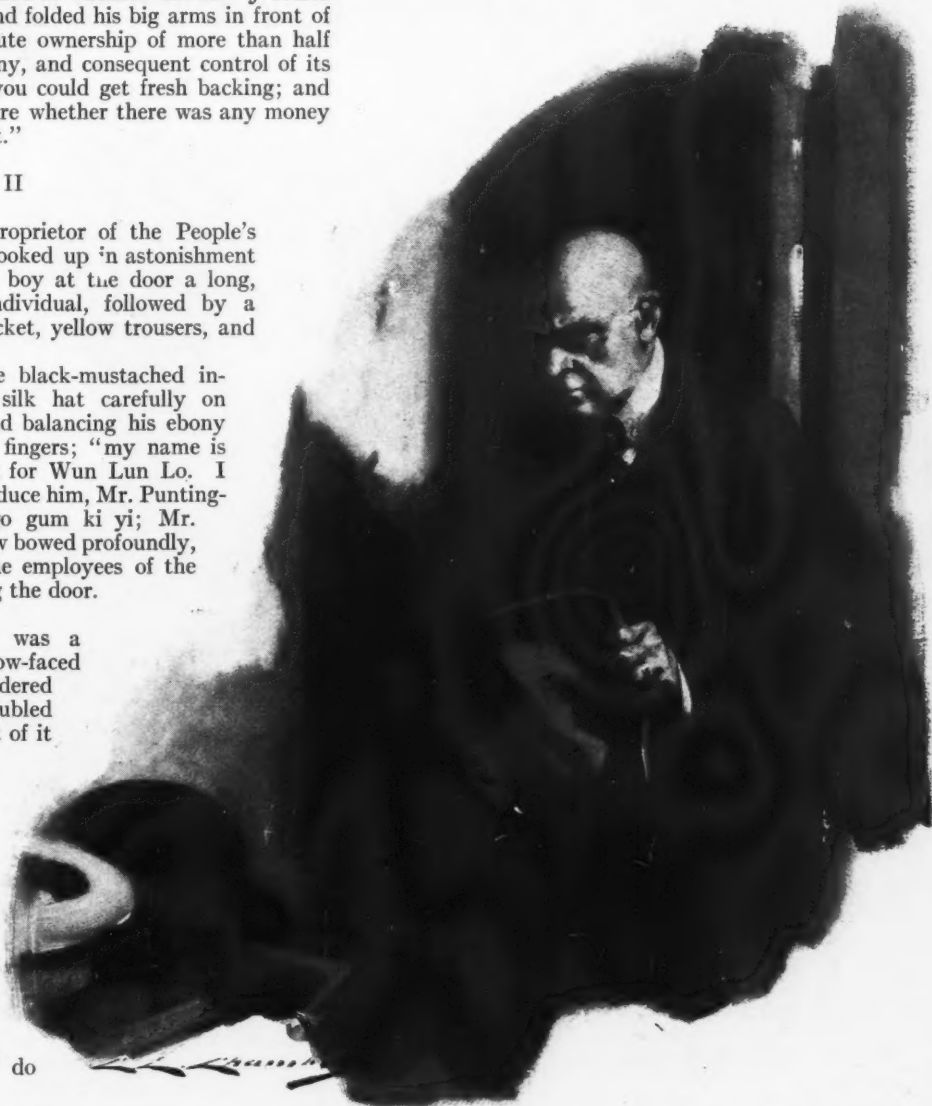
"The best quality on the American market," B. Daw asserted. "The Honorable Wun Lun Lo"—a bow to that distinguished gentleman—"has a hundred thousand pounds of it, worth, as you well know, Mr. Puntington—"

"I don't."

"A dollar a pound," went on B. Daw, impervious to the interruption. "As the Honorable Lo, however, is suddenly called back to China, he is forced to make a quick sale, and will take fifty cents a pound for the lot. Wun, kong wong bong choo. Yes, Mr. Puntington; fifty cents a pound for the lot—for the lot! So, Mr. Puntington, here is your chance to buy your sandal twine at an unprecedented bargain! You never used such sandal twine—"

"I never heard of the stuff," broke in Cyrus, at last regaining his equipoise. "Who told you I wanted to buy sandal twine?" Deep pain settled on B. Daw.

"Don't you?" he inquired, and turned to the Chinaman



A man followed the knock, and stood, hat in hand, so glistening in his bald-headedness that, for a moment, he seemed to dazzle the eye

with sadness in every line of his countenance. "Kang wang bang king kong," he sorrowfully explained. "Yi." Thereupon, the Chinaman, folding his hands across his silk coat, bowed sorrowfully.

"No I don't!" snapped Mr. Puntington. He hitched up his chair with a jerk, and drew toward him the interest tables by which he lived. "I would like to know, though, who sent you to bother me with this fool errand."

"Sorry, sir; so sorry!" And B. Daw rose with great dignity. "Wun, yip." So saying, the lean and lanky gentleman, swinging his ebony cane, stalked majestically out of there, followed by the solemn Chinaman.

James P. Dibbel, of the Dibbel City Bank, was equally certain that he did not wish any sandal twine, and equally indignant with whoever had sent B. Daw and the Chinese gentleman on that errand to him. It was not until they had seen Henry Hopper, of the Hopper Happy Homes Association, and Peter Wills, of the Wills Cooperative Merchandise Company, and Nathaniel Rosengage, of the Dollar-Down Store, that B. Daw explained at least part of the mystery; and even then he only explained because Rosengage, a round little man of great persistence, wormed





When the chairs began to fly, J. Rufus Wallingford retired behind the safe for philosophic contemplation

the facts out of him. Mr. Rosengage had been visited because he was a prominent stockholder in the Ming Antique Rug Company.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Rosengage, estimating the value of Wun Lun Lo's purple coat; "I was sucker enough to buy some of that stock; but why should I want sandal twine besides?"

"You don't know why? And you in the Oriental weaving business!"

"Well, I ain't," insisted Mr. Rosengage, studying the purple coat with an eye to its possibilities. These Chinese things were going pretty well now, and at twelve dollars, or maybe as high as fourteen. "And I ain't going to be. I'm smart enough to know when to pocket a loss. Say; what is this sandal twine, and what do you use it for?"

B. Daw turned to the solemn Chinaman with amazement.

"Chee wee keek!" he exclaimed. "Chow choo chuck li ling loo bung wo ti! Bung wo ti!"

The solemn Chinaman folded his hands and looked sad. "Why, Mr. Rosengage, no genuine Oriental rug can be woven without sandal twine to give it the proper smell!"

"Oh!" Nathaniel Rosengage nodded his head in quick comprehension. That reason appealed to him as being perfectly logical. "But it ain't no use," he considered. "The Ottoman Weaving Company, they claim an infringement on their patents, and, whether they got a right or not, I don't want to take a chance that we win. I looked 'em up in Bradstreet, and they can afford high-priced lawyers."

"But as a speculation, Mr. Rosengage," persisted B. Daw. "As a speculation, I say, you can't afford—"

"I can afford to stay out of a speculation any time," declared Nathaniel. "I got bit once on this Chinese business, and I ain't like a sucker that always throws a dollar away to see if it will land some place near where he lost the other one. Then, all he gets is to hunt for two."

"Sorry sir; so sorry! Wun, yip."

As they turned into Blackie Daw's room at the Hotel Grand, J. Rufus Wallingford, pacing the floor with a black cigar and a worried brow, studied his partner with concern.

"Well?"

"Had the time of my life!" exulted Blackie, to whom this meant much more than the consummation of any business deal. "I was the center of astonishment and admiration wherever I wended. And the Honorable Wun Lun Lo—" He bowed profoundly to the distinguished gentleman, who folded his hands across his coat and smiled pleasantly. "Wun, gik hik pik lik spik dik—"

"Oh, close your trap," interrupted Wallingford. "That's all you think of—joshing. You'll put us in bad with that, you pin-head! I hope you didn't spring your fool lingo out on the job."

"Spread it all over the lot!" was the proud assertion. "And, believe me, Jim, I made it impressive. Wun"—and he turned to the solemn Chinaman—"you are a student of the niceties of your own language, being a popular Far Eastern actor. What do you think of my Chinese?"

"Rotten," grinned Wun Lun Lo.

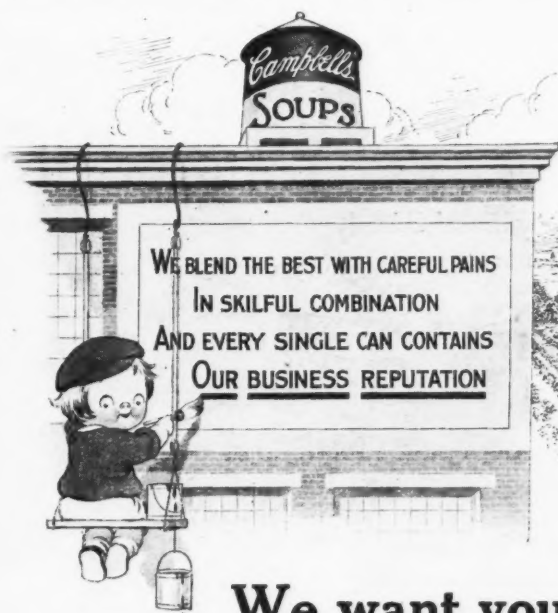
### III

PRESIDENT BEN HARDING, of the Ming Antique Rug Company, looked up and removed his eye-glasses to frown. If he kept them on while he frowned, they pinched off.

"Beg pardon," he said; "there is a private meeting in session." And, having established his legal severity, he replaced his eye-glasses.

"That's why I'm here," responded the large, genial gentleman who had opened the door without ceremony; and he beamed jovially on the assembled members. "I'm a stockholder in this company." And he laid before the obvious chairman a much soiled and tightly creased paper. "Please enter my certificate."

President Harding opened the (Continued on page 122)



## We want you to know this—

For your sake as well as ours we want you to realize that *business necessity* no less than honest principle impels us to make *Campbell's Soups* as good as they can be made; and to make them *good every time*.

Of course we take pride in maintaining the quality of our product. But beside this *we have to maintain it*. Our business existence depends on it.

You have this double guarantee with *every can* of

# Campbell's Tomato Soup

You know beyond question before you open it that it will be pure, wholesome and delicious.

No better materials could be found. You couldn't select and prepare and blend them more carefully than we do if you were making soup for a delicate child whose appetite you wanted to coax in the most tempting way.

Through years of earnest, honest and successful effort we have built up a reputation and a business which *must be protected*.

A good reputation is hard to gain and easy to lose. It must be guarded every minute.

Many people are surprised to find that they never grow tired of *Campbell's Tomato Soup*. They wonder why it is always so tasty and refreshing, always so nourishing. It is a common thing to hear someone who has eaten it again and again exclaim "I didn't know it was so good!"

The secret is that every step of its production is constantly and vigilantly guarded, and its pure, wholesome, *natural* quality consistently maintained.

21 kinds

10c a can

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



# On "Keeping Out of War," and "Swapping Horses," and Things

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Author of "UNCLE SHAM," "WE'LL DALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS," Etc.

**YOU** and I are American citizens. As such, it is not our right, but our duty, to vote this year for president.

Whereby it were well to look over the situation, and carefully.

The Democratic party and its current candidate have been in power four years. When it came into that power, the United States was respected and honored by the nations of the world. When old Uncle Sam came into meeting, the rest of the folks sat up and took notice. He conducted himself with a firm and quiet dignity. His opinions were honored, and his sons and daughters were safe anywhere on earth. Of all world figures, he was of the strongest and cleanest. . . . A wonderful, fine, old gentleman, loved and respected and admired.

So was your Uncle Sam, and mine, when came into power Woodrow Wilson and the Democratic party.

And then what?

## First Mexico

What did the old gentleman, under the guidance of Woodrow Wilson and his advisers, do there?

Since its inception, Mexico has been nothing but a gaudy parade of insurrection, revolution and slaughter.

Diaz, by killing everybody he didn't like ruled it for thirty years. Madero was too weak to control it. He was succeeded by Huerta, strong, cold, cruel, but powerful.

Huerta had eighty thousand soldiers and could have ruled Mexico by the blood and iron method; which, incidentally, is the wrong way to rule anybody or anything, but the only way feasible in a country like Mexico except a policy of intervention and education such as saved the Philippines.

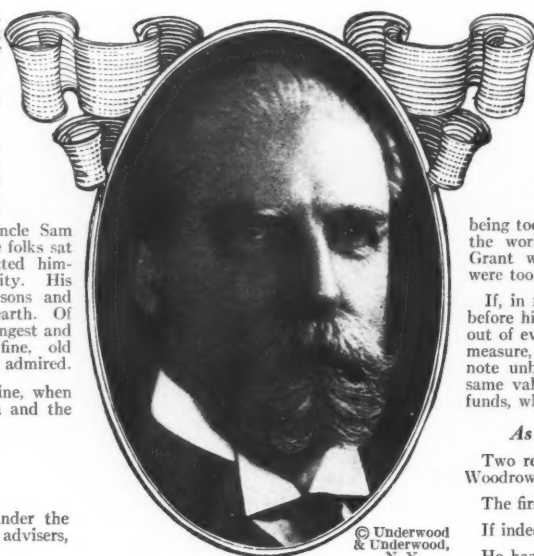
So stood matters. And the world waited to see what Uncle Sam, the strong, the fine, the dignified, would do. . . . And what he did certainly made 'em gasp!

At first they thought he was sick, or crazy, or something.

Mexico's only chance to work out even a pseudo-salvation lay with Huerta. Uncle Sam took that away. He marched his soldiers in one day,—and marched 'em out the next! One day he belched forth mighty words. The next, and he quietly ate 'em! For a while he backed Villa. Then he backed Carranza. Then he backed out, leaving them guns and ammunition with which to kill one another and, later, Uncle Sam's own citizens!

Truly the dove of peace that Woodrow Wilson sent into Mexico held no olive branch. It carried a machine gun under each wing—and a boomerang in its beak.

And then, after he had got everything all nicely messed up, and Mexico as full of corpses and murder and horror and blood as a battlefield, your Uncle Sam runs home and sits down at his typewriter and begins to slam out Beautiful Thoughts about the higher obligations of humanity. And when his citizens who had gone into Mexico under the



CHARLES E. HUGHES

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protection that he had specifically promised them, appeal to him to save the lives of their women and their children, he tells 'em they'd better come home if they can!

And there's Mexico today; a three-ring debauch of blood. And all because the Wilsonized Uncle Sam took away its one chance of even a makeshift salvation, and refused to give it an alternative.

He didn't like the doctor personally; he couldn't help the patient. So he left the stricken thing to suffer and to die!

So much for Mexico. And with other nations what?

## Worse and More of It

Seeing that a little country like Mexico had him bluffed to a standstill, the Germans had no hesitation in blowing up the Lusitania. He wrote 'em a letter about it. They blew up the Hesperian. He wrote 'em a letter about that. They blew up the Arabic. He wrote 'em a third. Every time they'd blow up a ship, and kill his citizens, he'd get even by writing 'em a note.

Then the English began to stop his mails. He turns right around and writes *them* a letter—just like that! He sticks in a fresh carbon and slams out another good, hot one to Carranza who has just slaughtered a lot of American soldiers at Carrizal, demanding that he send immediately three representatives to spend a nice fortnight at New London, Conn., at his expense, to talk the matter over.

So many of these notes has he written that it's getting so now that hardly anybody bothers to answer him any more. European dignitaries are opening their

morning mail. They see a large envelope with a due stamp on it.

"Who's that from?" they ask.

"Only old Uncle Sam," says the secretary.

"Chuck it in the waste basket," they say. "He won't do anything."

And it's the truth. The Wilsonized Uncle Sam won't. When he said that there was such a thing as being too proud to fight, that fixed him with the world. Washington and Lincoln and Grant weren't too proud to fight. They were too proud not to.

If, in four years, with a concrete example before him three hundred and sixty-five days out of every one, and an extra day for good measure, a man can't realize that a diplomatic note unbacked by force is of precisely the same value as a bank cheque unbacked by funds, what hope is there for him?

## As to Keeping Out of War

Two reasons they give you for voting for Woodrow Wilson.

The first is that he has kept us out of war.

If indeed he has, how has he done so?

He has kept us out of war first by stultifying our national patriotism and by encouraging our national selfishness.

He has kept us out of war by the simple method of running away. A man can't very well get into a fight if he's willing to run away and everybody happens to be too busy to chase him.

He has kept us out of war in the third place because he's given us nothing with which to go to war in the first place.

And in the fourth place, he hasn't kept us out of war at all. Mexican soldiers have killed American soldiers and American soldiers have killed Mexican soldiers. And if that isn't war, what is it? A lawn party?

## We are Laying up Disaster

Furthermore, while his debilitation of patriotism may postpone for a time a war of any magnitude, it means that we are but laying up disaster for our children some day to meet when, finding themselves like China, a fat and easy prey for other nations, they will have to shed their hearts' blood to pay for our shameless blunders.

We can make ourselves great and strong beyond attack. Shall we do this? Or shall we keep on under Wilson borrowing trouble for our children to pay for with their lives? For, in two long years, Woodrow Wilson has accomplished far worse than nothing. The mangled corpses of the Lusitania are now rotting skeletons; yet has Germany not atoned. England is treating us not as we, but as she, chooses. All he has succeeded in doing is to earn for America and Americans the contempt, the disgust, or the sympathy of every nation of the world.

He has not had the foresight even to organize a regular army to straighten out the mess that he has made in Mexico where a national guard should never have been sent in the first place; which means that at the end of the Great War, European nations will intervene.



They won't bother to write notes. None know better than they the value of a scrap of paper. Whereby they will send over a few hundred thousand of their millions of men to whom the invasion and control of Mexico would be but a pastime. And if we object, they will say, "You had your chance. You failed to take it. Now you're too late." And there we'll be, powerless to do anything but stand aside and watch the poor old Monroe Doctrine breathe its last. And unless we act, and soon, for all these things will our children some day have to pay, and in blood.

### As to Swapping Horses

The second reason for voting for Woodrow Wilson is that "it isn't wise to swap horses crossing a stream."

Why isn't it?

Life is all a stream. At intervals, we pause a moment on dry land. In this country, that pause comes at every presidential election. Then we plunge in again. And believe me, if a stream is four years wide, and almost as deep, and if you're riding a steed that is alike blind, lame and unmanageable, then is the time of all times to change if you want to reach the other side alive.

### Now, then, what about Hughes?

Hughes has a record as clean as a hound's tooth, and as straight as a sapling. That you must admit whether you like him or not.

When he investigated the insurance scandals in New York, he didn't sit down and write notes to the perpetrators thereof. He went at them calmly, capably, firmly; and he put them through the hoops like bareback riders.

He never played politics. You never caught any of Hughes' appointees asking for places for deserving Republicans. If he had, inside of five minutes said appointee would have been out looking for a similar situation himself.

You never found Hughes fostering a Josephus Daniels or a self-confessed political jobber like Hay, of Virginia, or that other amiable pork barrel expert who announced that when anybody else took home a ham, he wanted a whole hog; which sounds very much as though he meant to kidnap himself.

Look over Hughes' life and you will find, that he has read broadly, travelled broadly, thought broadly. He has been honest. He has been fearless. He has never traded, never truckled.

When he has said a thing, he has meant it. When he has said he'd do a thing, he has done it. When he was governor of New York, he appointed men not because they were deserting Republicans, but because they were the right men for the right places. He closed the family entrance to the Capitol; he abolished the habit of whispering so prevalent among politicians. Anybody that had anything to say to him, had to Speak Right Out Loud.

It wouldn't have taken Hughes two years to find out what he thought about Preparedness; and to have done something to prepare. Nor, when the time came, would he have vacillated between good plans and bad until members of his own cabinet became sick and disgusted and resigned while he selected the worst.

Where Wilson has been weak, Hughes has been strong. Where Wilson has followed a policy of vacillating opportunism, Hughes has hewn to the line. Where Wilson has dillyed and dallied and side-stepped, "too proud to fight" one minute, and "feeling himself in a fighting mood" the next, Hughes has said what he has meant and meant what he has said.

Wilson has spoken before he has thought. Hughes has thought before he has spoken. Hughes has led. Wilson has followed. Hughes has acted. Wilson has talked.

### A Pathetic World Figure

Before a fighting world, giving of their hearts' blood on sodden battlefields in causes that they think are right, we stand a pathetic world figure, rich, fat, selfish, clinking in our full pockets dollars wrung from the sufferings of others.

They have outraged us; they have insulted us; they have berated, and abused, and heaped on us indignity after indignity. And our only answer has been a fat and fatuous smile, like the half-witted boy you used to know at school who, no matter how they kicked him in the shins, or pushed in his nose, or picked on him generally, would only grin and hang around for more. . . .

An American friend of mine attended a dinner given in Mexico by the erstwhile revolutionist thereof, Pascual Orozco. Pascual was puzzled. He asked my friend to explain that which so mystified him.

"We have robbed your men, dishonored your women, killed your children. . . . Tell me," pleaded Pascual, "what does an American need to make him fight?"

Pascual, you see, being only an ignorant Mexican, couldn't understand why a wife or a couple of children more or less mean nothing when you have a new automobile and a fat bank account.

But to those of us who are still old-fashioned enough to put a wife and children above dollars, and our honor above a shameless supineness, no better commentary than Pascual's could be made on this, the "New Freedom" that has come to us through Woodrow Wilson. . . .

### The Weakness of Wilson

God knows, we don't want war. No more do we want disease. War may never come to us. Nor disease. Only do we demand that should either come, we be strong, and clean, and firm to combat it.

This Wilson has failed to make us, failed because he does not understand and cannot seem to learn. And four years is a long time

for a nation of a hundred million people to stand and wait while one man goes to school.

Wilson has failed to make us strong because he himself is weak. He has answered a blow with a note; he has replied to insult with more notes; and to injury with yet other notes. He has left American citizens, whom he was pledged to protect, to the mercies of any and all who chose to rob, to dishonor and to kill. The ocean is laden and the land is fringed with the corpses of American men, American women, American children who, giving their all to their country, found that their country would give them nothing. No written word of man ever restrained a Nubian lion, a Mexican bandit or a German submarine. They live by force alone; and the only thing that they respect or understand is a greater force.

Words may be met with words. But deeds can be checked only by deeds. This Woodrow Wilson in four shameful years has failed to learn; nor, apparently will he ever. He has said, "America first." But he has meant only, "Safety first," hiding the while behind the miasma of his own grandiloquent periods while his countrymen have reddened sea and land with the blood of their bodies, and America, last, head down, eyes sunk in shame, has followed in the dust of his defeats.

### The Strength of Hughes

Hughes has been strong. He has said, America first and America efficient, America great, and America honored. He thinks it not enough to talk of America being first. She must be made first. He knows that to do this, her citizens must not be strong in word only, but in deed, great not only in council, but in action, calm in thought and in speech, jealous in honor, zealous in the protection of American lives and American liberties, willing to talk when talk is wise; but ready and powerful to act when words fail and deeds must take their place.

May we not, then, hope and believe that through him can we once again become strong and clean and firm, strong as was Washington, clean as was Lincoln, firm as was Grant, strong and clean and firm as were those fine men from whom we sprung, who won for us, and left to us, this great and wonderful heritage that is alike our country and our trust?

## The National Hughes Alliance

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Vice-President, PHILIP J. MCCOOK, New York

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Tear out and mail.

THE NATIONAL HUGHES ALLIANCE, 511 Fifth Ave., New York City

GENTLEMEN:

1. Enroll me in The Hughes Alliance as  
☐ a voter who will support Mr. Hughes  
☐ in the coming election.

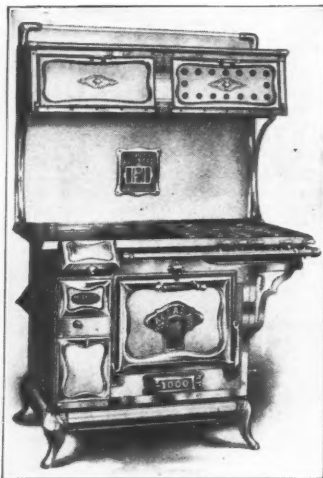
2. Enroll me as a member of The Hughes  
Alliance. I attach check which you may  
use in your efforts towards Mr. Hughes'  
election.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Back to the Cave

(Continued from page 48)



### See the Duplex-ALCAZAR

**H**ERE at last is a kitchen range that is really modern. It is made in two types, one burning coal or wood and gas, the other using coal, wood and oil separately or at the same time. The Duplex-ALCAZAR Range is complete—all in one—ready to burn the fuel you choose—at any and all times.

No change necessary for different fuels. Not a single part must be removed or replaced, and the Duplex-ALCAZAR conforms with your requirements. It's the "year 'round range"—keeps the kitchen cool in summer—warm in winter—suits the seasons in between and cuts fuel bills as well as insuring better cooking results.



The Duplex-ALCAZAR in every detail and particular reflects the spirit of the most progressive stove factory in America. It is manufactured in styles designed to fit every requirement and need the world over. It is to be had in cast iron—steel and porcelain construction.

The best stove merchant in your town is now displaying a line of Duplex-ALCAZAR Ranges especially adapted to the requirements of your section.

Write us for descriptive literature. Gladly sent free on request. State whether interested in Gas or Oil Type.

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**KALAMAZOO STOVE CO.**  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

**A Kalamazoo Direct to You**

Raeburn's reasons for existing. It seemed almost unbelievable to him that he could have worked himself up to the point of flaying her bare back with a dog-whip. He prayed to God that he should not have to strike again.

"Will you try to cook supper, or won't you?"

She did not answer, and he struck her again.

Fifteen minutes later, a soft, warm wrapper covering her cold and hurt body, she was bending over the kitchen stove, while her husband, seated on a table, his feet swinging free, coached her in the art of camp-cooking.

Their supper consisted of bacon, something with flour in it that could not be eaten, fried eggs, Boston brown bread out of a tin, and tea. When they had finished supper, Raeburn lighted his pipe and instructed her in dish-washing. When she had washed the dishes, scoured the cooking-utensils, and put the kitchen to rights, he presented her with a cook-book and advised her to study it till bedtime.

But bedtime came very soon for that exhausted, back-beaten, and browbeaten young woman. Her spirits, however, were not altogether subdued. For when her husband told her to kiss him good-night, she burst into a tirade and called him all the names she could think of. Then she swept haughtily from the room. In a few minutes, she returned.

"Where am I to sleep?" she demanded, in freezing tones.

"Why," he said, "you'd better sleep in the bed that's already made up. But if you prefer some other room, why, shift 'em. There's only the one set of blankets."

"What about you?" She forced the repugnant question.

"It's about zero out," he said. "Any room that suits you suits me. I am not going to sleep on a set of steel springs to please anybody. And, by the way, the alarm-clock is set for six. You will first make a fire in the kitchen stove and get breakfast under way. Then call me. And don't make too much noise while you're dressing."

Then and there she made up her mind either to escape into the woods and freeze to death or to cut her throat with one of her husband's razors. She did neither. She undressed, sobbing all the time, crept into the one bed that had a set of blankets, turned her face to the wall, and sobbed herself to sleep.

At six o'clock sharp, the alarm-bell went off, and she awakened with a whimper of fright. During the bitter cold night, not knowing what she did, like a blind kitten she had crept into her husband's arms for warmth. And there she found herself.

Though Raeburn was not asleep, he was a good actor. But the pains which she took to extricate herself from his embrace without waking him almost made him burst out laughing. Half an hour later, she shook him by the shoulder.

"If you want to get up," she said, "get up!"

Then she went back to the kitchen.

Raeburn dressed in haste, for it was bitterly cold. When he saw that she had made a fire in the living-room, he smiled

hopefully. The kitchen was filled with a pleasant smell of bacon.

"Morning, Ellen!" he said cheerfully.

"My, and that smells good!"

She had the frying-pan in one hand and a big fork in the other.

"Everybody kiss the cook," he said, and kissed her on the back of the neck.

She received the caress stoically, and returned his good-morning in a cold, dreary voice. A little later, she summoned courage to ask a question that was tormenting her.

"How long are you going to keep me here?"

"I don't know, Ellen," he said gravely.

"I'm hoping, you know, that, after a while, you'll like the life."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I hope," said Raeburn, "that already you have lost some of your infatuation for Paxton. A real man, who really loved you, would have let himself be shot sooner than write the letter that brought you here and exposed you to my tender mercies."

"Did you threaten to shoot him?"

"It was an inspiration. They had sent me a sample of nickel tubing from the Astoria Mills, and I pointed it at him and he sat down and wrote."

"At least," she exclaimed, with disdain, "Harry Paxton would rather die than strike a woman!"

"I doubt that. I rather think that if somebody pointed something shiny at him, he'd turn to and whip the stuffing out of her. There's one thing I'm sure of: He wouldn't strike a man. But I didn't bring you here to listen to criticisms of the Great Lover. I brought you here to teach you some of the first principles of being a wife."

They breakfasted in silence.

"Come in the living-room," he said; "I've a book I want you to read."

"What about the dishes?"

"I mean, when you've washed the dishes and put things to rights."

Having done these things, she went to the living-room.

"Well," she said, sullenly, "what's the book?"

"Mr. Holt's book," he said, "on how to rear children."

"Oh!" she cried, with a look of horror.

"My dear Ellen," he said, "you've had your way about everything, and we've come to the verge of grief. That proves that your way wasn't the right way. My way may not be the right way, either, but it's going to have a fair trial."

"Oh, you brute—you brute!" she cried.

"Another thing, Ellen: I am master here, and I don't purpose to be called names. So, cut them out!"

That night, when he tried the door of their room, he could not open it. Ellen had found a hammer and some nails and had nailed herself in. Raeburn simply hunted up an ax, stepped out into the bitter, snowy night, smashed one of the bedroom windows to smithereens, and scrambled through the opening.

### III

How many times Ellen Raeburn really wished herself dead during the ensuing



Many persons drive ahead recklessly in the matter of food and drink who wouldn't think of disregarding a traffic signal.

But Nature's laws of health cannot be trifled with.

For instance, the coffee drinker who says, "Coffee doesn't hurt *me*," may sooner or later find he has a "jumpy" heart, frazzled nerves, or some other trouble often due to the drug, caffeine, in coffee.

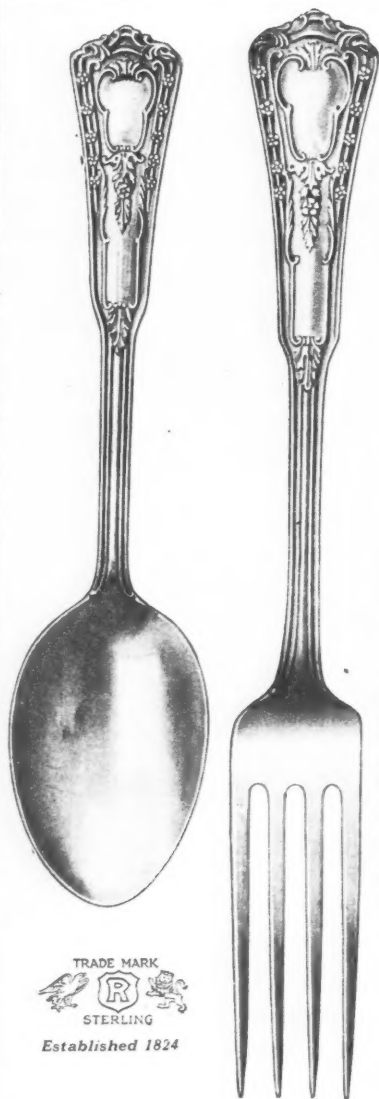
Generally one can get back to health and comfort by a change from coffee to

# POSTUM

—the delicious, pure cereal food-drink.

## "There's a Reason"





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week is not known. She was sulky and gloomy, and had fits of despairing rage. But when Raeburn was out of ear-shot, she found it easier to control herself. And as it had been about the cooking in the first place, so it came to be about all things. Years ago, she had promised to obey him. She was just beginning to make that promise good. But as for loving him and honoring him—oh, never—never!

The dog-whip was not the only thing which she could not resist. Regular hours, hard manual labor indoors and out, with the backing of the gorgeous winter weather, were having their effect upon her. She had never thought so little about her appearance. She had never looked so well.

One night, when she had washed the dishes and scoured the pans, she came into the living-room and sat mutely on the broad sofa in front of the fire, and rested her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands. After a while, Raeburn laid aside his book and came and sat down beside her. Then, with a show of his old-time timidity, he put his arm around her shoulders. Instantly she burst into tears; but instead of wrenching loose from the encircling arm and turning away, she turned toward him and hid her face against him.

With his free hand, he stroked her hair. She cried, but very quietly, for a long time. So quietly did she cry that Raeburn could not tell at what exact moment she stopped.

The next morning, she waked with a guilty feeling of having overslept. Raeburn was not beside her. She looked at the clock. Half-past five! Half an hour before the beastly alarm would go off. With a sigh of content, she closed her eyes and fell almost instantly asleep. This time, she slept her sleep out to the end.

Wide awake and refreshed, she glanced once more at the clock—the hands still pointed to half-past five. At that moment, there was a knocking on the door.

"Come!"

Raeburn pushed open the door. His arms were full of kindling and small logs. He smiled at her over the top of this miniature wood-pile and wished her good-morning. Then he knelt for a while in front of the fireplace and made a roaring fire. Then, from the closet, he fetched a soft and thick dressing-jacket. He warmed this for a while in front of the fire. Then, still smiling, he approached the bed.

"Sit up!"

The habit of obedience was now strong. She sat up, and he helped her into the jacket, and heaped the pillows behind her. She could no longer control her curiosity.

"What has happened?" she said.

"Last night," he said, "for the first time you turned to me instead of away from me. Later, when I kissed you good-night, you seemed to kiss me back, and so you are going to have breakfast in bed."

They stayed nearly a month longer in that place.

One afternoon, at exactly four o'clock, Raeburn made a great fire out of doors and heaped thereon much wet wood, so that a dark and voluminous smoke arose. The next day, about noon, there was a sound of horses and wheels in the clearing.

"Are we going?"

"Yes." She turned her face away.

"Don't you want to go?"

"I'm afraid. I'm afraid of the old life. Sometimes, I feel as if I'd learned to be useful here."

(Concluded on page 94)

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"All our old records that we had tired of because they always played the same have become virtually new records."

## "I Have Exchanged My Phonograph"

**A** WEEK ago I would have laughed at such a thought! Exchange the instrument that had meant so much to wife and me during the past year; relinquish that which had taken so much time and careful pains to select; of which we were so proud; and which we knew was the best instrument of all at which we had looked? The very idea would have seemed ridiculous.

"But we have found a better phonograph—a wonderful new instrument that is a phonograph finer than all the rest, and then something greater, far greater.

**A** WEEK ago a friend asked me if I had gone yet to see the Aeolian-Vocalion.

"No! Why should I? Did I not have the best-known and best phonograph upon the market? Why should I look at any other?"

"Don't be too sure," said my friend. Had I not thought that these instruments were sometime going to develop beyond their present stage? And what more likely than that this development should come from The Aeolian Company, the largest manufacturers of musical instruments in the world—the leading house in the production of pipe-organs, pianos and other more modern instruments like the magnificent Steinway Duo-Art Pianola?

**I** WENT to see the new phonograph that day. In twenty minutes I had bought one, arranging to turn in my old one in exchange.

"The new instrument was better looking than any I had seen. Its case designs were better art. Its case woods were finer.

"I asked to have a familiar record played—a favorite of wife's and mine. When I heard that record I awoke to the shortcomings of my phonograph as well as all others I had heard. We rarely realize the inadequacy of anything we are accustomed to until we meet something better.

"Here was a genuinely better tone. It was rich and deep—very musical and very natural. I realized then that other phonographs, wonderful as they were,



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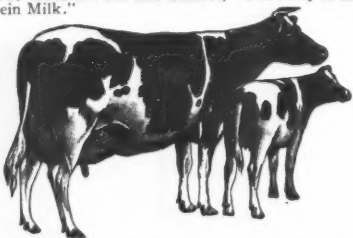
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“I hate to mention it, Ellen, but you had some photographs in the tray of the brown trunk. I saw them by accident. The pile had slipped sideways. They were all of the same person.”

“I've burned them,” she said simply. And she hurried off to do her packing. But in a few minutes she returned.

“Looking for anything special?”

“I just want something to read in the train,” she said. “You pick me out something.”

He turned and knelt before the long bookcase. Ellen Raeburn seized her opportunity and darted to the wall where hung the heavy leather whip. The nail by which it was suspended pulled out of the wall and fell to the floor with a sharp clatter. Raeburn turned his head.

“Hello!” he said. “What do you want with that whip?”

“I'm going to take it home with us,” she said, “and hang it where I'll see it first thing every morning when I wake and begin the day.”

He looked at her with an immense tenderness.

“You darling!” he exclaimed.

“And,” she said, “never mind about the book. I've got the one by Holt—the one about children, you know. That will give me all the reading I'll need for some time.”

The next *Gouverneur Morris* story will be *In Mid-Flight*.

## The Ledge on Baldface

(Continued from page 44)

His advance was slow and cautious, by reason of the difficulty of the path and his dread lest that staring, motionless face should pounce upon him just at the perilous turn and hurl him over the brink. But Peddler knew that his bluff was called, and that his only chance was to avoid the encounter. He might have fled by the way he had come, knowing that he would have every advantage in speed on that narrow trail. But, before venturing up to the turn, he had noted a number of little projections and crevices in the perpendicular wall above him. Clutching at them with fingers of steel and unerring toes, he swarmed upward as nimbly as a climbing cat. He was a dozen feet up before the bear came crawling and peering around the turn.

Elated at having so well extricated himself from so dubious a situation, Peddler gazed down upon his opponent and laughed mockingly. The sound of that confident laughter from straight above his head seemed to daunt the bear and thoroughly damp his rage. He crouched low and scurried past, growling. As he hurried along the trail at a rash pace, he kept casting anxious glances over his shoulder, as if he feared the man were going to chase him. Peddler lowered himself from his friendly perch and continued his journey, cursing himself more than ever for having been such a fool as not to bring his rifle.

In the course of the next half-hour, he gained the highest point of the ledge, which here was so broken and precarious that he had little attention to spare for the unparalleled sweep and splendor of the view. He was conscious, however, all the time of the whirling eagles, now far below him, and his veins thrilled with tense exhilaration. His apprehensions had all vanished under the stimulus of that tonic atmosphere. He was on the constant watch, however, scanning not only the trail ahead but also the face of the rock above him, to see if it could be scaled in an emergency.

He had no expectation of an emergency, because he knew nothing of the law of the Ledge. Having already met a doe and a bear, he naturally inferred that he would

not be likely to meet any other of the elusive kindreds of the wild, even in a whole week of forest-faring. The shy and wary beasts are not given to thrusting themselves upon man's dangerous notice, and it was hard enough to find them, with all his woodcraft, even when he was out to look for them. He was, therefore, so surprised that he could hardly believe his eyes when, on rounding another corrugation of the rock-face, he saw another bear coming to meet him.

“Gee,” muttered Peddler to himself, “who's been lettin' loose the menagerie? Or hev I got the nightmare, mebber?”

The bear was about fifty yards distant—a smaller one than his predecessor, and much younger, also, as was obvious to Peddler's initiated eye by the trim glossiness of its coat. He halted the instant he caught sight of Peddler. But Peddler, for his part, kept right on, without showing the least sign of hesitation or surprise. This bear, surely, would give way before him. The beast hesitated, however. He was manifestly afraid of the man. He backed a few paces, whimpering in a worried fashion, then stopped, staring up the rock wall above him, as if seeking escape in that impossible direction.

“If ye're so skeered o' me as ye look,” demanded Peddler, in a crisp voice, “why don't ye turn an' vamose, 'stead o' backin' an' fillin' that way?”

The ledge, at that point, was a comparatively wide and easy path; and the bear, at length, as if decided by the easy confidence of Peddler's tones, turned and retreated. But he went off with such reluctance, whimpering anxiously the while, that Peddler was forced to the conclusion there must be something coming up the trail which he was dreading to meet. At this idea, Peddler was delighted, and hurried on as closely as possible at the retreating animal's heels. The bear, he reflected, would serve him as an excellent advance-guard, protecting him perfectly from surprise, and perhaps, if necessary, clearing the way for him. He chuckled to himself as he realized the situation.

The trail was now (Concluded on page 98)



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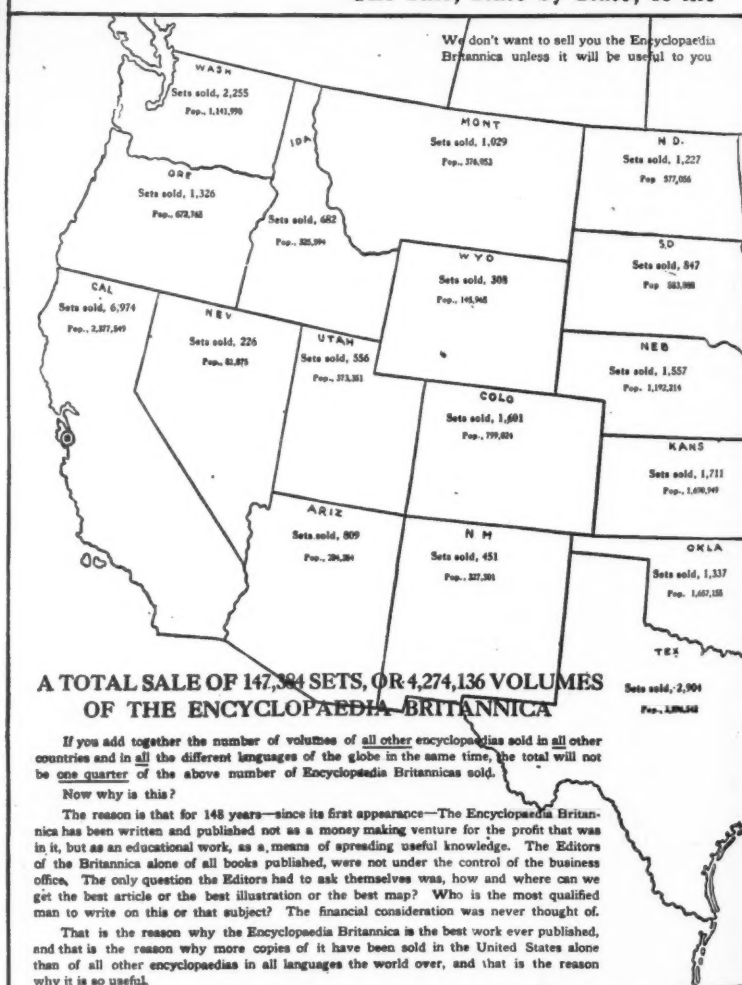
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descending rapidly, though irregularly, toward the eastern plateau. The descent was broken by here and there a stretch of comparatively level going, by here and there a sharp, though brief, rise; and, at one point, the ledge was cut across by a crevice some four feet in width. As a jump, of course, it was nothing to Peddler; but, in spite of himself, he took it with some trepidation, for the chasm looked infinitely deep, and the footing on the other side narrow and precarious.

It was not long, however, before the enigma of the bear's reluctance to retrace his steps was solved. The bear, with Peddler some forty or fifty paces behind, was approaching one of those short, steep rises which broke the general descent. From the other side of the rise came a series of heavy breathings and windy grunts.

"Moose, by gum!" exclaimed Peddler. "Now, I'd like to know if *all* the critters hev took it into their heads to cross old Baldface to-day!"

The bear heard the gruntings also and halted unhappily, glancing back at Peddler.

"Git on with it!" ordered Peddler sharply. And the bear, dreading man more than moose, got on.

The next moment, a long, dark, ominous head, with massive, overhanging lip and small, angry eyes, appeared over the rise. Behind this formidable head labored up the mighty, humped shoulders and then the whole towering form of a bull moose. Close behind him followed two young cows and a yearling calf.

"Huh! I guess there's goin' to be some row!" muttered Peddler, and cast his eyes up the rock-face, to look for a point of refuge in case his champion should get the worst of it.

At sight of the bear, the two cows and the yearling halted, and stood staring, with big ears thrust forward anxiously, at the foe that barred their path. But the arrogant old moose kept straight on, though slowly, and with the wariness of the practised duelist. At this season of the year, his forehead wore no antlers, indeed, but in his great knife-edged fore hoofs he possessed terrible weapons which he could wield with deadly dexterity. Marking the confidence of his advance, Peddler grew solicitous for his own champion, and stood motionless, dreading to distract the bear's attention.

But the bear, though frankly afraid to face man, whom he did not understand, had no such misgivings in regard to moose. He knew how to fight moose; and he had made more than one good meal, in his day, on moose calf. He was game for the encounter. Reassured to see that the man was not coming any nearer, and possibly even sensing instinctively that the man was on his side in this matter, he crouched close against the rock and waited, with one huge paw upraised.

He had not long to wait.

The bull drew near very slowly, and with head held high, as if intending to ignore his opponent. Peddler, watching intently, felt some surprise at this attitude, even though he knew that the deadliest weapon of a moose was its fore hoofs. He

was wondering, indeed, if the majestic beast expected to press past the bear without a battle—and if the bear, on his part, would consent to this highly reasonable arrangement. Then, without the slightest warning, the bull whipped up one great hoof to the height of his shoulder and struck at his crouching adversary.

The blow was lightning-swift, and with such power behind it that, had it reached

its mark, it would have settled the whole matter then and there. But the bear's parry was equally swift. His mighty forearm fended the stroke, so that it hissed down harmlessly past his head and clattered on the stone floor of the trail.

At the same instant, before the bull could recover himself for another such pile-driving blow, the bear, who had been gathered up like a coiled spring, elongated his body with all the force of his gigantic hind quarters, thrusting himself irresistibly between his adversary and the face of the rock, and heaving outward.

These were tactics for which the great bull had no precedent in all his previous battles. He was thrown off his balance, and shouldered clean over the brink. By a terrific effort, he turned, captured a footing upon the edge with his fore hoofs, and struggled frantically to drag himself up again upon the ledge. But the bear's paw struck him a crashing buffet straight between the wildly staring eyes. He fell backward, turning clean over, and went bouncing, in tremendous, sprawling curves, down into the abyss.

Upon the defeat of their leader, the two cows and the calf turned instantly—which the ledge, at this point, was wide enough to permit—and fled back down the trail at a pace which seemed to threaten their own destruction. The bear followed more prudently, with no apparent thought of trying to overtake them. And Peddler kept on behind him, taking care, however, after this exhibition of his champion's powers, not to press him too closely.

The fleeing herd soon disappeared from view, and the curious procession of the bear and Peddler encountered no further obstacles.

After about an hour, the lower slopes of the mountain were reached. The ledge widened, and presently broke up, with trails leading off here and there among the foothills. At the first of these that appeared to offer concealment, the bear turned aside and vanished into a dense grove of spruce, with a haste which seemed to Peddler highly amusing in a beast of such capacity and courage. He was content, however, to be so easily quit of his dangerous advance-guard.

"A durn good thing for me," he mused, "that that there b'ar never got up the nerve to call my bluff, or I might 'a' been layin' now where that unlucky old bull moose is layin'."

And, as he trudged along the now easy and ordinary trail, he registered two discreet resolutions. First, that never again would he cross old Baldface without his gun and his ax, and, second, that never again would he cross old Baldface at all, unless he jolly well had to.

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**For Son:** 3-in-One Oil makes a bicycle go twice as fast and wear twice as long. It makes a baseball glove hold the ball, roller skates whiz, keeps knives sharp and has fifty other uses. No real boy should be without 3-in-One.

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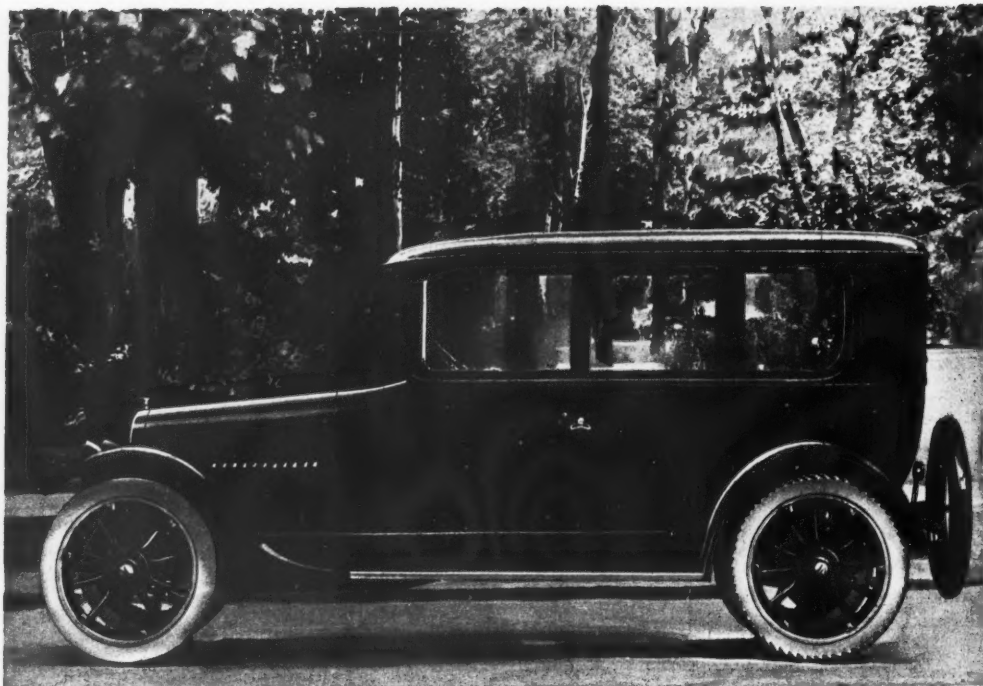
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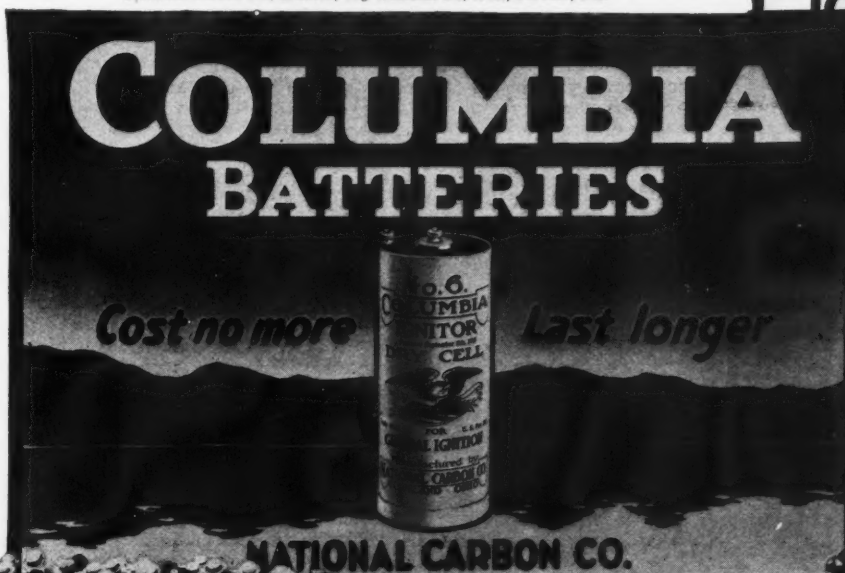
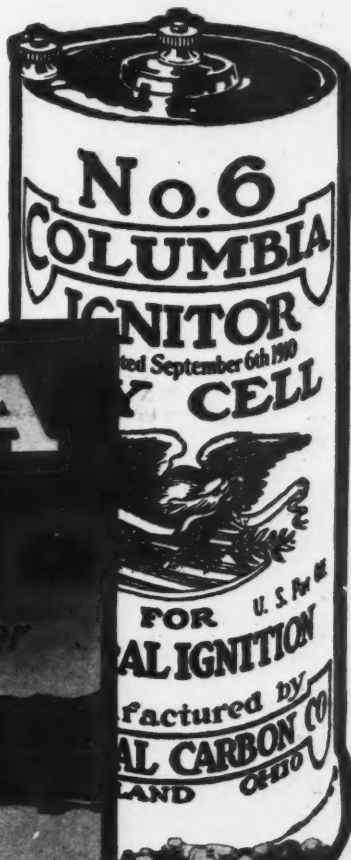
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## The Submarine Mine

(Continued from page 67)

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of us have something to report soon."

Whether or not the remark was intended as a hint to Kennedy, it was unnecessary. He was working as fast and as surely as he could.

Late in the afternoon, we got back to the laboratory, and Craig began immediately to take from the little electric incubator the two crooked tubes he had left there.

Breaking off the ends with tweezers, he began examining, on slides, the two drops that exuded, using his most powerful microscope.

"Well," he remarked at last, looking up from his examination of one of the slides, "here is a drop that shows what was in the grooves of that bullet. Just take a look."

I applied my eye to the microscope. All I could see was some dots and rods, sometimes something that looked like chains of dots and rods, the rods straight, with square ends, sometimes isolated, but more often joined end to end in long strings.

"What are they?" I asked.

"Anaerobic bacilli and spores," he replied excitedly, "the things that produce the well-known 'gas-gangrene' of the trenches, the gas-phlegmon bacilli—all sorts—actively gas-forming microbes that can't live in air. The method I took to develop and find them was that of Colonel Sir Almroth Wright, of the British Army Medical Corps."

"And that is what was on the bullet?" I queried.

"The spores or seeds," he replied. "In the tubes, by excluding the air, I have developed the bacilli. Why, Walter," he went on seriously, "those are among the microbes most dreaded in the infection of wounds. The spores live in the earth, it has been discovered, especially in cultivated soil, and they are extraordinarily long-lived, lying dormant for years, waiting for a chance to develop. Those rods you saw are only from five to fifteen thousandths of a millimeter long and not more than one-thousandth of a millimeter broad."

"You can't see them move here, because the air has paralyzed them. But these vibrios move among the corpuscles of the blood just as a snake moves through the grass, to quote Pasteur. If I colored them, you would see that each is covered with fine vibrating hairs three or four times as long as itself. At certain times, an oval mass forms in them. That is the spore, which lives so long and is so hard to kill. It was the spores that were on the bullet. They resist any temperature except comparatively high and prolonged ones, and even resist antiseptics for a long time. On the surface of a wound, they aren't so bad; but, deep in, they distill minute gas bubbles, puff up the surrounding tissues, and are almost impossible to combat."

I could only stare at him while the diabolical nature of the attack impressed itself on my mind. Some one had tried to murder Marlowe in this most hideous way. No need to be an accurate marksman when a mere scratch from such a bullet meant ultimate death anyhow.

Why had it been done, and where had the cultures come from? I realized fully

the difficulty of trying to trace them. Anyone could purchase germs, I knew. There was no law governing their sale.

Craig was at work again over his microscope. Again he looked up at me.

"Here, on this other film, I find the same sort of wisplike anaerobes," he announced. "There was the same thing on those pieces of glass that I got from that broken package that came to the hotel."

"Then it was Gavira who was receiving spores and cultures of the anaerobes!" I exclaimed excitedly.

"But that doesn't prove that it was he who used them," cautioned Craig, adding: "Not yet, at least. I think the best thing for us to do will be to run over to the Bellevue. I should like to see Marlowe again and, besides, there we can watch some of these people around him."

Marlowe was out when we arrived; in fact, had not yet returned from the yard. Nor had many of the guests remained at the hotel during the day. Most of them had been out sightseeing, though now they were returning, and, as they began to gather in the hotel parlor, Marjorie was again called on to put them at their ease.

Fitzhugh had returned, and had wasted no time in dressing and getting down-stairs again to be near Marjorie. Gavira also appeared, having been out on a case.

"I wish you would call up the shipyard, Walter," said Kennedy, as we stood in the lobby, where we could see best what was going on. "Tell Marlowe I would like to see him very urgently."

I found the number and entered a booth, but, as often happens, the telephone central was overwhelmed by the rush of early-evening calls, and the only satisfaction I got was that the line was busy. From where I stood, I could see that Kennedy was closely watching the little manicure, Rae Melzer.

A moment later, I saw Alma Hillman come out of the manicure shop, and before anyone else could get in, I saw Craig saunter over and enter.

I was so interested in what he was doing that, for the moment, I forgot about my call, and found myself unconsciously moving over in that direction, too. As I looked in, I saw that he was seated at the little white table, deep in conversation with the girl.

Once she turned to reach something on a shelf back of her. Quick as a flash, Kennedy abstracted a couple of the nearest implements, one being a nail-file and the other, I think, a brush.

A moment later, she resumed her work, Kennedy still talking and joking with her, though furtively observing.

"Where is my nail-file and brush?" I could imagine her saying, as she hunted for them in pretty confusion, aided by Kennedy, who, when he wanted to, could act the Fitzhugh and Gavira as well as they.

The implements were not to be found, and from a drawer she took another set.

Just then, Gavira passed, saw me, and smiled.

"Kennedy's cut you out," he laughed, catching a glimpse through the door. "Never mind; I used to think I had some influence there myself—till the captain



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came along. I tell you, these oldsters can give us points."

I laughed, too, and joined him down the hall, not because I cared what he thought but because his presence had reminded me of my original mission to call up Marlowe. However, I decided to postpone calling another moment and talk to the house-physician.

"Yes," I agreed; "I fancy the captain likes young people. He seems to enjoy being with them—Miss Hillman, for instance."

Gavira shot a sidelong glance at me.

"The Bellevue's a dangerous place for a wealthy widower," he returned. "I had some hopes in that direction myself, but the captain seems to leave us all at the post. Still, I suppose I may still be a brother to her—and physician. So, I should worry."

The impression I got of Gavira was that he enjoyed his freedom too much ever to fall in love, though an intimacy now and then with a clever girl like Alma Hillman was a welcome diversion.

"I'm sorry I shan't be able to be with you until late to-night," he said, as he paused at his office door. "I'm in the medical corps of the guard, and I promised to lecture to-night on gunshot wounds. Some of my material got smashed up, but I have my lantern-slides, anyhow. I'll try to see you all later, though."

Was that a clever attempt at confession and avoidance on his part, I wondered. But, then, I reflected he could not possibly know that we knew he had anaerobic microbes and spores in his possession. I had cleared up nothing, and I hastened to call up the shipyard again.

Whatever it was that was the matter, central seemed unable to get me my number. Instead, I found myself cut right into a conversation that did not concern me, evidently the fault of the hotel-switchboard operator. I was about to protest, when the words I heard stopped me in surprise. A man and a woman were talking, though I could not recognize the voices, and no names were used.

"I tell you I won't be a party to that launching scheme," I heard the man's voice say. "I told you that all along."

"Then you're going to desert us?" came back the woman's voice rather tartly. "It's for that girl—well, you'll regret it. I'll turn the whole organization on you—I will, you—you—"

The voices trailed off.

Whose were they? What did it mean?

Kennedy had finished with the manicure some time before and was waiting for me.

"I haven't been able to get Marlowe," I hastened, "but I've had an earful."

He listened keenly as I told him what I had heard, adding also about my encounter with Gavira.

"It's just as I thought," he muttered excitedly, under his breath.

"Well, anything new? I expected to hear from you, but haven't," boomed the deep voice of Marlowe, who had just come in. "No clue yet to my crank?"

Without a word, Kennedy drew Marlowe aside into a little deserted alcove.

"It's no crank," he whispered. "Marlowe, I am convinced that there is a concerted effort to destroy your plans for American commerce-building. There isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that it is more serious than you think—perhaps a

powerful group of European steamship men opposed to you. It is economic war!"

Half doubting, half convinced, Marlowe drew back. One after another, he shot a rapid fire of questions. Who, then, was their agent who had fired the shot? Who was it who had deserted, as I had heard over the wire? Above all, what was it they had planned for the launching? The deeper he got, the more the beads of perspiration came out of his sunburned forehead. The launching was only eighteen hours off, too, and ten of them were darkness. What could be done?

Kennedy's mind was working rapidly. "May I have your car to-night?" he asked.

"Have it? I'll give it to you if it'll do any good."

"I'll need it only a few hours. I think I have a scheme that will work perfectly—if you are sure you can guard the inside of the yard to-morrow."

"I'm sure of that. We spent hours to-day selecting picked men for the launching, going over everything."

Late as it was to start out of town, Craig drove across the bridge and out on Long Island, never stopping until we came to a small lake, around the shores of which he skirted, at last pausing before a huge, barnlike structure.

As the door swung open to the honking of his horn, the light which streamed forth shone on a sign above—"Sprague Aviation School." Inside, I could make out enough to be sure that it was an aeroplane hangar.

"Hello, Sprague!" called Kennedy, as a man appeared in the light.

The man came closer.

"Why, hello, Kennedy! What brings you out here at such an hour?"

Craig jumped from the car, and together the two went into the hangar, while I followed. They talked in low tones, but I could make out that Kennedy was hiring a hydroaeroplane for the morrow.

As Kennedy and his acquaintance, Sprague, came to terms, my eye fell on a peculiar gun set up in a corner. It had a tremendous cylinder about the barrel as though it contained some device to cool it. It was not a machine gun of the type I had seen, however, yet cartridges seemed to be fed to it from a disk, on which they were arranged radially, rather than from a band.

Kennedy had risen to go and looked about at me.

"Oh, a Lewis gun!" he exclaimed, seeing what I was looking at. "That's an idea! Sprague, can you mount that on the plane?"

Sprague nodded.

"That's what I have it here for," he returned. "I've been testing it. Why? Do you want it?"

"Indeed I do! I'll be out here early in the morning, Sprague."

Speeding back to the city, Kennedy laid out the program for me to follow on the morrow. Together we arranged an elaborate series of signals, and that night, late as it was, Craig returned to the laboratory, where he continued his studies with the microscope.

In spite of his late hours, it was Craig who awakened me in the morning, already prepared to motor out to the aviation school and meet Sprague.

Hastily he rehearsed our signals, which consisted mostly of dots and dashes in the

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Morse code, which Craig was to convey with a flag and I to receive with the aid of a powerful glass.

I must admit that I felt somewhat lost without Craig when, later in the morning, I took my place alone on the platform that had been built for the favored few of the launching-party at the bow of the huge Usona. Already, however, he had communicated at least a part of his plan to Marlowe, and the captain and Marjorie were among the first to arrive. Marjorie never looked prettier in her life than she did now, on the day when she was to christen the great liner.

They had scarcely greeted me when we heard a shout from the men down at the end of the ship that commanded a freer view of the river. We craned our necks and in a moment saw what it was. They had sighted the hydroaeroplane coming down the river.

I turned the glass on the mechanical bird as it soared closer. Already, Kennedy had seen us on the platform and had begun to signal as a test. At least a part of the suspense was over for me when I discovered that I could read what he sent.

So fixed had my attention been that I had not noticed that slowly the members of the launching-party had arrived, while other thousands of the less favored crowded into spaces set apart for them. On the stand now with us were Fitzhugh and Miss Hillman, while, between glances at Kennedy, I noticed little Rae Melzer over at the right, and Doctor Gavira, quite in his element, circulating about from one group to another.

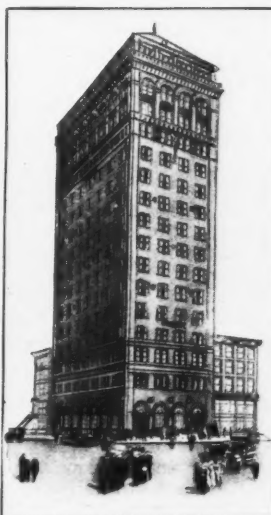
Down in the slip, the men were driving home the last of the huge oak wedges which lifted the great Usona from the blocks and transferred her weight to the launching-ways as a new support. All along the stationary or ground-ways and those which were to glide into the water with the cradle and the ship, trusted men were making the final examinations.

As the clock neared noon, which was high water approximately, all the preparatory work was done. Only the sole-pieces before us held the ship in place.

High overhead, floated the hydroaeroplane, on which I kept my eye fixed almost hypnotically. There was still no signal from Kennedy, however. What was it he was after? Did he expect to see the fast express cruiser lurking like a corsair about the islands of the river?

Men were quitting now the work of giving the last touches to the preparations. Some were placing immense jack-screws which were to give an initial impulse, if it were needed, to start the ship down the ways. Others were smearing the last heavy dabs of tallow, lard oil, and soft soap on the ways, and graphite where the ways stretched two hundred feet or so out into the water, for the ship was to travel some hundreds of feet on the land and in the water and perhaps an equal distance out beyond the end of the ways. Men now reported that everything was ready. Steadily the time of high water approached. "Saw the sole-pieces!" finally rang out the order.

That was a thing that must be done by two gangs, one on each side, and evenly, too. If one gang got ahead of the other, it must stop and let the second catch up. "Zip—zip—zip," came the shrill, ringing tone of the saws.



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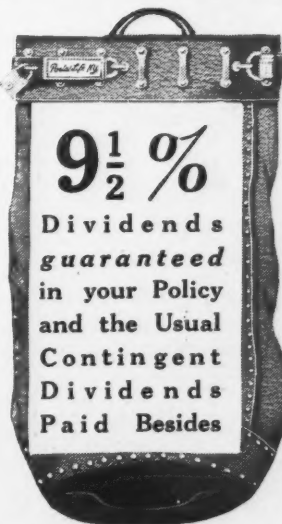
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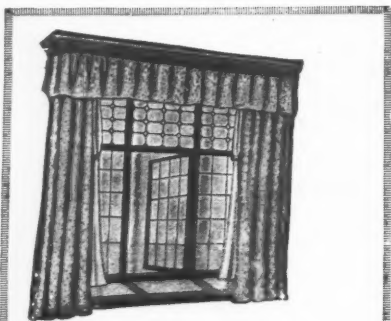
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Kennedy and Sprague were still circling overhead.

Suddenly, I saw Craig's flag waving frantically. A muffled exclamation came from my lips involuntarily. Marlowe, who had been watching me, leaned closer.

"What is it?" he whispered hoarsely. "Stop them!" I shouted.

At a hurried order from Marlowe, the gangs quit. A hush fell over the crowd.

Kennedy was circling down now until, at last, the air-boat rested on the water and skimmed along toward the ways.

Out on the ways, as far as they were not yet submerged, some men ran, as if to meet him, but Kennedy began signaling frantically again.

"He wants them to keep back!" I called, and the word was passed down the length of the ship.

Instead of coming to rest before the slip, the plane turned and went away, making a complete circle, then came to rest.

To the surprise of everyone, the rapid, staccato bark of the Lewis gun broke the silence. Kennedy was evidently firing—but at what? There was nothing in sight.

Suddenly there came a tremendous detonation, which made even the launching slip tremble, and a huge column of water rose in the air about eight hundred feet out in the river in front of us.

The truth flashed over us in an instant. There, ten feet or so in the dark water out in the river, Craig had seen a huge circular object, visible only against a sandy bottom from the hydroaeroplane above as the sun-rays were reflected through the water. It was a contact submarine mine.

Marlowe looked at me, his face almost pale. The moment the great hulk of the Usona in its wild rush to the river would have hit that mine, tilting it, she would have sunk in a blast of flame.

The air-boat now headed for the shore, and a few moments later, as Craig climbed into our stand, Marlowe seized him in congratulation too deep for words.

"Is it all right?" sang out one of the men in the gangs, less impressionable than the rest.

"If there is still water enough," nodded Craig.

Again the order to saw away the sole-pieces was given, and the gangs resumed. "Zip—zip," again went the two saws.

There was a crashing and rending as the timbers broke away.

Marjorie Marlowe, alert, swung the bottle of champagne in its silken net on a silken cord, and it crashed on the bow as she cried gleefully,

"I christen thee Usona!"

Down the ship slid, with a slow, gliding motion at first, rapidly gathering headway. As her stern sank and finally the bow dipped into the water, cheers broke forth.

Wedges, sliding-ways, and other parts of the cradle floated to the surface. The tide took the ship, and tugs crept up and pulled her to the place selected for temporary mooring. A splash of a huge anchor, and there she rode—safe!

In the revulsion of feeling, every eye on the platform turned involuntarily to Kennedy. Marlowe, still holding his hand, was speechless. Marjorie leaned forward, almost hysterical.

"Just a moment," called Craig, as some

turned to go down, "there is just one thing more!"

There was a hush as the crowd pressed close.

"There's a conspiracy here," rang out Craig's voice boldly, "a foreign-trade war. From the start, I suspected something, and I tried to reason it out. Having failed to stop the work, failed to kill Marlowe—what was left? Why, the launching! How? I knew of that motor-boat. What else could they do with it? I thought of recent tests that have been made with express cruisers as mine-planters. Could that be the scheme? The air-boat scheme occurred to me late last night. It at least was worth trying. You see what has happened. Now for the reckoning. Who was the plotters' agent? I have something here that will interest you."

Kennedy was speaking rapidly. It was one of those occasions in which his soul delighted. Quickly he drew a deft contrast between the infinitely large hulk of the Usona as compared to the infinitely small bacteria which he had been studying the day before. Suddenly he drew forth from his pocket the bullet that had been fired at Marlowe; then, to the surprise of even myself, he quietly laid a delicate little nail-file and brush in the palm of his hand beside the bullet.

A suppressed cry from Rae Melzer caused me to recollect the file and brush she had missed.

"Just a second!" raced on Kennedy. "On this file and brush I found spores of those deadly anaerobes—dead, killed by heat and an antiseptic, perhaps a one-per-cent. solution of carbolic acid at blood-heat, ninety-eight degrees—dead, but nevertheless there. I suppose the microscopic examination of finger-nail deposits is too minute a thing to appeal to most people. But it has been practically applied in a number of criminal cases in Europe. Ordinary washing and even cleansing don't alter microscope findings. In this case, this trifling clue is all that leads to the real brain of this plot, literally to the hand that directed it." He paused a moment. "Yesterday I found that anaerobe cultures were being received by some one in the Bellevue, and—"

"They were stolen from me. Some one must have got into my office, where I was studying them."

Doctor Gavira had pressed forward earnestly, but Craig did not pause again.

"Who were these agents sent over to wage this secret war at any cost?" he repeated. "One of them, I know now, fell in love with the daughter of the man against whom he was to plot."

Marjorie cast a furtive glance at Fitzhugh.

"Love has saved him. But the other? To whom do these deadly germs point? Who dumfounded and poisoned the bullet? Whose own fingers, in spite of antiseptics and manicures, point inexorably to a guilty self?"

Rae Melzer could restrain herself no longer. She was looking at the file and brush as if with a hideous fascination.

"They are mine—you took them!" she cried impulsively. "It was she—always having her nails manicured—she who had been there just before—she—Alma Hill-man!"

The next **Craig Kennedy** story, **The Rubber Dagger**, will appear in the December issue.

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## The Moon-Maker

(Continued from page 40)

had known about it. They nodded their heads, averring that it would be the same way with this asteroid business that everybody was shouting about. Anyhow, there was no use worrying yet a while. But, in spite of these octogenarian wisecracks, by the first of April, the population of Canada had increased, at the expense of the United States, by twenty million people, and, as the weeks passed and the new green star burned brighter every night, people began to ask each other why something was not done—why the Ring did not start upon its journey.

Unmindful of the conflicting emotions which he inspired, Bennie Hooker quietly and calmly went about his work, with no thought of posing as a modern Perseus about to attack and slay a fiery Medusa.

### IV

At last, the great day—the greatest day in the scientific history of mankind—dawned clear and still. Not a cloud broke the calm continuity of the blue. It seemed almost as if one could actually see into the distant infinity of space—whither the newspapers all said it was Professor Hooker's genuine intention to go. These papers also announced that it was the purpose of the space-flyer ("aviator" being an obviously inaccurate *descriptio personæ*) to wait until the earth's revolution upon its axis should bring the asteroid directly above the Ring, thus avoiding the necessity, once he had started, of altering the direction of flight. This would not occur until about midnight.

Bennie had packed his valise and, accompanied by Atterbury and Burke, had reached the field at an early hour. The machinery had been given its final test, and fresh provisions taken on board. All was in readiness for the flight. But would the machine fly? That was the question. It had flown once, to be sure, but would it fly again? No one could tell.

The Ring had been raised on a rough trestle of timbers to facilitate the start by furnishing a path for the escape of the air vortex carried down by the blast from the tractor. The steel fence which had been built around the machine had been removed, and a barbed-wire enclosure, over a quarter-mile in diameter, had been thrown around the Ring, this being the danger-zone, as calculated from observations of the destruction wrought at the golf-links when the Ring landed. By three o'clock, there was closely packed outside of this barrier a dense mass of humanity, estimated at not less than two hundred and fifty thousand persons.

These remained, patiently waiting for that sight which no more than half a dozen pairs of eyes had ever seen before. At eight o'clock, a heavy limousine pushed its way through the crowd, was admitted by the guards, and rumbled its way across the field to the foot of the landing-ladder below the great cylinder, and from it emerged President Thomas, of the National Institute; Professor Evarts, of the Observatory, Mr. and Mrs. Benthams T. Tassifer, and their niece, Miss Rhoda Gibbs, over whose shoulder was slung a

small camera. At the honk of the horn, Bennie appeared at the air-lock, turned on an electric light at the head of the wooden stairway which led up the side of the scaffolding, and welcomed his guests, one by one, as they made the unaccustomed ascent to bid farewell to the "Columbus of the Universe," as Professor Hooker was now half sarcastically called by the newspapers. Inside, the chart-room was warm and brilliantly lighted. The last extras containing "full accounts" of the preparations for the trip into space lay upon the center-table—preparations of which the world, except the three men themselves, knew nothing. In fact, these three had so fully tested each piece of apparatus, so carefully made all their preparations down to the minutest detail, that they had only to fasten the air-lock, throw over the switch connected with the dynamo, and their journey would be begun without more ado. Indeed, the visitors felt that, after their struggles with the crowd outside the gate, it was almost an anticlimax to find the three so calmly facing the prospect of a flight into eternity, and, after a few moments' conversation, shook hands and prepared to depart. The clock pointed to nineteen minutes to nine. The start was to take place precisely at eight-fifty. At the bottom, they all stopped and looked up. Bennie waved his hand to them.

"Good luck!" shouted Tassifer. "Don't stay away too long!"

Then they turned to the waiting motor and began to climb in. Hooker, somewhat unnerved, in spite of himself, at seeing the last, as he feared, of Rhoda, withdrew quickly through the air-lock into the chart-room. It was now eight-forty-seven—only three minutes more! Atterbury had gone into the condenser-room. Burke was at his post in the control-room.

"Are you both ready?" called Bennie.

"Ready!" answered Atterbury.

"Ready!" came the cheery voice of Burke.

Down below, the party had all squeezed into the motor except Rhoda—who stopped with her foot on the steps.

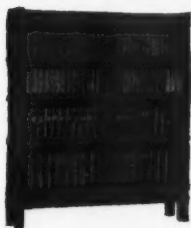
"Oh dear, I forgot to leave the films!" she exclaimed. "Don't wait. I'll just run up the ladder and then hustle after you to the gate."

The chauffeur started the motor. Above her towered the gleaming cylinder of aluminum. What if the air-lock had been finally closed? No; the ladder had yet to be replaced. Hurriedly she climbed up and entered the lock. The door into the chart-room was ajar, and she could see Bennie as he walked to the door of the control-room to ask if all was ready. Swinging it wide enough to slip through, she threw herself on the floor in the shadow of one of the long wicker easy chairs. Bennie turned, glanced at his watch, and, stepping to the lock, hauled up the ladder and closed and clamped both doors. For a moment, he stood under the big lamp, its white light shading the big hollows beneath his eyes, the tense lines about his mouth. No wonder that his face was drawn! He was about to speak the word that would sever—perhaps for all eternity—their connection with the earth.

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"Rhoda!" he murmured, unconscious of her presence.

An impulse almost overcame her to cry out to him, to beseech him not to set forth upon this crazy if marvelous adventure. But before she could speak, Burke appeared in the doorway.

"Well," he said, "everything's ready. What are you waiting for?"

Bennie pulled himself together with a jerk, walked over to the window, and looked out and up into the sky.

"It looks all-fired dark and cold up there," he muttered.

Then, turning, he caught Burke's eye, and the latter smiled.

"Well, that's where we're goin', ain't it?" inquired the aviator.

Bennie set his teeth and walked over to the speaking-tube which communicated with the condenser-room.

"All right, Atterbury!" he called sharply. "Turn her loose!"

V

THE gate of the entanglement opened just enough to permit the exit of the motor bearing the irate Tassifers, and was instantly closed behind it. But once outside, it was impossible to proceed further, for the crowd had now swelled to such proportions that it absolutely blocked all movement.

"We're stuck—and that's all there is about it. They might just as well have let us stay inside," scolded Mrs. Tassifer. "We might as well make up our minds to stop right here and see whatever is to be seen. Don't let those men climb on the roof of the car, Bentham. Just look at them!"

Tassifer had caught out of the corner of his eye the dangling ends of a pair of trousers supplemented by a heavy pair of mud-covered shoes swaying outside the window of the limousine.

"Here you! Come down out of that!" he roared, grabbing at the legs and loosening the owner from his perch. "If anybody's going to sit up there, I'm going to! I paid for this car."

The man landed heavily amid the jeers of the onlookers, and Bentham, opening the door, climbed on the driver's seat and swung himself up to the roof. Here, at a height of nine feet above the crowd, he had a magnificent view on all sides.

The great bulk of the Ring loomed dark in the moonlight. High in the heavens, a little east of the meridian and not far from the red-flushed planet Mars, Medusa shone with a pale, greenish light. It was easy for a trained eye to pick it out, though it was not a conspicuous object, even at its present distance of less than two million miles.

"Speech! Speech!" yelled the spectators, instinctively recognizing that Bentham was a ridiculous person.

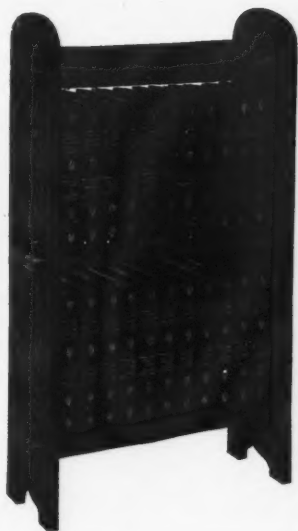
"Shut up!" he retorted, in his most aggressive manner, and somehow suggesting a fugitive cat on a fence. "Mind your own business!"

"Hooray!" cheered the crowd unanimously. "Speech!"

Tassifer glowered at them mutely. There was nothing to throw.

"Don't mind them, Bentham," came plaintively from within the car.

He might have jumped on their heads—committed any degree of manslaughter—



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had not a sudden murmur directed his attention toward the Ring.

A dull purring sound filled the air.

Then Tassifer grabbed at his tall hat.

A rush of wind spread out from the center of the field, carrying caps, newspapers, and other light objects over the heads of the onlookers. The purring sound increased in volume, and presently a faint glow appeared at the top of the tripod, and a yellow beam of light shot down through the center of the Ring, throwing the cross-beams of the wooden scaffolding into bright relief. The wind increased to a gale, and dust filled the air. The ground shook under the impact of the yellow blast of helium which drove down from the tractor with a roar like that of a Niagara. Through the whirling clouds of dust,

Tassifer caught a glimpse of what appeared to be the sudden explosion of the scaffolding—great timbers and joists flying through the air, followed by the collapse of the entire structure, which fell with a crash and was promptly torn to pieces, blown apart, and scattered over the ground by the typhoon, which whirled in every direction from the middle of the aerodrome. The Ring, though deprived of all support, did not fall, however—it remained suspended, as it were, in the air—nay, it was rising, slowly and majestically at first, like a balloon, and then faster, with the rush and roar of a rocket. Ten seconds, and it had risen a hundred feet. A minute, and it had soared two-thirds of a mile above the field. And then it darted up, up and almost out of sight, leaving a fading streak behind it like that of a shooting-star.

"Gee whiz!" gasped Tassifer. "Hooky!"

Even his associate solicitors in the Department of Justice, had they heard, would have forgiven him. It was an echo of his ejaculation at his first infantile vision of an elephant.

A white mass of faces followed the upward lift and rush of the Ring, which now, with its trail of yellow light, was vanishing toward the moon, its roar but faintly audible amid the extraordinary silence of the multitude. Then, nothing could be heard. The Ring, now at a height of eighteen miles, was in an atmosphere so rarified as to transmit no sound.

Suddenly Mrs. Tassifer's face appeared in the aperture below.

"What do you suppose has become of Rhoda?" she inquired.

## VI

LESS than a mile away, Professor Thornton stood at his window in the observatory watching for the burst of light which, if it came, would indicate to him that the Ring had started upon its flight into space. He had already been to the equatorial-room and revolved its

dome until the mouth of the great telescope pointed in the general direction which the Ring would presumably take. Medusa was almost at the zenith, her pale-green light somewhat dimmed by the light of the full moon, which blazed in the sky a few degrees to the east of the asteroid. He glanced at the clock. It was already quarter to nine. Perhaps Hooker might not start on time, after all. Something might go wrong with the complicated anatomy of the machine; some unexpected delay might occur—in which event he, Thornton, would not be notified and would wait at the telescope vainly searching the heavens while, perhaps, the Ring would suddenly start on its flight—the direction slightly altered from that as originally planned—and he would

miss it altogether. So he returned to his office to observe with the naked eye the departure of the Ring, note its general direction, and make sure of getting it in the finder of the telescope.

For Thornton had never doubted that the Ring would start. He had known Hooker, boy and man, for nearly thirty years, knew that he was a practical as well as a

brilliant scientist, and, when Pax had threatened to knock the earth topsyturvy, had himself been the one to rout the professor out of his scholastic seclusion on the Appian Way in Cambridge, and stimulate him to those investigations which shortly resulted in the discovery of the valley of the Ring in Ungava and the navigation of the air-craft back to the United States.

Thornton did not question the ability of Hooker and his comrades to navigate space in the great machine, or the power of the lavender ray to destroy Medusa or any other heavenly body. What he feared was the unknown factor of chance, always arising when an experiment is hazarded under new conditions. What did they know of space? Would their liquid-air tanks accomplish their purpose? What would be the effect of the complex and opposing forces of attraction to which, once outside the sphere of the earth's gravitation, this new man-made meteor would be exposed? Could the Ring be "turned" so as properly to alight? Would it turn? Would the human organs function under these extraordinary artificial conditions? Would, in fact, the brain work properly or logically when no natural premises were left from which to reason? Well, they would see! But the Ring would start! Oh, yes, it would start—and its departure would be caught on the film of the automatic moving-picture astronomical camera attached to the big telescope—provided, of course, that he succeeded in following its meteoric flight.

The observatory stood on the top of a small hill, and, from his window, Thornton could see across a sea of tumultuous housetops, colorless in the moonlight, to a dark strip where lay the aerodrome.

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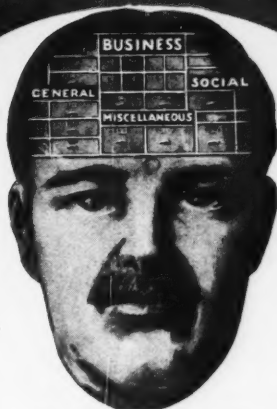
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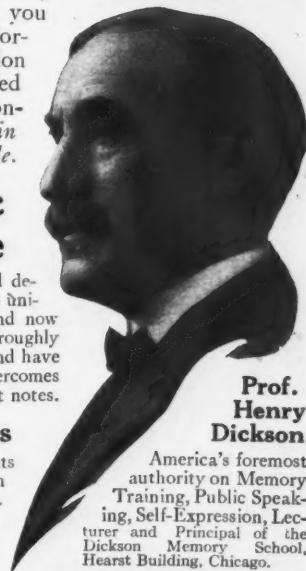
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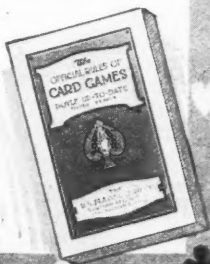
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He raised his eyes and gazed up through the heavens, that looked almost like a field of pale-blue corn-flowers sprinkled with a myriad of daisies, into the deeper blue of the infinity behind and beyond the Milky Way, just as he had looked through his big telescope now for nearly thirty years. That vast, blue-black arch had always looked the same—save for the slight changes in the celestial bodies themselves which were his life-study. Blue, deep blue, and still deeper blue—flash! Suddenly the heavens were no longer blue but dazzling white. The silence of night was shattered by a roar from the sky above the aerodrome. The Ring! It was off!

Half blinded by the glare, he rushed to the equatorial-room. Already the intense brilliancy had died away, but through the yawning gap in the roof he caught a glimpse of a fast-fading streak of yellow light. Toward this streak, he turned the telescope—but it was no longer there! Upward again—and then, at last, he caught it in the finder—a glowing dot—and brought the cross-wire upon it—only to lose it, so rapid was its flight. Once more, and a third time, he caught it on the cross-thread, but it passed out of the field of the larger instrument before he could shift the position. A fear that he would never succeed in bringing the giant lenses to bear upon it seized him. He knew that if he could not pick it up within the first few minutes, it would be hopeless to find it.

Then, unexpectedly, there it was—slowly descending into the field of the telescope, its yellow beam pointing directly upward. For a moment, he almost forgot that the astronomical telescope inverts the object. Once more he fixed his eye at the finder. He could see distinctly the under surface of the Ring, illuminated by the light of the glowing gas which streamed beneath it, while the blinding glow of the helium jet, seen nearly end-on, looked like a great ball of fire in its center. It reminded him forcibly of the planet Saturn. Was it possible that his old friend Bennie Hooker, with two companions, was inside of that minute, flaming pellet?

Momentarily it grew smaller. The minutes passed; the hour came and went, and still Thornton stuck at his post. At nine-fifty, all that he could see was a faint wisp of pale-yellow light, like an almost invisible comet. He estimated that it would remain visible for perhaps fifteen minutes more, and then—good-by!

Suddenly, to his utter amazement, it commenced to fade, and in eight or ten seconds more it vanished. He wiped his glasses and anxiously looked again. There was no sign of the Ring whatever. He glanced up at the sky over the telescope, but it bore no trace of cloud. The Ring had been completely swallowed up in the abyss of space!

"Good God," he thought, "something has gone wrong, and they are falling back!"

He did not know that the Ring was at that moment flying out into space with a velocity of over twenty miles a second, and that Hooker had stopped his driving machinery and was depending upon the momentum of his machine to carry him over the remainder of his journey—in other words, that he was coasting out to his encounter with the asteroid Medusa.

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green document, and, as he saw the name of the previous owner of that one share, he stiffened and glared at J. Rufus Wallingford. That gentleman, smiling pleasantly, had drawn a chair up to the table, and was lighting a fat black cigar with perfect content. The remaining eleven divided their attention between the beaming stranger and the green document, as President Harding passed the latter, without comment, to Cyrus Puntington. Mr. Puntington glanced at the document and passed it on to his right-hand neighbor, without comment, and glared at J. Rufus Wallingford. Henry Hopper was less conservative. He was a small, quick, dark man, a finger-thumper by temperament, and he had no more than laid eyes on the certificate than he said,

"Brown's!"

The glare became immediately general.

"I got this to say," observed a smooth, high-pitched voice: "I don't want any more trouble." And Nathaniel Rosengage mopped his round brow.

"Gentlemen!" Mr. Wallingford rose, and expanded his broad chest. "I am here in the interest of peace. I am a professional discounter. I purchased Mr. Brown's share of stock in order to make you a proposition. I understand that the Ming Antique Rug Company is about to dissolve. Is this true?"

President Harding affixed his eye-glasses firmly, and Cyrus Puntington said, "Ughum," preparatory to immediate speech; but Nathaniel Rosengage was quicker than either with,

"Well, we wouldn't exactly say."

"For the sake of argument," continued Wallingford, "we'll assume that you are. You have in the treasury, I believe, some fifty-two thousand dollars."

Everybody looked at Mr. Rosengage. By silent consent, he had become the chairman.

"Well, maybe so. Just for the sake of argument, what then?"

"I'll buy that fifty-two thousand-odd dollars. In other words, I'll take up your stock pro rata, and, with your attorney, will conclude the dissolution myself. It's a fair discounting proposition. I'm prepared to give you the money at once."

"Oh, well"—the self-appointed chairman was relieved in his mind—"if that's it, it's different. Now it's a case of how much you want to pay for the stock."

"Forty-eight, gentlemen," offered Mr. Wallingford suavely. "The expenses of dissolving and of cleaning up current bills will about eat up the two-thousand-odd, leaving fifty thousand in your treasury. So your stock's worth fifty. I'll only make two thousand on my investment, and run the risk of legal interference."

Henry Hopper, who sold happy homes on the instalment plan, and usually resold them until they dropped apart, was even quicker at figures than Mr. Rosengage.

"Two per cent. a month," he announced. "That's twenty-four per cent. a year. Pretty soft!"

"Gentlemen, I think we can carry this for twenty-four per cent. ourselves," whanged Pete Wills, who talked through his nose, and pinched the edge of the table, "Mr. Wallingford, what's behind this?"

"Twenty-four per cent.," smiled Mr. Wallingford. "Or, rather, put it this way: I'm willing to lay out my money to earn a thousand a month for two months—that's enough to pay my expenses." And the stockholders looked at him. He did seem to be an enormous expense to himself.

President Harding removed his eye-glasses, polished them, and put them on. "There are other assets here"—and he focused severely on the purchaser of Tabasco Brown's one share—"patents and machinery."

Mr. Wallingford laughed heartily.

"We will dispense with tossing the bunk. If your patents and machinery were worth a rap, you wouldn't be dissolving. You've tried to dispose of them before this, as I can see by your guilt as I mention it. Moreover, you have a suit to evade and a lease on this shop to get rid of."

There was a general wince, and President Harding's eye-glasses squeezed off.

"There's something behind this!" whanged Pete Wills, pinching the table-edge until his thumb nail turned white.

"Maybe so." Nathaniel Rosengage had been silently figuring all this while. "Maybe so, gentlemen; but a dollar in my hand is worth two dollars in somebody else's hand—unless, of course, I know he's going to pay it to me. But the way I look at it's this: When I been a sucker and got stung, I can take my money what's left and do something else with it better than stay around where I lost it and lose my appetite. This gentleman's proposition looks fair and square to me, and I'm glad to see him make a little money. I'll sell him my stock right this minute—at forty-nine."

The professional discounter roused himself and smiled.

"I said forty-eight," he pleasantly repeated. "Suppose I put that as a motion."

"I don't need any motion," immediately stated Mr. Rosengage, smiling at Wallingford ingratiatingly. There was an empty chair by the side of the professional discounter, and Mr. Rosengage took that. He produced a green document from his pocket and spread it out. "Mine's all in one certificate, so it's handy," he explained.

"Two hundred shares—a fifth of the company—twenty thousand dollars' worth. You give me your certified check for nine thousand, eight hundred dollars—" A spasm of pain came over his rounded features. "By golly! I lose ten thousand two hundred dollars!"

At last! A thump on the door! A man followed the knock, and stood, hat in hand, so glistening in his bald-headedness that, for a moment, he seemed to dazzle the eye.

"Excuse me, gentlemen—nobody in the office out there. I'm O. O. Jones. Looks like a board meeting." And he was highly pleased with himself for that deduction.

President Harding took off his eye-glasses to frown.

"It is," he stated severely.

"I won't take but a minute," announced O. O. Jones, coming to the corner of the table, where the sunlight gleamed on him and his head blazed yellow. "Heard you was going out of business, and I'm looking for bargains. Got any sandal twine?"

Sandal twine! The entire board, awoke to that phrase. Sandal twine!





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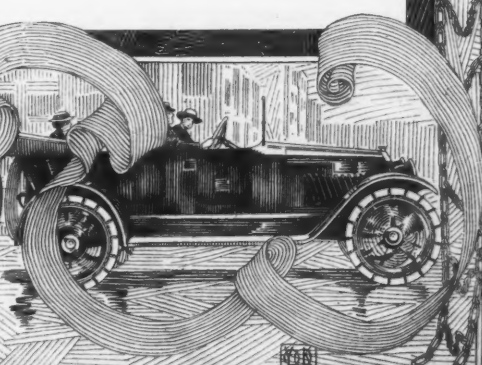
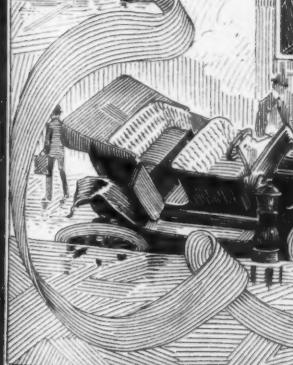
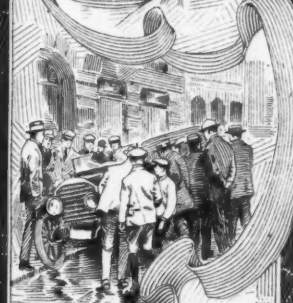
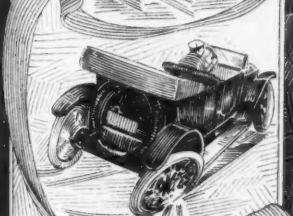
My chance!

Our car is crowded—the asphalt slip-  
pery—treacherous. A strange car skids  
fearfully across our path—the driver  
white-faced.

I sense the brakes—jammed cruelly  
hard. A heart-breaking interval—a  
super-mechanical effort—but I am  
forged to hold. My driver knows me—  
I never fail him.

A morbid crowd is staring at the  
strange car—twisted freakishly against  
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driver out—carefully.

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"How much will you pay?" J. Rufus Wallingford rose to ask this.

"Seventy-five cents a pound."

"Not enough!" And Wallingford sat down. "I know where I can get you a thousand pounds, but it's worth a dollar a pound."

"Wouldn't bother with it." O. O. Jones swaggered. "I want two or three car-loads at least—that is, at a bargain price. If I can't get a bargain price, I don't want any. I ain't in business for my health. How much have you fellows got?"

"We ain't exactly prepared to say," stated Rosengage. "Mr. Jones, we got a little private business to transact. Suppose you go in the other room and wait."

"All right," agreed O. O. Jones carelessly; "but I want you fellows to understand that my time's valuable."

There was breathless silence until the door was closed; then every member leaned forward.

"I know where there's a fellow got a hundred thousand pounds of that stuff," rapidly announced Rosengage, his round forehead shining. "I—"

"The Chinaman!" interrupted Cyrus Puntington.

"Wun Lun Lo!" whanged Pete Wills. "Say, he offered it to me for—"

"Fifty cents a pound!" interposed Henry Hopper.

"Wun Lun Lo," repeated J. Rufus Wallingford thoughtfully. "Do any of you gentlemen happen to know his address?"

"Well, you got a nerve!" was the indignant exclamation of Nathaniel Rosengage, and, catching sight of the green stock-certificate lying in front of him, he hastily put it into his pocket.

"I thought there was something behind this Wallingford offer," whanged Pete Wills. "I suppose you'd like to make the profit on that twine?"

"Why not?" Mr. Wallingford expanded his broad chest at Pete Wills.

"Looking for chances to invest my money is my regular business."

"You ain't got any monopoly on that," observed Mr. Rosengage. "Now, gentlemen, I got a scheme to propose. Ben, did that feller with the Chinaman see you?"

"I have been waiting for an opportunity to lay this offer before the board," replied President Harding, now holding an open letter in his hand. "This document was given me by the gentleman whom, presumably, Mr. Rosengage mentions. It reads as follows:

"MING ANTIQUE RUG COMPANY,

"HONORABLE GENTLEMEN: I herby offer you, for immediate cash, one hundred thousand pounds of sandal twine, at fifty cents per pound, f. o. b. Hoboken, New Jersey. Yours obediently,  
 WUN LUN LO."

He passed that letter about, so that each member could see it in the original Chinese, with the translation at the side of the neat columns of chicken-tracks. When the document came to J. Rufus Wallingford, that gentleman inspected it with a purposeful eye and immediately reached for his note-book.

"No you don't!" exclaimed Henry Hopper. "If there's any deal in sandal twine, that's the legitimate and normal business of this company."

Mr. Wallingford looked about at the

board in grave reproach as he read on their faces a unanimous agreement with Henry Hopper.

"As a stockholder of this company, I protest!" he declared. "The company has already taken preliminary steps toward dissolution and is not an operative concern; consequently, as a stockholder, I maintain that this company has no right to enter on any new transactions."

"Say, for what have we got a lawyer?" yelled Nathaniel Rosengage. "If what we're going to do to get back some of our money ain't legal, it's got to be made legal! Now here's what I say, Mr. President: I'm going to make a motion. We keep this man Jones on the string till we telegraph Wun Lun Lo if his offer is still open. Then we make our bargain with this Jones, buy that sandal twine, and make twenty-five thousand dollars before we dissolve. That makes our stock seventy-five cents on the dollar instead of fifty. And that's better than letting a stranger make twenty-four per cent. a year on our money. Is there any second to that motion?" There were ten.

#### IV

THE one-share stockholder was not in the special meeting when they received the telegram from Wun Lun Lo that his hundred thousand pounds of sandal twine was still for sale, for immediate cash, at fifty cents a pound.

The one-share stockholder was not at the special meeting, three days later, when, after having spent all that time in a feverish search for O. O. Jones, the Ming Antique Rug Company sold to Mr. Jones, on severely binding contract, one hundred thousand pounds of sandal twine at seventy-five cents per pound, and exacted a five-thousand-dollar advance-payment, and wired Wun Lun Lo that his offer was accepted.

The one-share stockholder was at the special meeting, however, two days after that, when a tall, lean gentleman with down-pointing black mustaches, walked into the board-room, wearing a gold-embroidered silk jacket, a gold-embroidered cap, gold-embroidered slippers, and a jade thumb-ring. He was violently redolent of the odor of sandalwood oil.

"How!" greeted the lean and lanky gentleman, folding his hands across his silk jacket, and bowing straight from the hips and seating himself amongst their midst. "I am B. Daw."

A look of relief rested on the countenances of every stockholder but one; and that one was J. Rufus Wallingford. He shot at B. Daw a glance which glittered and scintillated, and his scowl was a revelation in minute muscular contractions.

"Ug-ghum." Cyrus Puntington actually smiled as he cleared his throat. "The agent for Wun Lun Lo, gentlemen." And he looked at each of his fellow stockholders in pleasure.

"No." B. Daw smoothed his down-pointing black mustaches. "I am B. Daw only. Wun Lun Lo has gone back to China."

"So that's why we didn't hear from him when we wired to accept his offer!" Henry Hopper was beating a tune with eight fingers and two thumbs on his edge of the table.



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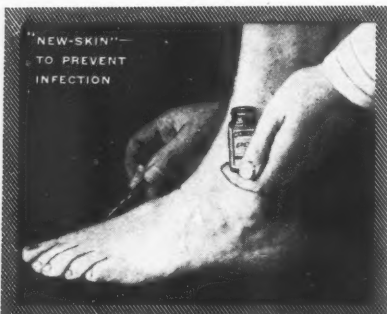
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"Mr. Wallingford," husked Rosengage in J. Rufus' ear, "I want to talk to you in the next room. I got to hurry. I got a business engagement. I made up my mind to sell you that twine for forty-eight. Maybe I'll sell for forty-five!"

"Where is that Chinaman's sandal twine?" whanged Pete Wills, and every stockholder bent forward eagerly.

"In Hoboken," replied B. Daw. "I bought it on Tuesday."

"And we wired Wednesday," mumbled James P. Dibbel, of the Dibbel City Bank. A green pallor had settled on Mr. Dibbel.

"Mr. Wallingford!"

"Useless, Rosengage," said J. Rufus kindly.

"The sandal twine is still for sale," observed B. Daw. "I trust that you gentlemen still wish to buy it."

"Maybe so, maybe not," hastily spoke up Nathaniel. He turned to President Harding with sudden hope. "Say, Ben, how quick can we dissolve this company?"

President Harding polished and polished and polished his eye-glasses, and put them on and frowned them off.

"Speaking as your legal adviser," he finally rasped, "I am bound to say that we cannot dissolve as long as we have unsatisfied obligations."

"Wait a minute!" whanged Pete Wills. "We can go into bankruptcy."

Again a painful silence, while Harding, elected to the presidency because he was a lawyer, polished his eye-glasses.

"Not so long as we have sufficient assets to meet our liabilities."

"Mosche, mosche!" groaned a voice, and a pudgy palm mopped at a moist, round forehead. "And I thought we had a lawyer that could find laws!"

"Wait a minute!" broke in the genial voice of J. Rufus Wallingford. "We haven't heard Mr. Daw's price. What is your price, Mr. Daw?"

"Gow!" speculated B. Daw, gazing at the ceiling, and his right forefinger went up. "King wing bing ki yi yip zip." His left forefinger went up, and his right forefinger came down.

"I asked you what your price was!" exploded J. Rufus, all his bad temper jumping into evidence—not a beam in his eye, not a jovial wrinkle in his face anywhere. B. Daw lowered his gaze from the ceiling, and sat serene.

"One one."

"Talk United States!" roared Wallingford, almost beside himself with aggravation. "What do you suppose we can make out of 'wun wun'?"

"Why, one one, you big chunk!" retorted Blackie, smoothing his mustaches straight up. "One dollar and one cent! That's the price per pound of my sandal twine. Do you want it?"

"Well, I wouldn't say so," hurriedly exclaimed the self-appointed chairman. "Say, B. Daw, we got a little private business to do. Suppose you go in the other room and wait."

"Yip!" returned B. Daw agreeably, and, rising, he pulled from his pocket a crimson handkerchief. J. Rufus, who loathed perfumes, and sandalwood in particular, turned pale and threw open a window. Also, he opened the door for B. Daw and slammed it behind him.

"Well, gentlemen, you're stung!" announced J. Rufus, turning crisply to the crestfallen board. "You may recall

I tried to keep you from going into this fool deal; and I wish you to recall that I was not present at any meeting in which you transacted the business. Furthermore, —"

"I got enough!" interrupted Nathaniel, his face convulsed with pain. "I guess I know when I'm stung, without anybody should tell me."

"Here's the figures." Henry Hoppery was a specialist on lightning calculations. "We lose twenty-six thousand dollars if we fulfil our contract with O. O. Jones."

"What we got a lawyer for a president for?" plaintively inquired Nathaniel.

"To know the law," explained J. Rufus Wallingford.

"Thank you, sir," said the president, affixing his eye-glasses firmly, and nodding his approval at Wallingford. Ben Harding, like J. Rufus, had only one share of stock. "I am bound to state, gentlemen, that there is no possible way to evade our contract with Mr. Jones."

V

"No, Mr. Rosengage," refused J. Rufus blandly; "I have purchased all the stock for which I care. I bought fifty-one per cent. You held out too long."

"Fifty-one per cent!" The sudden color of Nathaniel's face was that of a Manzanilla olive. "Who did you buy out?"

"Oh, just the little fellows," explained Wallingford; "the silent members—those who did none of the talking and none of the fighting. They saved at least some of their money."

Mr. Rosengage sat down, and placed a pudgy hand above his middle vest button. He would have no appetite that day.

"Good-morning, Mr. Wills." J. Rufus was quite like a master of ceremonies. "Good-morning, Mr. Hoppery — Mr. Puntington."

Silently they filed in, and glumly took their places. In the outer office, they had met a reminder of their uncomfortable errand. B. Daw, in a proper silk hat, and a proper black Prince Albert encasing his lean and lank anatomy, sat there, smoking a cigarette. Beside him sat O. O. Jones. Mr. Dibbel came in presently and joined the silence, and then President Harding, with his portfolio.

"I suppose we might as well get to work, gentlemen," said the president briskly, as he opened his portfolio. "I understand that there have been some changes in the ownership of the stock, and presume that we have a quorum."

"Not yet," objected Mr. Wallingford. He was a trifle nervous this morning, and kept looking at the door.

Even as he looked, it opened with a bang, and there stood Tabasco Brown, grinning with savage triumph.

"Well," he boomed; "the quorum's here! Transfer this stock to my name, Harding. Come in, Jackson. R. B. Jackson, a friend of mine, gentlemen. Mr. Jackson—Mr. Harding, Mr. Dibbel, Mr. Puntington, Mr. Wills, Mr. Hoppery, Mr. Rosengage, Mr. Wallingford. Transfer Jackson's stock, Harding." And he threw down the certificate.

The faces of the remaining stockholders, were a study in surprise and chagrin; and, in the midst of the pall, a pudgy hand gripped the sleeve of J. Rufus.

# ALEXANDER the GREAT Ordered Shaving to Ensure VICTORY



**S**HORTLY before marching against Darius, Alexander the Great chanced to see a fragment from a Babylonian bas-relief, depicting a victor holding an enemy by the beard while he put him to the sword. Immediate-

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"Mr. Wallingford," husked an agonized voice, "I'll take twenty."

Gravely President Harding looked at the certificates handed him, and set down some figures musingly, passed the certificates to Secretary Dibbel, and declared the special meeting in order.

"Move we dispense with the roll-call!" Stockholder Brown, and he yelled it.

"Second," observed R. B. Jackson quietly. He was a solid-looking man with a solid-looking face and a solid eye and a solid chest and a solid watch-chain.

Carried without argument, that motion! Carried, also, that they dispense with the minutes.

"Move a report on all uncompleted transactions!" yelled stockholder Brown.

"Second," said stockholder Jackson quietly; and thereupon followed a report of the disastrous deal in sandal twine.

"Move we pay the twenty-six-thousand-dollar difference between Jones's contract and Daw's price, together with a return of the five-thousand-dollar advance-payment, and permit Daw and Jones to complete the transaction themselves!" vociferated Mr. Brown.

"Second," said Jackson quietly.

"No!" immediately protested Nathaniel Rosengage. "Look here, gentlemen: I move we amend to make this here B. Daw deliver us the goods. Maybe his warehouse burns down or something before he delivers 'em."

"Question!" yelled Brown.

"We got a right to debate," snarled Henry Hoppery.

"I'll attend to you after this meeting!" yelled Brown. "Question! I demand a vote by shares!"

Argument, though it lasted long, was of no avail. The question had to be put sometime, and it brought out the first showing of stock. J. Rufus Wallingford, voting no, announced one share. R. B. Jackson, voting yes, announced one share; and T. T. Brown yelled:

"Yes! Five hundred and five shares!"

Control! Nathaniel Rosengage pressed the moisture from his round brow with two pudgy hands, and relaxed in his chair with a sigh of relief. The worst had happened, and what was the use of worrying any more.

Completing business with a rush this morning! They called in B. Daw and O. O. Jones, got their written agreement to finish the sandal-twine deal by themselves, and gave B. Daw a treasurer's warrant for thirty-one thousand dollars on account, and tore up O. O. Jones's contract.

"Move we abrogate the agreement between this company and Brown relative to payment for his patents with future issue of stock! And move that we substitute, instead, a spot-cash payment to Brown, for his patents, in the amount of twenty-six thousand dollars, treasury warrant to be drawn at this meeting!"

"Second," said Jackson quietly.

Then it was that the real argument of the day began. Such speeches as there were consisted of one explosive syllable; and when the chairs began to fly, J. Rufus Wallingford retired behind the safe for philosophic contemplation. He was a little pale, but he smiled as B. Daw, unable to resist, plunged in from the other room and joined the debate. The table was overturned; the ice-water cooler spread its contents in chilling splashes

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over every combatant. It was a wonderful debate, in which Pete Wills was shot through the window, glass and all, and Henry Hopper, with a fist in his nose, was tumbled down the stone steps to the sidewalk, and James Dibbel, trying to escape through the cellar, was pushed off the railless steps into the coal-bin. Cyrus Puntington, resisting to the last, was butted off the steps by the ingenious B. Daw, who lowered his head and took a prancing run for the purpose; then Nathaniel Rosengage, peering from behind the huge Wallingford, came out smiling as the coast cleared, and took his accustomed seat at the table.

"Well, gentlemen, we still got a quorum," he pacifically reminded them.

Tabasco Brown, pulling down his sleeves, and, feeling tenderly of the lump on his jaw, glared at Nathaniel; then he grinned.

"I don't see why you're staying. There isn't a dollar left in the company."

"Oh, I'll stick along," decided Nathaniel, rubbing his pudgy hands "I guess Mr. R. B. Jackson moves next for an increase of capitalization. I remember that name, Mr. Jackson." And he smiled in vast camaraderie. "Pleased to meet you. You're from the Ottoman Weaving Company."

"Get me that treasury warrant, Harding," requested Brown, in a matter-of-fact tone. "I'll just turn that check over to you, Wallingford, and take up my note for the stock. So I'll have a clear control before we do business with Mr. Jackson."

Nathaniel Rosengage wagged his head and smiled benignly.

"Oh, I ain't saying anything."

"Why should you?" Wallingford inquired. He was chuckling now, and at ease. They were all friends here. "The transaction is legal—isn't it, Harding?"

"Perfectly." President Harding had been studying the matter profoundly and had arrived at a definite conclusion. There was nothing here which transcended any law. He made out the warrant.

The next Wallingford story will be **Cupid Grown Old.**

## Vision

(Concluded from page 69)

will regularly make heavier drafts upon employer and laborer alike.

The appetite for betterments is insatiate, and whets upon each successive sop.

To finance these indulgences, we must maintain a watch-spring rather than pig-iron attitude toward all raw materials, shape them into the most profitable forms, equip plants with still more accurate and prolific engines.

We shall gradually invent substitutes for every part of a man except his creative faculties, and wherever we can keep them busiest, the most wheels will buzz and the most chimneys will belch.

With an eight-hour law and twentieth-century salaries, commerce finds labor grown so precious that its services are bankrupting unless diverted to activities which engage imagination.

We must find newer and greater sources of wealth; otherwise, we cannot swing our spreading investments.

All the cash in America a hundred

"Move we increase our capitalization to a quarter of a million," suggested Mr. Jackson quietly, as soon as Tabasco Brown had exchanged his treasury warrant for the note which Wallingford held.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," interrupted J. Rufus, looking at his watch. "If you don't mind, I'd like to catch a train." His broad shoulders heaved. "Would any one like to buy my one share of stock?"

"Give you twenty-five!" hastily offered Nathaniel Rosengage. "Here's the money!" And he produced it from nowhere with magical speed. "I won't pay them other suckers so much when I hustle out to buy their stock. Say; you done pretty good, Mr. Wallingford! You must have made four or five thousand dollars on that stock."

"That's my specialty," explained Wallingford, and, taking Nathaniel's twenty-five dollars, he assigned his certificate and shook hands with all of them. As he went out, Mr. Rosengage was congratulating Tabasco Brown on being a great inventor and a financial genius.

In the outer office, Blackie Daw and O. O. Jones, more frequently known as "Onion," were quarreling most heatedly about the delivery of an article of commerce which had been sold and resold but had never been in existence, and Blackie was slowly winning the argument by declaring that, since the twine was in balls, it would have to be rolled over to Onion's place instead of being wound across the river from reel to reel.

"And I'll tell you the reason why it must be rolled, Onion," insisted Blackie, as the three of them went out of the door. "It's this: Bing wing ling ping pong lo gow yi yi yip suey chop wang!"

"You blasted idiot," chuckled J. Rufus, but his jovial expression changed as Blackie suddenly drew forth a crimson handkerchief redolent of sandalwood oil. He grabbed the offensive thing and stuffed it in the sewer opening at the curb. "It's worth the thirty thousand we made to have to smell that stuff!"

years ago wouldn't meet our last six months' requirements.

We're battling the calendar. Speed and speed alone can cope with the incessant drain and strain.

Our policies won't permit us to save money, so we must make more.

We need ideas—big ideas—and big men to execute them.

Vision minted every dollar in existence; mind is more potent than matter, because only through mind can matter be rendered valuable.

Capital is an effect, not a cause—money does not rule the world but serves it. Bankers who hold to the contrary do not comprehend the medium with which they deal.

With an inspiration of sufficient scope and determination to see it through, the discouragement of tories is of no moment.

Offer a people something that they want hard enough, and a myriad will leap to underwrite its success.



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His children are taken care of. His wife doesn't have to worry about money. Profit by his example. Be wise—



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If you are the one in seven, what will become of you, what will become of your wife, and your children? **It will be too late to think of them then. Think of them now, while you can.** Send this coupon and find out how for \$25 a year, in "Preferred" occupation, this policy brings:

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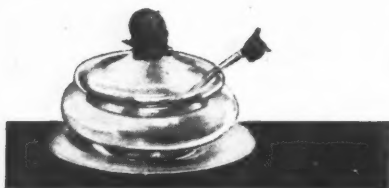
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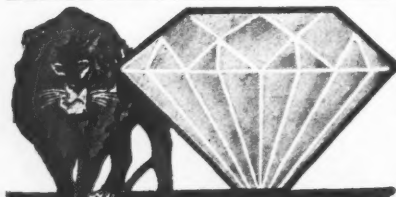


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## The Dark Star

(Continued from page 59)

"I just want to hear her voice," murmured Rue.

"Certainly. We can send her a wireless, too, when we're at sea."

That interested her. She inquired curiously in regard to wireless telegraphy.

In Albany, her first wave of loneliness came over her in the stuffy dining-room of the big, pretentious hotel. As she did not appear inclined to eat, Brandes began to search the card for something to tempt her. And, glancing up presently, saw tears glimmering in her eyes.

For a moment, he remained dumb, as though stunned by some sudden and terrible accusation—for a moment only. Then, in an unsteady voice:

"Rue, darling, you must not feel lonely and frightened. I'll do anything in the world for you. Don't you know it?"

She tried to smile.

"I—don't mean to be silly. But—Brookhollow seems—ended—forever."

"It's only forty miles," he said, with heavy joviality. "Shall we turn around and go back?"

She glanced up at him with an odd expression, as though she hoped he meant it; then her little mechanical smile returned, and she dried her eyes naively.

"I don't know why I cannot seem to get used to being married," she said. "I never thought that getting married would make me so—so—lonely."

Presently she asked whether he thought that their suitcases were quite safe.

"Certainly," he smiled. "I checked them. What worries you?"

And, as she hesitated, he remembered that she had forgotten to put something into her suitcase and that the chauffeur had driven her back to the house to get it.

"What was it you went back for, Rue?" he asked curiously.

"One thing was my money."

"Money? What money?"

"Money my grandmother left me. I was to have it when I married—six thousand dollars."

"You mean you have it in your suitcase!" he asked, astonished.

"Yes; half of it."

"A check?"

"No, in hundreds."

"Bills?"

"Yes. I gave father three thousand. I kept three thousand."

"In bills?" he repeated, laughing. "Is your suitcase locked?"

"Yes. I insisted on having my money in cash. So Mr. Wexall, of the bank, sent a messenger with it last evening."

"But," he asked, still immensely amused, "why do you want to travel about with three thousand dollars in bills in your suitcase?"

"I don't know why. I never before had any money. It is—pleasant to know I have it."

"But I'll give you all you want, Rue."

"Thank you. I have my own, you see."

"Of course. Put it away in some bank."

When you want pin-money, ask me."

She shook her head.

"I couldn't ask anybody for money," she explained.

"Then you won't have to. We'll fix your allowance."

"Thank you. But I have my money, and I don't need it." This seemed to amuse him tremendously.

"You are going to take your money to Paris?" he asked.

"Yes."

"To buy things?"

"Oh, no; just to have it with me."

"So that was what you forgot to put in your suitcase," he said. "No wonder you went back for it."

"There was something else."

"What, darling?"

"My drawings," she explained. "I want to take them to Paris and compare them with the pictures I shall see there. It ought to teach me a great deal."

"Are you so crazy to study?" he asked.

"It's all I dream about. If I could work that way and support myself and my father and mother—"

"But, Rue, wake up! You don't have to work to support anybody."

"I—forgot," said the girl vaguely, her confused gray eyes resting on his laughing, greenish ones.

Still laughing, he summoned the waiter, paid the reckoning.

On the sidewalk, beside their car, stood the new chauffeur smoking a cigarette, which he threw away without haste when he caught sight of them. However, he touched the peak of his cap civilly with his forefinger.

Brandes, lighting a cigar, let his slow eyes rest on the new man for a moment. Then he helped Rue into the car, got in beside her, and thoughtfully took the wheel, conscious that there was something or other about his new chauffeur that he did not find entirely to his liking.

X

### DRIVING HEAD ON

It was late in the afternoon when Brandes, deftly steering through the swarming maze of avenues, turned east across Manhattan Island, then swung south along the curved parapets and spreading gardens of Riverside Drive.

If Rue was tired, she did not know it as the car swept her steadily deeper amid the city's wonders.

On her left, beyond the trees, the great dwellings and apartments of the Drive were already glimmering with light in every window; to the right, under the foliage of this endless necklace of parks and circles, a summer-clad throng strolled and idled along the river-wall, and past them moved an unbroken column of automobiles, taxi-cabs, and omnibuses.

At Seventy-second Street, they turned to the east across the park, then into Fifth Avenue, south once more, and swung into Forty-second Street.

When they reached their hotel, the chauffeur dropped from the rumble and came around to where a tall head porter in a blue-and-silver uniform was opening the door of the runabout.

Brandes said to his chauffeur:

"Here are the checks. Our trunks are at the Grand Central. Get them aboard; then come back here for us at ten o'clock."

The chauffeur lifted his hand to his cap.



It looks like a regular land-slide this fall for the

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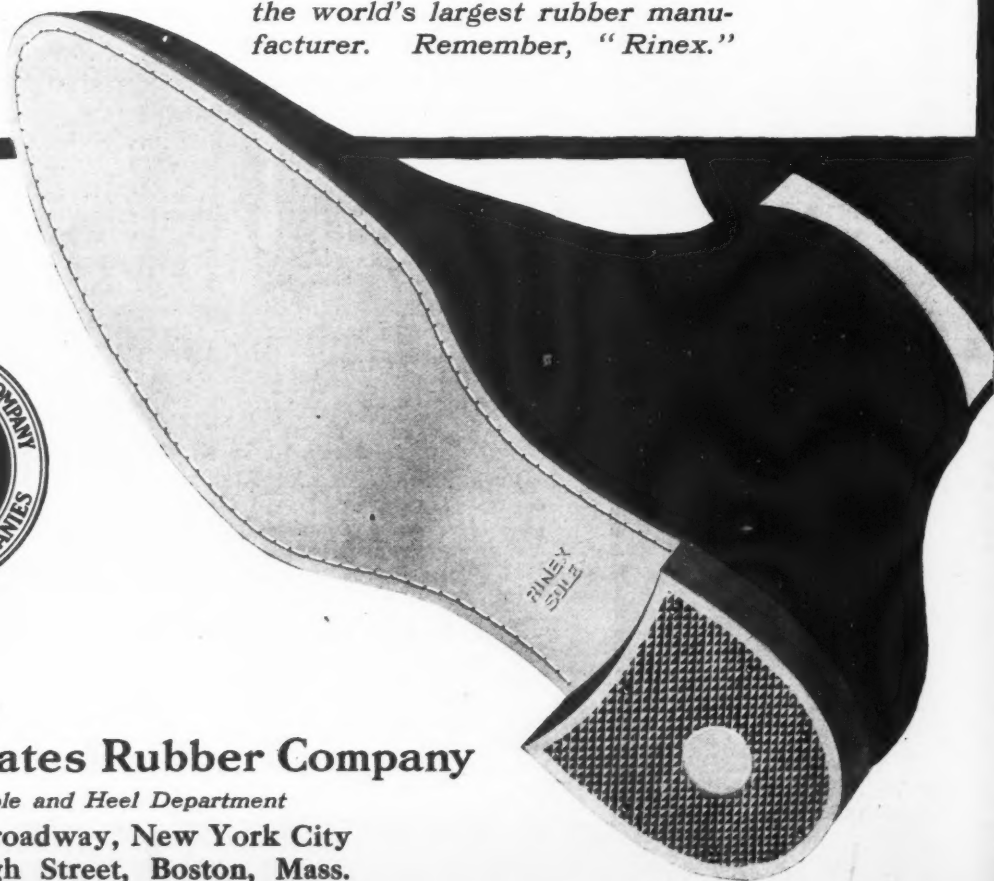


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Rue instinctively sought Brandes's arm as they entered the crowded lobby, then remembered, blushed, and withdrew her hand.

Brandes had started toward the desk with the intention of registering and securing a room for the few hours before going aboard the steamer; but something halted him—some instinct of caution. No; he would not register. He sent their luggage to the parcels-room, found a maid, who took Rue away, then went on through into the bar, where he took a stiff whisky and soda, a thing he seldom did.

In the wash-room, he washed and had himself brushed. Then, emerging, he took another drink *en passant*, conscious of an odd, dull sense of apprehension.

At the desk, they told him there was no telephone message for him. Then he idled about the marble-columned lobby, now crowded with a typical early-autumn throng in quest of dinner.

Rue came out of the ladies' dressing-room, and he went to her and guided her into the dining-room on the left, where an orchestra was playing.

What Rue ate, she never afterward remembered. It was all merely a succession of delicious sensations for the palate, for the eye, for the ear, when the excellent orchestra was playing some gay overture from one of the newer musical comedies or comic operas.

Brandes, at times, seemed to shake off a growing depression and rouse himself to talk to her, even jest with her. He smoked cigarettes occasionally during dinner, a thing he seldom did, and, when coffee was served, he lighted one of his large cigars.

People left; others arrived; the music continued. Several times, people passing caught Brandes's eye and bowed and smiled. He either acknowledged such salutes with a slight and almost surly nod or ignored them altogether.

One of his short, heavy arms lay carelessly along the back of his chair, where he was sitting sideways, looking at the people in the lobby—watching with that same odd sensation of foreboding of which he had been slightly conscious from the first moment he had entered the city-line.

What reason for apprehension he had he could not understand. An hour only lay between him and the seclusion of the big liner.

At last, he excused himself.

"Rue," he said, "I'm going out to telephone to Mr. Stull. It may take some little time. You don't mind waiting, do you?"

"No," she said.

"Don't you want another ice?"

She confessed that she did. So he ordered it and went away.

As she sat tasting her ice and watching with unflagging interest the people around her, she noticed that the dining-room was already three-quarters empty. People were leaving; few remained.

Of these few, two young men in evening dress now arose and walked toward the lobby, one ahead of the other. One went out; the other, in the act of going, glanced casually at her as he passed, hesitated, halted, then came toward her.

"Jim Neeland!" she exclaimed impulsively. "I mean, Mr. Neeland"—a riot of color flooding her face. But her eager hand remained outstretched. He took it,

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pressed it lightly, ceremoniously, and, still standing, continued to smile down at her.

Amid all this strange, infernal glitter, amid a city of six million strangers, to encounter suddenly a familiar face—to see somebody from Gayfield—seemed a miracle too delightful to be true.

"You are Rue Carew," he said. "I was not certain for a moment."

Rue, conscious of the startled intimacy of her first greeting, blushed with the memory. But Neeland was a tactful young man.

"It was nice of you to remember me so frankly and warmly," he said easily. "You have no idea how pleasant it was to hear a Gayfield voice greet me as 'Jim.'"

"I—didn't intend to—"

"Please intend it in future, Rue. You don't mind, do you?"

"No."

"Are you waiting for somebody?" he asked. "Of course you are. But may I sit down for a moment?"

"Yes; I wish you would."

So he seated himself.

"When did you come to New York?"

"To-night."

"Have you come to study art?"

"No—yes; I think, later, I am to study art here."

"At the League?"

"I don't know."

"Better go to the League," he said

"Do you know where it is?"

"No," she said.

He called a waiter, borrowed pencil and pad, and wrote down the address of the Art Students' League. He had begun to fold the paper when a second thought seemed to strike him, and he added his own address.

"In case I can do anything for you in any way," he explained.

Rue thanked him, opened her reticule, and placed the folded paper there.

"I do hope I shall see you soon again," he said, looking gaily, almost mischievously into her gray eyes. "This certainly resembles fate. Don't you think so, Rue—this reunion of ours?"

She felt herself flushing, tried to smile.

"It couldn't resemble anything," she explained, with quaint honesty, "because I am sailing for Europe early to-morrow morning. And also—also, I—"

"Also?" He prompted her, amused, yet touched by her childishly literal reply.

"I am—married."

"Good Lord!" he said.

"This morning," she added.

"And you're sailing for Europe on your honeymoon!" he exclaimed. "Well, upon my word! And what is your ship?"

"The Lusitania."

"Really! I have a friend who is sailing on her—a most charming woman."

"Have you?" asked Rue, interested.

"Yes. She is the Princess Mistchenka—a delightful and pretty woman. I am going to send a note to the steamer to-night saying that—that my very particular friend, Ruhannah Carew, is on board, and won't she ask you to tea. You'd love her, Rue. She's a regular woman."

"But—oh dear—a princess!"

"You won't even notice it," he said reassuringly. "She's a corker; she's an artist, too. By the way, Rue, whom did you marry?"

"Mr. Brandes."

"Brandes? I don't remember—was he from up-state?"

"No; New York—I think."

As she bent forward to taste her ice again, he noticed, for the first time, the childlike loveliness of her throat and profile, looked at her with increasing interest.

Looking up, and beyond him toward the door, she said,

"I think your friend is waiting for you."

"Oh, that's so!" he exclaimed. Then, rising and offering his hand: "I wish you happiness, Rue. When you return, won't you let me know where you are? Won't you let me know your husband?"

"Yes."

"Please do. You see, you and I have a common bond in art, another in our birthplace. Don't forget me, Rue."

"No; I won't."

So he took his leave gracefully and went away through the enthralling, glittering unreality of it all, leaving a young girl thrilled, excited, and deeply impressed with his ease and bearing amid awe-inspiring scenes amid which she, too, desired most ardently to find herself at ease.

Also, she thought of his friend, the Princess Mistchenka. And again, as before, the name seemed to evoke within her mind a recollection of having heard it before—very long ago.

## XI

### THE BREAKERS

BRANDES, chafing at the telephone, had finally succeeded in getting Stull on the wire, only to learn that the news from Saratoga was not agreeable—that they had lost on every horse. Also, Stull had another disquieting item to detail; it seemed that Maxy Venem had been seen that morning in the act of departing for New York, and with him was a woman resembling Brandes's wife.

"Who saw her?" demanded Brandes.

"Doc. He didn't get a good square look at her. You know the hats women wear."

"All right. I'm off, Ben. Good-by."

The haunting uneasiness which had driven him to the telephone persisted when he came out of the booth.

The car had been ordered for ten; it lacked half an hour of the time; he wished he had ordered it earlier.

The risk he had taken was beginning to appear to him as an unwarranted piece of recklessness; he was amazed with himself for taking such a chance—disgusted at his foolish and totally unnecessary course with this young girl. All he had had to do was to wait a few months. He could have married in safety then. And, even now, he didn't know whether or not the ceremony performed by Parson Smawley had been an illegally legal one, whether it made him a bigamist for the next three months or only something worse. What on earth had possessed him to take such a risk—the terrible hazard of discovery, of losing the only woman he had ever really cared for? Of course, had he been free, he would have married her. When he got his freedom, he would insist on another ceremony. He could persuade her to that, on some excuse or other. But in the meantime—

He entered the deserted dining-room, came over to where Rue was waiting.



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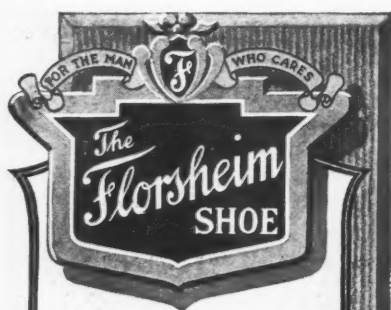
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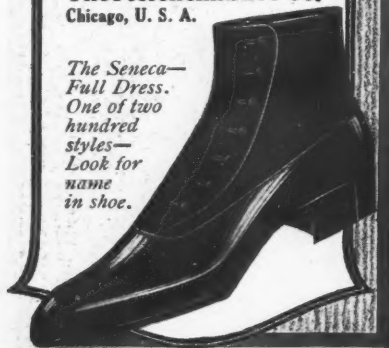


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"Well, little girl," he said, with forced  
cheeriness, "was I away very long?"

"Not very."

"You didn't miss me?" he inquired,  
ponderously playful. "Don't you ever  
miss me when I'm away from you, Rue?"

"I think—it is nice to be with you,"  
she said.

"I don't believe you mean it!" But he  
smiled this time. At which, the little  
rigid smile stamped itself on her lips.  
"Rue, I don't believe you love me." This  
time, there was no smile.

She found nothing to answer, being  
without any experience in give-and-take  
conversation, which left her always un-  
certain and uncomfortable.

Brandes watched her for a moment out  
of sleepy, greenish eyes. Then he con-  
sulted his watch, summoned a waiter, gave  
him the parcels-room checks.

As they rose from the table, a man and  
a woman entering the lobby caught sight  
of them, halted, then turned and walked  
back toward the street.

Brandes had not noticed them where he  
stood by the desk, scratching off a tele-  
gram to Stull:

All O. K. Just going aboard. Fix it with  
Stein.

He rejoined Rue as the boy appeared  
with their luggage; an under porter took the  
bags and preceded them toward the street.

"There's the car!" said Brandes, with a  
deep breath of relief.

Their chauffeur was standing beside  
the car as they emerged from the hotel  
and started to cross the sidewalk; the  
porter, following, set their luggage on the  
curbstone; and, at the same instant, a  
young and pretty woman stepped lightly  
between Rue and Brandes.

"Good-evening, Eddie," she said, and  
struck him a staggering blow in the face  
with her white-gloved hand.

Brandes lost his balance, stumbled side-  
ways, recovered himself, turned swiftly,  
and encountered the full, protruding black  
eyes of Maxy Venem.

From Brandes's cut lip, blood was run-  
ning down over his chin and collar; his  
face remained absolutely expressionless.  
The next moment his eyes shifted, and  
met Ruhannah's stupefied gaze.

"Go into the hotel," he said calmly.  
"Quick—"

"Stay where you are!" interrupted  
Maxy Venem, and caught the speechless  
and bewildered girl by the elbow.

Like lightning, Brandes's hand flew  
to his hip-pocket, and, at the same instant,  
his own chauffeur seized both his heavy,  
short arms and held them rigid, pinned  
behind his back.

"Frisk him!" he panted.

Venem nimbly relieved Brandes of the  
dull-black weapon.

"Can the fake gun-play, Eddie," he  
said; coolly shoving aside the porter, who  
attempted to interfere. "You're double-  
crossed. We got the goods on you. Come  
on; who's the girl?"

The woman who had struck Brandes  
now came up again beside Venem. She  
was young, very pretty, but deathly white  
except for the patches of cosmetic on  
either cheek. She pointed at Brandes.

"You dirty dog!" she said unsteadily.  
"You'll marry this girl before I've divorced  
you, will you? And you think you are  
going to get away with it! You dog!"

The porter attempted to interfere again,  
but Venem shoved him out of the way.  
Brandes, still silently struggling to free  
his imprisoned arms, ceased twisting sud-  
denly, and swung his heavy head toward  
Venem.

"What's the idea, you fool?" he said,  
in a low voice. "I'm not married to her."

But Ruhannah heard him say it.

"You claim that you haven't married  
this girl?" demanded Venem loudly,  
motioning toward Rue, who stood swaying,  
held fast by the gathering crowd which  
pushed around them.

"He married her in Gayfield at eleven  
this morning," said the chauffeur. "Par-  
son Smawley turned the trick."

Brandes's narrow eyes glittered; he  
struggled for a moment, gave it up, shot a  
deadly glance at Maxy Venem, at his  
wife, at the increasing throng crowding  
closely about him. Then his infuriated  
eyes met Rue's, and the expression of her  
face apparently crazed him.

Frantic, he hurled himself backward,  
jerking one arm free, tripped, fell heavily  
with the chauffeur on top, twisting, pant-  
ing, struggling convulsively, while all  
around him surged the excited crowd,  
shouting, pressed closer.

Rue, almost swooning with fear, was  
pushed, jostled, flung aside. Stumbling  
over her own suitcase, she fell to her knees,  
rose, and, scarce conscious of what she  
was about, caught up her suitcase and  
reeled away into the light-shot darkness.

She had no idea what she was doing or  
where she was going; the terror of the  
scene still remained luridly before her eyes;  
the shouting of the crowd was in her ears;  
an indescribable fear of Brandes filled  
her—a growing horror of this man who  
had denied that he had married her. And  
the instinct of a frightened and bewildered  
child drove her to blind flight anywhere,  
to escape this hideous, incomprehensible  
scene behind her.

Hurrying on, alternately confused and  
dazzled in the patches of darkness and  
flaring light, clutched at and followed by a  
terrible fear, she found herself halted on  
the curbstone of an avenue through which  
lighted tram-cars were passing. A man  
spoke to her, came closer, and she turned  
desperately and hurried across a street  
where other people were crossing.

In her ears still sounded the other  
voice—the terrible words of the woman  
who had struck him—an unsteady, un-  
real voice accusing him—until, almost  
out of her mind, she dropped her bag and  
clapped both hands over her ears.

For a moment or two she stood there on  
the curb, her eyes closed, fighting for self-  
control, forcing her disorganized brain to  
duty.

Somebody must help her to find a rail-  
road station and a train. That gradually  
became clear to her.

Two young women passed, and she  
found sufficient courage to accost them,  
asking the direction of the railroad station  
from which trains departed for Gayfield.

The women, who were young and  
brightly colored in plumage, displayed a  
sympathetic interest at once.

"Gayfield?" repeated the blonder of  
the two. "Gee, dearie, I never heard of  
that place!"

"It is in Mohawk County."

"That's a new one, too. Mohawk  
County? Never heard of it; did you, Lil?"

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476—Child's Suit



8960—Boy's Navajo



7660—Ladies' Style Coat



7640—Ladies' Sport Coat



9883—Campus Shaker



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Delavan, Wis.



"Search me!"  
"Is it up-state, dearie?" asked the other. "You better go over to Madison Avenue and take a car to the Grand Central—"

"Wait," interrupted her friend; "she better take a taxi—"

"Nix on a taxi you pick up here!" And, to Rue, "Say, you've got friends here, haven't you, little one?"

"No."  
"What! You don't know anyone in New York?"

Rue looked at her dumbly; then, of a sudden, she remembered Neeland.

"Yes," she said; "I know one person."  
"Where does your friend live?"

In her reticule was the paper on which he had written the address of the Art Students' League, and his own address.

Rue lifted the blue-silk bag, opened it, took out her purse, and found the paper.

"Why, that isn't far!" said the blonder of the two women. "We are going that way. We'll take you there."

"I don't know—him very well—"

"Is it a man?"

"Yes; he comes from my town, Gay-field."

"Oh, I guess that's all right," said the other woman, laughing. "You got to be leery of these men, little one. Come on; we'll show you."

It was only four blocks; Ruhannah presently found herself on the steps of a house from which dangled a sign:

STUDIOS AND BACHELOR APARTMENTS TO LET

"What's his name?" said the woman addressed as "Lil."

"Mr. Neeland."

By the light of the vestibule lantern they inspected the letter-boxes, found Neeland's name, and pushed the electric button.

After a few seconds the door clicked and opened.

"Now, you're all right," said Lil, peering into the lighted hallway. "It's on the fourth floor, and there isn't any elevator that I can see; so you keep on going upstairs till your friend meets you."

"Thank you so much for your great kindness—"

"Don't mention it. Good luck, dearie!"

The door clicked behind her, and Rue found herself alone.

The stairs, flanked by a massive balustrade of some dark, polished wood, ascended in spirals by a short series of flights and landings. Twice she rested, her knees almost giving way, for the climb upward seemed interminable. But, at last, just above her, she saw a skylight, and a great stair-window giving on a court; and, as she toiled up and stood clinging breathless to the banisters on the top landing, out of an open door stepped Neeland's shadowy figure, dark against the hall-light behind him.

"For heaven's sake!" he said. "What on earth—"

The suitcase fell from her nerveless hand; she swayed a little where she stood.

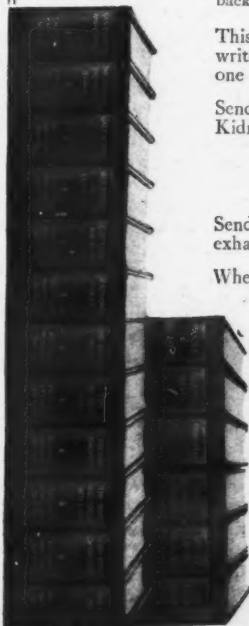
The next moment he had passed his arm around her, and was half leading, half carrying her through a short hallway into a big, brilliantly lighted studio.

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## The Madhouse of the Films

(Continued from page 33)

'The Vampire,' and that was poetry, wasn't it?" And I had to show Bigglesby the story in print before he would believe me.

Then there was Lampson, who wanted a great, big, vital, French-Canadian, outdoor story. He was very particular about the French-Canadian part of it.

"Here, Bill. You know the sort of stuff my leading man does. Give him a good, exciting, outdoor story, and don't forget to put a few rough-and-tumble fights in it. Dope up something that will let him lick four or five huskies—something big—something vital—something—oh, you know what I mean—a good, original, French-Canadian yarn. And get a move on you, too. I'd like to start shooting it to-morrow."

I mentioned to Lampson that the next day was Sunday.

"So it is. Well, make it Monday morning. You know—one of those great, big, dramatic, French-Canadian stories!"

Well, I canceled two Sunday engagements, and on Monday morning I turned up with an offering that outparked Sir Gilbert himself. Lampson glanced over the first sheet, scowling.

"What's all this stuff about Indians and half-breeds?" he complained. "Where do the mounted police come in?"

Then I found out that what Lampson really desired was a story of the Canadian Northwest—not a French-Canadian story at all. He wanted his leading man to be an officer of the mounted police.

Monday night I did not go to bed at all, so that on Tuesday morning I was able to hand Lampson a story which he said he might be able to use—by rewriting it. Then Lampson coolly asked for three days' leave of absence, giving as his excuse that there was no use in trying to get a story on time from the scenario department!

Then there are the total strangers who refuse to remain so. Nothing can daunt these determined souls; nothing can give them pause. Information-desks treat them coldly; office-boys snub them without mercy, but they persevere, waiting hours and untold hours to "see the scenario editor."

For instance, there was Hyacinth, a three-hundred-pound lady who oozed herself by degrees into my small (and theoretically) private office. Hyacinth had a story, but first she wished to be very sure that the children of her brain would be safe with me. She had been told, she said, that some scenario-writers turned down original ideas, only to borrow them afterward and use them as their own. I crossed my heart, hoped to die, and Hyacinth proceeded with her story.

It had to do with a dream. In this dream, she was in a garden which she had known many years ago, and her husband, now in heaven, she informed me, was standing beside her, his arm around her neck. Great stress was laid upon this detail: his arm was around her neck. It may have been possible in those days. Then, said Hyacinth, there appeared in the sky an enormous hand, and upon the palm of this hand was the flaming numeral—4. At that juncture, Hyacinth awakened and the rest of the dream was lost. Plainly, in this fragment lay the basis of a superb photo-drama.

I had to explain many times that the company was not in the market for material of that sort. Then I rose, opened the door, shook Hyacinth by the hand, so moist with the dew of inspiration, and, pleasantly, even enthusiastically, bade her farewell. Forty-three minutes later she left me, reiterating positively that many companies had produced worse stories than the ones she had submitted to me. I assured her that this was unquestionably true.

I have never seen Hyacinth since, but I can inform you what she is doing at this moment. She is telling an admiring and sympathetic audience how she took her scenarios to a motion-picture plant where they were rejected by a whippersnapper who afterward stole them and used them as his own!

It is in a chill rain of conflicting opinions, demands, suggestions, and condemnations that the staff scenario writer labors night and day to keep directors busy. An idle director means an idle company, with salaries going everlastingly on, consequently a great waste of money.

A first-chop scenario writer can easily turn out an average of two reels a week, original story, continuity, and all. In a pinch he can, and often does, turn out a five-reeler in a week. But so haphazard is the connection between writer and producer, that sixty or seventy reels a year is a very good record. Of course I speak now of writers and companies whose concern is quantity and not quality.

A reel, that is to say, a thousand feet of film, will be divided into anywhere from thirty-five to ninety scenes. Comedies demand quick action and run more scenes per reel than dramas, where everything depends upon the acting in the various "big scenes." The complete story of a picture recently produced may be told in three concise sentences, yet the idea was elaborated into seven reels—nearly two hours in the telling on a screen!

Producing companies often buy many stories solely for the right to use one tiny original situation. Every film company which is in the market for stories and plots has upon the shelf hundreds of ideas, incomplete stories, and rough plots, which have been bought on the chance that one germ of originality might lurk in them and at some time be available. I have seen such stories twisted and turned and written and rewritten until nothing remained of the original manuscript but the names of the characters.

Naturally, this sort of thing annoys the professional scenario writer, who must take material unavailable for the screen and whip it into picture shape. He is likely to be still more annoyed when, having sweated blood to rewrite the story thoroughly hopeless from a film standpoint, he is bitterly denounced by the author, who, having sold nothing but the idea, re-sents any changes in a masterpiece.

A fairly well known magazine writer—a lady of my acquaintance who has since learned to laugh over the incident—succeeded in selling a number of stories in a lump. The stories were then turned over

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to the scenario department, where two capable and ingenious experts toiled long and earnestly to make pictures out of them.

One day, the lady expressed a desire to see the scenario which had been made from her pet novel. It was shown to her, and after glancing through a few pages, the author exploded hysterically.

"It's nothing like the story!" she cried. "You've changed everything! If you produce it in this form, you positively cannot use my name on the screen! I forbid it!"

"You forbid the use of your name!" ejaculated the exasperated staff writer. "Why, madam, what on earth do you think this company paid you a thousand dollars for? The name is the only thing in your novel that'll 'go' on a screen!"

You probably suppose that when the camera man starts turning the crank on a finished scenario, the staff writer's troubles are over. They would be if he had sufficient strength of character to keep away from the picture house where his stories are shown; but he hasn't.

The other evening, I dropped in to see a

certain piece of work which I rather fancied. It was a snappy story, with plenty of action; still, its strength, as I saw it, depended upon the human qualities of the characters portrayed. It was my vague idea that my brain-creatures should act like real folks, not like manikins shoved here and there to meet the exigencies of a lifeless plot.

Alas, the director had considered that all characters should be one thing or the other! He couldn't understand that a hero might be weak, even for the merest fraction of a second. And he utterly refused to believe that a villain might have a good streak in him, be it ever so thin.

So the story wasn't really mine, after all. My name was on the announcement, and I bowed my head in shame that my friends should believe me the creator of such improbable people. When, without the slightest provocation, the villain, whose life the hero had saved in a preceding scene, sneaked up behind him and—but I cannot go on.

I left the theater and walked the streets and I have no doubt that I muttered to myself.

## Call It a Day

(Continued from page 29)

Henry was back at half-past six to the minute.

The moment he appeared, Thomas P. picked up his banjo and hurried out. He was having supper somewhere of course, probably at Grace Waterson's. It was murmured in Sunbury that his engagement to Grace would be announced before the summer was over—murmured with an emphasis, for the Watsons were among the best in Sunbury. And while Mrs. Ellen F. Wilson was one of the South Side Wisners, and was further respected for the resignation with which she had borne, for nearly twenty years, the affliction of George P. Wilson, George P. himself had never been accepted. He was not of the local stock. He went into politics—the state legislature. He drank. Also, it was not wholly understood why his son, with quite a bit of money left to him outright, should have chosen to go into retail trade on Simpson Street when he might have been doing something in an office in Chicago.

Henry, as he watched him go, reflected moodily on the fact that the Watsons lived directly opposite the Snows on lower Chestnut Avenue. There, within sight, within easy hailing-distance of the Snows' wide veranda, he would soon be comfortably sitting, twanging his banjo, trying to sing, thinking himself a lady-killer in that white suit. Henry wished he had a white suit. He wondered how much they cost. If old Hammerton, treasurer of the Second Church, would only pay up for the past month, he might get one.

It seemed to him that he ought to do something about Clemency—at least let her know that he couldn't come. He couldn't think it out. Tom evidently meant him to tend store until further instructions. He had even eaten half a supper, had almost choked over it.

At this point, a stanhope, drawn by a big, high-stepping black horse, coming from the direction of the railroad station

pulled up before the store. The driver was Patrick of the huge red mustache. The man who got out and entered the store—big but not fat, massive of chin and jaw—was William B. Snow.

"Well, Henry," said he, clipping off his words in the brusque way he had, "how long have you been at this job?"

"Just to-day."

"Didn't I hear something about your coming-down to dinner?"

"Why, yes; I—"

"Let me have a few collars." He studied the case of samples. "Like these. Seventeen. Say, two dozen."

Henry checked a gasp. It had not occurred to him that any man bought two dozen collars at a time. He silently got down the boxes and prepared to wrap them up.

But Mr. Snow, a twinkle in his eyes that Henry did not see because he dared not look directly at him, was gazing down at a display of neckwear in the all-glass case.

"Didn't know Wilson had such a decent-looking stock," he observed, as if to himself. "Some kick in that green plaid."

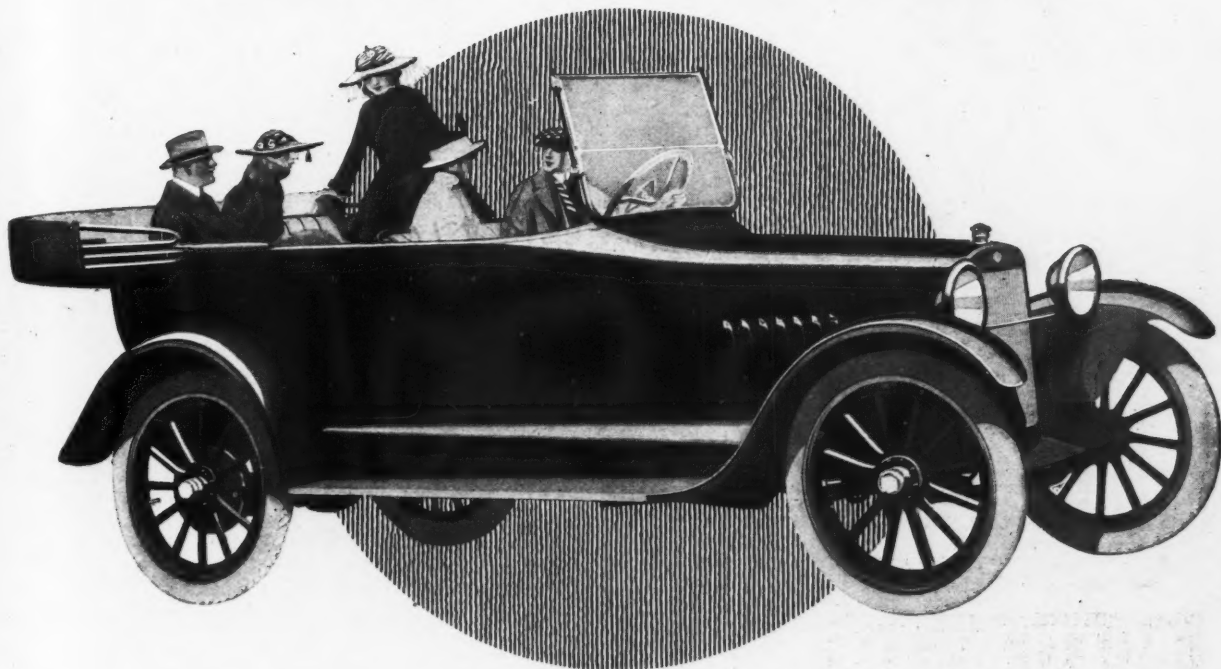
"Those are the exclusive patterns," said Henry; "two dollars and up."

"Give me three or four of those greens—and the brown here—and some of those at the end." Altogether, he picked out eleven. The sales-slip, which Henry made out came to thirty-one dollars and fifty-cents. He put it on the spindle, then looked up to find Mr. Snow regarding him.

Henry wondered how a boy ever grew up to be such a powerful, dominating, successful man as this. It didn't seem possible that William B. Snow could ever have been uncertain, bewildered. He must always have been a fighter, always sure of himself, overcoming obstacles, dictating terms and conditions on every hand.

A process was at the moment going on within Henry's harassed spirit of which he himself was only dimly aware. It was a

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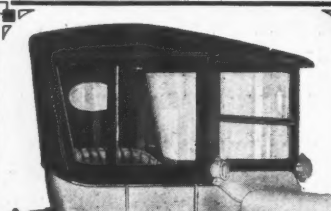
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new condition growing out of the presence of this impressive personality in the store. Doubtless, too, it was stimulated by the extraordinary size of that sales-slip. But whatever the causes of the change that was taking place in Henry, the results were a distinct stiffening of the backbone and a sudden surprising quickness and decisiveness of mind.

"See here," Mr. Snow was saying, "I may as well throw Wilson a little trade. Could he have some shirts made for me?"

"Oh, yes; he does that. We have books of samples—"

"Never mind now." He waved a solid hand. "When do you close up shop?"

Henry drew out from a trousers' pocket his fat Waterbury watch.

"Now," he said.

"All right; hop in with me."

Henry locked the back door, took down his cap and picked up the guitar, followed Mr. Snow out, and locked the front door with the key Thomas P. had given him to open up shop in the morning. Then, crowded in on the edge of the seat between Mr. Snow and the erect Patrick, he rode to Clemency's house, where he ate a large dinner and chatted on many subjects with apparent ease and unconcern. Apparent only; in reality, he was drunk with his own daring. Over and over an inner voice whispered: "Tom ought to have told me when to close. It's his own fault."

After dinner (that was what they called it at the Snow's), Clemency led him to the wide, dim veranda that extended around two sides of the big stone house. At the farthest end, on the Chestnut Avenue side, the veranda widened out. There was a rug here, a wicker table and chairs, and an old-fashioned net hammock.

Clemency dropped into the hammock. Henry stood motionless, staring at her. It had never so much as occurred to him to sit in the hammock with Clem. With Martha—yes—during many a languorous evening in the good old days. Several times he had put his arm around her. Once—that was the perfect evening, weeks before the faintest thought of Ban Widdicombe had swum into her ken—he had kissed her cheek. And then, of course, with Bessie Alston—but that was different.

The daring that had swelled within his breast since about half-past six, supported by really enough food, as by the growing realization that Clem had singled him out as her special guest, swelled now to proportions that almost frightened him. It was deep twilight. He could just make out Clem's face. Was she smiling? He thought so. Then he heard her low little laugh.

"Well, Henry?" said she.

He sat beside her in the hammock.

A horse and buggy pulled up before the house. A young fellow and a girl got out; they came slowly up the front walk. It was Ban and Martha. Henry's thoughts fluttered wildly for a moment; then he felt Clem turning to study his profile and steadied himself. As he started up, she laid her hand on his arm.

"Henry," she whispered, "stay them out."

Martha nodded at Henry—rather snappily, he thought. He seated himself on the porch railing, leaned back comfortably against a stone pillar, watched them. Martha and Ban took chairs. Clem resumed her place in the hammock, darting

one confidential glance at Henry as she did so. He caught it and glowed within. From the way Martha moved her head and suddenly looked out toward the street, he suspected that she had caught it, too. He hoped she had. His gaze followed hers, and rested on the horse and buggy. He did a little mental arithmetic. It was now about half-past eight. Ban had got the rig between four and five. And, of course, old McAllister would charge him the full rate for fractions of an hour. Already it amounted to something over four dollars and a half. And now Ban was ostentatiously visiting while the bill mounted—from minute to minute. Henry wished that he, too, had an easy trick of picking up money. It did help with girls—just the feeling that an extra dollar or so didn't matter!

Martha was silent. Ban was talking with Clem in his light, sharp way. Suddenly he turned to Henry.

"How's it you aren't working?" he said.

The shot reached his mark. Henry was glad that the darkness concealed his flush. All he could say was,

"I'm not working Saturday nights for anybody."

Rufus Bowes and Jane Bellman came then. Jane was a stocky girl with thick ankles and none too abundant hair, devoid of humor, unobtrusive, gentle. For a reason that sometimes puzzled the others, she was Clem's dearest girl friend.

Across the street, from the Watsons' front porch, floated the sound of a banjo. It was Tom Wilson's.

"There he goes again!" cried Ban.

"He's over there every evening," remarked Clem. "What on earth can she see in him?"

"I always thought he was—well, horrid," said Martha.

"Heavens!" cried Clemency, then. "He's going to sing!"

He was going to. He did. He had an accurate enough ear and a sense of rhythm, but his voice rasped. His repertoire consisted wholly of comic songs. The opening selection to-night was, "Do, Do, My Huckleberry, Do!"

"Everybody talk," suggested Ban.

"Why will people sing when they can't?"

"I know something better than that," said Clemency. "Henry, you get your guitar."

Henry promptly obeyed. He resumed his seat on the porch railing and tuned the guitar. All eyes were on him. The conversation was quashed. He lingered over the tuning, then strummed a few chords.

"What shall I sing?" he asked. "It's funny—I know hundreds of songs, but when I'm asked to sing, I never can think of one of them."

Martha, still shading her eyes, stirred a little in her chair. "Sing"—there was a slight catch in her voice—"sing 'Love's Old Sweet Song!'"

Clemency, lounging comfortably in the hammock, suddenly looked up at him and said, in a low voice,

"I Love Thee, I Adore Thee, Henry."

"All right," he murmured.

"Well, will you listen to that!" cried Ban, and laughed boisterously.

"It's a song," said Henry cuttingly.

But his entire nervous system was tingling. He struck a few chords, and launched into the waltz-song from "The Serenade," then popular. Over at Watsons', the





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"Huckleberry" song was getting on into its third and last verse. Henry strummed lustily and poured forth all the voice he could muster. It seemed to him that he was in good voice—so good that he held the upper tones as long as he could.

The "Huckleberry" song reached its end, and then Henry commanded the street. When the last notes of the waltz-song died away, there was a hush. Clemency lay back in the hammock. Jane sighed gently. Martha sat motionless.

The first sound was made by Ban Widdicombe fidgeting in his chair, getting out his watch.

"Well, Martha, what do you say if we move along?" he observed, essaying blitheness.

"I suppose you have got to think about the horse," said Henry savagely.

"Oh, I don't care about the horse," Ban replied. "We're going to drive a little more."

"No," said Martha, rising; "I'm going home."

"We must go, too," said Jane. Clemency suddenly sat up straight.

"Listen!" From the Waterson porch came the sound of hand-clapping. "It's for you, Henry."

Then came a voice—it sounded like the Waterson boy—shouting.

"They want you to sing it again, Henry!" This was followed by more applause. But before Henry could comply, Ban led Martha away, and Jane and Rufus followed.

Henry's attention was drawn, at this moment, by a slight commotion over at the Watsons'. A white-clad figure stood half-way down the front steps. A feminine voice said: "Oh, what do you care! Come on and stay!" In reply to which, the voice of Thomas P.: "But the idiot has gone off. For all I know, he's left the store wide open!" And then the white-clad one came running down the front walk. He was carrying the banjo-case. At the street he paused, stood apparently peering across toward the Snows' veranda. Henry, stricken with a sharp sense of guilt, feared for an instant that he was coming straight over.

But Thomas P. did not come over. Instead, he walked hurriedly off toward Simpson Street.

Quiet settled about Henry. He was alone—with Clem. The store didn't matter. It was an incident. Thomas P. would fire him, of course. There would be scenes—the thought brought a twinge, and a dread; but, after all, what of it? Perhaps old Hammerton would pay up. He might have to pick up another lowly job at that, but not for long. The Power would guide him. He felt it returning now.

He heard Clemency's voice. "I want you to sing it again, Henry," she murmured, "softly this time. I like your soft tones best."

Sinking into the chair Ban had vacated, and moving it close to the hammock, Henry struck a few chords, filled his chest, and, gazing straight at the girl, whom he was seeing to-night with such new eyes, fervently lifted up his voice.

Henry's control of his tongue during these years, as later in his life, was none of the best. During the silence that followed the song—his fingers lay across the strings as he had placed them to hush the final chord; Clemency was swaying a little

in the hammock; the thrilling poetry of youth was whispering at his ears—a certain memory of the afternoon entered uncomfortably among his thoughts. His tongue unexpectedly moved.

"Alfred hasn't been around to-night," it said.

Clemency lifted her head, studied him. She sat up. She reached out and rested her hand on his sleeve. It was the second time she had done that.

"Henry," she said, very low, with suppressed emotion—her hand, on his sleeve, shook a little—"why do people want things? Why?" Not knowing why, he remained motionless. "Why can't people be contented with what they have? Why can't they let well enough alone? I don't want anything. I'm not sighing for things that couldn't possibly be."

It did not occur to Henry to suggest that she already had everything a girl could desire. As she was putting it, with her hand there on his sleeve, it sounded reasonable. "At least," he said, his voice clouded by a sudden huskiness, "people can keep their unhappiness to themselves."

Her fingers tightened on his arm.

"Henry," she cried softly, "you don't mean that you—that you—"

He studied his guitar, twisted the loose end of the E string around its key.

"I'm not saying, Clem."

"Henry"—she jerked her head back, in her quick way—"look at me!" Slowly he lifted his eyes. "Have you a secret unhappiness?"

"Oh, yes; I have. But then—hasn't everybody?" He sighed.

"Henry, I'm wondering—it doesn't seem possible—if you've kept it to yourself all this time without my even suspecting—"

"Oh, don't let's talk about it, Clem!"

"But don't you see, Henry; if you've really—cared, and I didn't know—"

"Don't, Clem!" There was a world of pathos in his voice. "What's the good?"

"You're thinking of Alfred, Henry—"

"Well," said he, "you see—"

"But things have—things aren't—" She broke off, drew her hand away from his sleeve.

The blood burning in his cheeks, he leaned forward, caught at that hand, missed it, got somehow to the hammock, crowded in beside her, and, before he fully realized what he was doing, got an arm about her shoulders.

"Henry," she cried, "your guitar!"

It lay on the floor at their feet.

"What do I care about the guitar—now!" he muttered, and gripped her shoulders more tightly.

She permitted this for a moment, then pushed him away.

"You must sit in the chair, Henry."

"You let me sit here before."

"That was different. I didn't know then that you—cared, Henry."

"All the more reason."

"Oh, no—no! You must go back to the chair!"

There was another moment of muscular struggling; then Henry obeyed.

She let him have her hand then. He gripped it, and the nervous sweat ran down his temples. But, after a few moments of this, she began shaking her head and resolutely drew her hand away.

"It won't do, Henry."

"Why not?"

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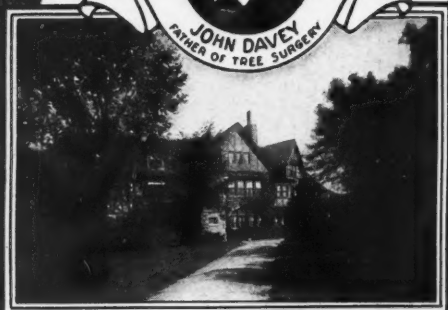
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She rested her elbows on her knees, chin on hands, gazed at him. He moodily studied the street.

"Henry," she breathed, "it's wonderful!"

"What is?"

"That you should have cared—all this time—and never let anybody know. It was heroic, Henry!"

He sighed now. "Oh, well!" was all he could say.

"You were thinking of Alfred," she went softly on. "You were loyal."

He nodded. Then she said,

"You needn't think of him any more."

This was definite. But he wanted to make certain, and asked,

"What did you say, Clem?"

She got up, walked to the railing, leaned against the stone post.

"Henry," she said now, "you mustn't try to do those things."

"What things?" said he.

"You know—hold my hand, put your arm around me. If you—you, Henry—after all the character you've shown, are going to begin wanting things, I shan't know whom to believe in."

Automatically, at this, he resumed his surprising but rather fascinating new rôle. "You can depend on me," he muttered, the color of dark repression in his voice. "I suppose it's because you—you don't care enough yourself, Clem."

"Yes; it's that. I'll be honest. It's that—now, at least. Henry, don't you see this is a complete surprise to me? Then it's our ages, too—and everything. I won't do foolish things. I won't!" She paused, brooding; then: "Henry, I shall marry some day. When I do, it will be either for a whole lot of money or a whole lot of love."

There was a stir within the house. Lights were switched on. They could hear voices.

"Father and mother are coming out," said she abruptly.

"I'll go," said he.

"Good-night, Henry. Come early to-morrow night—before the crowd. And, Henry, you may kiss my hand."

Henry walked away with his feet on the tree-tops, his head among the stars. He did not know that he was a slave; he felt more like a conqueror. Clem Snow, the sought-after, the independent, daughter of the second richest man in Sunbury, was his girl. His girl!

But, as he turned into Simpson Street, his spirit descended—more and more rapidly as he drew nearer Donovan's drug store, whither his feet led him as from long habit. The occasion demanded some small celebration. A fountain-drink was indicated. Also, he needed a supply of chocolate creams over the Sunday. He possessed but six or eight cents, had been jingling them in his hand for several blocks. But this didn't matter. He was running a little charge-account at Donovan's, unknown to his mother. Nevertheless, his spirit sank. He glanced ahead on the other side of the street toward Wilson's. Was there a light? He walked more slowly, eager yet dreading to learn the truth. His feet moved more and more slowly. Finally, he stopped short. There was a light in Wilson's.

He went on again, dragging his feet. I

"Now, Fido!" the next episode of *The Loss of Henry the Ninth*, will appear in the December issue.

don't think, in his present frame of mind, that he felt much concern over the impending loss of his job. It was the scene that he dreaded. He wished Thomas P. would write a note and let it go at that.

Just before reaching Donovan's wide, bright windows, he stopped again. Across the street he could see Thomas P., in his white suit, seated behind the cashier's desk, head on hand. He seemed to be figuring.

A sudden memory arose of the large sale to Mr. Snow. In the thrill of the evening, Henry had forgotten that. He realized again the dinner that had obliterated all thought of his skimpy boarding-house supper. He recalled the pressure of his shoulder against another softer shoulder—in a hammock, on a dim, luxurious veranda. He thought with exultation of Ban Widdicombe and his infelicitous exit. He felt again the pressure of a firm, smooth hand against his lips. But to these thrilling experiences was now added the realization that he had, on his first day, brought Thomas P. what might easily grow into his best account.

Boys, with their untrained imaginations and their intense self-interest, are keen and unscrupulous strategists. Henry knew now, as by a sudden flash of light, that, in his struggle with Thomas P., he held a small advantage. Instantly he decided to use it. It was a defiant youth that crossed the street and entered the shop. Thomas P. slowly, very slowly, raised his eyes and glared at him.

Henry, at that moment, could not be stared down. He leaned an elbow on the counter, flushing.

"So you decided to quit and call it a day!" rasped his employer.

Henry nodded.

"Mr. Snow was in," he remarked.

"So I see." Henry noted now that Tom held the slip in his fingers.

"He asked if you could make some shirts for him."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said, 'Yes.'"

There was a long silence. Henry stole a glance at Thomas P. That young man was studying the sales-slip again. When he spoke, his voice rasped more harshly than usual.

"We close at six-thirty, except on Saturdays," he said.

"What time on Saturday?" asked Henry.

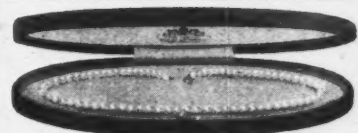
"Ten o'clock."

Henry pulled out his Waterbury. It was three minutes past ten.

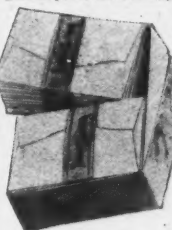
"Good-night," he said, and strolled out with every appearance of innocence.

He crossed to Donovan's. Several couples were seated at the little wire tables. He nodded an easy greeting, right and left, and slid up on one of the high wire stools at the soda fountain. He wondered if those couples at the little tables knew that he, Henry Calverly, 3d, had just defied his boss and gotten away with it triumphantly, that Clemency Snow was his girl—he wondered if they knew. It seemed to him that everybody must know.

"Gimme a frosted maple shake with extra ice-cream," he said, with more than a touch of the grand manner. "And put up about half a pound of chocolate creams. And—just charge it."



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## Beyond

(Continued from page 23)

So passed the eleven years till she was nineteen and Winton forty-six. Then, under the wing of her little governess, she went to the hunt-ball. She had revolted against appearing a "fluffy miss;" so that her dress, perfect in fit, was not white but palest maize-color, as if she had already been to dances. With her dark hair, wonderfully fluffed and coiled, waving across her forehead, her neck bare for the first time, her eyes really "flying," and a demeanor perfectly cool—as though she knew that light and movement, covetous looks, soft speeches, and admiration were her birthright—she was more beautiful than even Winton had thought her. At her breast she wore some sprigs of yellow jasmine procured by him from town—a flower of whose scent she was very fond, and that he had never seen worn in ball-rooms. That swaying, delicate creature, warmed by excitement, reminded him, in every movement and by every glance of her eyes, of her whom he had first met at just such a ball as this.

That evening held many sensations for Gyp—some delightful, one confused, one unpleasant. She reveled in her success. Admiration was very dear to her. She passionately enjoyed dancing, loved feeling that she was dancing well and giving pleasure. But, twice over, she sent away her partners, smitten with compassion for her little governess sitting there against the wall—all alone, with no one to take notice of her, because she was elderly, and roundabout, poor darling! And, to that loyal person's horror, she insisted on sitting beside her all through two dances. Nor would she go into supper with anyone but Winton. Returning to the ballroom on his arm, she overheard an elderly woman say: "Oh, don't you know? Of course he really is her father!" and an elderly man answer, "Ah, that accounts for it—quite so!" With those eyes at the back of the head which the very sensitive possess, she could see their inquisitive, cold, slightly malicious glances, and knew they were speaking of her. And just then her partner came for her.

"Really is her father!" The words meant too much to be grasped this evening of full sensations. They left a little bruise somewhere, but softened and anointed, just a sense of confusion at the back of her mind. And very soon came that other sensation, so disillusioning, that all else was crowded out. It was after a dance—a splendid dance with a good-looking man quite twice her age. They were sitting behind some palms, he murmuring, in his mellow, flown voice, admiration for her dress, when suddenly he bent his flushed face and kissed her bare arm above the elbow. If he had hit her he could not have astonished or hurt her more. It seemed to her innocence that he would never have done such a thing if she had not said something dreadful to encourage him. Without a word, she got up, gazed at him a moment with eyes dark from pain, shivered, and slipped away. She went straight to Winton. From her face, all closed up, tightened lips, and the familiar little droop at their corners, he knew something dire had happened, and his eyes boded ill for the person who had hurt her; but she would

say nothing except that she was tired and wanted to go home. And so, with the little faithful governess, who, having been silent perforce nearly all the evening, was now full of conversation, they drove out into the frosty night. Winton sat beside the chauffeur, smoking viciously. Who had dared upset his darling? And, within the car, the little governess chattered softly, and Gyp, in her dark corner sat silent, seeing nothing but the vision of that insult. Sad end to a lovely night!

She lay awake long hours in the darkness, while a sort of coherence was forming in her mind. Those words, "Really is her father!" and that man's kissing of her bare arm were a sort of revelation of sex-mystery, hardening the consciousness that there was something at the back of her life. A child so sensitive had not, of course, quite failed to feel the spiritual drafts around her; but instinctively she had recoiled from more definite perceptions. The time before Winton came was all so faint—Betty, toys, short glimpses of a kind, invalidish man called "papa." As in that word there was no depth compared with the word "dad" bestowed on Winton, so there had been no depth in her feelings toward the squire. When a girl has no memory of her mother, how dark are many things! None, except Betty, had ever talked of her mother. There was nothing sacred in Gyp's associations, no faiths to be broken by any knowledge that might come to her; isolated from other girls, she had little realization even of the conventions. Still, she suffered horribly, lying there in the dark. The knowledge of something about her conspicuous, doubtful, provocative of insult, as she thought, grievously hurt her delicacy. Those few wakeful hours made a heavy mark. She fell asleep at last, still all in confusion, and woke up with a passionate desire to know. All that morning she sat at her piano, playing, refusing to go out, frigid to Betty and the little governess, till the former was reduced to tears and the latter to Wordsworth. After tea she went to Winton's study.

When she came gliding in like that, a slender, rounded figure, her creamy, dark-eyed, oval face all cloudy, she seemed to Winton to have grown up of a sudden. He had known all day that something was coming, and had been cudgeling his brains finely. From the fervor of his love for her, he felt an anxiety that was almost fear. What could have happened last night—that first night of her entrance into society—meddlesome, gossiping society! She slid down to the floor against his knee. He could not see her face, could not even touch her, for she had settled down on his right side. He mastered his tremors and said,

"Well, Gyp—tired?"

"No."

"Was it up to what you thought, last night?"

"Yes."

The logs hissed and crackled; the long flames ruffled in the chimney-draft; the wind roared outside—then, so suddenly that it took his breath away,

"Dad, are you really and truly my father?"



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When that which one has always known might happen at last does happen, how little one is prepared! In the few seconds before an answer that could in no way be evaded, Winton had time for a tumult of reflection. A less resolute character would have been caught by utter mental blankness, then flung itself in panic on "Yes" or "No." But Winton was incapable of losing his head; he would not answer without having faced the consequences of his reply. To be her father was the most warming thing in his life; but if he avowed it, how far would he injure her love for him? What did a girl know? How make her understand? What would her feeling be about her dead mother? How would that dead loved one feel?

It was a cruel moment. And the girl, pressed against his knee, with face hidden, gave him no help. And clenching his hand on the arm of his chair, he said, "Yes, Gyp; your mother and I loved each other."

He felt a quiver go through her, would have given much to see her face. What, even now, did she understand? Well, it must be gone through with, and he said, "What made you ask?"

She shook her head and murmured, "I'm glad."

Grief, shock, even surprise would have roused all his loyalty to the dead, all the old bitterness, and he would have frozen up against her. But this acquiescent murmur made him long to smooth it down.

"Nobody has ever known. She died when you were born. It was a fearful grief to me. If you've heard anything, it's just gossip, because you go by my name. Your mother was never talked about. But it's best you should know, now you're grown up. People don't often love as she and I loved. You needn't be ashamed."

She had not moved, and her face was still turned from him. She said quietly:

"I'm not ashamed. Am I very like her?"

"Yes; more like than I could ever have hoped."

Very low she said,

"Then you don't love me for myself?"

Winton was but dimly conscious of how that question revealed her nature, its power of piercing instinctively to the heart of things, its sensitive pride, and demand for utter and exclusive love. To things that go too deep, one opposes the bulwark of obtuseness. And, smiling, he said,

"What do you think?"

Then, to his dismay, he perceived that she was crying. He had hardly ever known her to cry, not in all the disasters of unstable youth, and she had received her full meed of knocks and tumbles. He could only stroke that shoulder, and say,

"Don't cry, Gyp; don't cry!"

She ceased as suddenly as she had begun, got up, and was gone.

That evening, at dinner, she was just as usual. And so a moment that he had dreaded for years was over, leaving only the faint shame which follows a breach of reticence on the spirits of those who worship it. While the old secret had been quite undisclosed, it had not troubled him. Disclosed, it hurt him. But Gyp, in those twenty-four hours, had left childhood behind for good; her feeling toward men had hardened. If she did not hurt them a little, they would hurt her! To Winton, she gave as much love as ever, even more, perhaps; but the dew was off.

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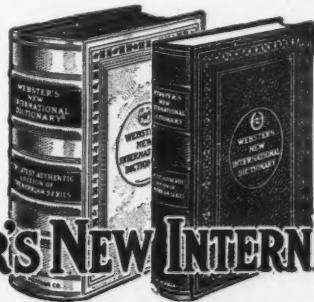
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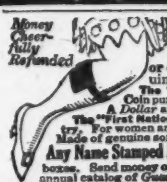
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III

THE next two years were much less solitary. His confession spurred Winton on to the fortification of his daughter's position. He would stand no nonsense, would not have her looked on askance. There is nothing like "style" for carrying the defenses of society—only, it must be the genuine thing. Whether at Mildenhall, or in London under the wing of his sister, there was no difficulty. Gyp was too pretty, Winton too cool, his quietness too formidable. She had every advantage. Society only troubles itself to make front against the visibly weak.

The happiest time of a girl's life is that when all appreciate and covet her, and she herself is free as air—a queen of hearts, for none of which she hankers; or, if not the happiest, at all events it is the gayest time. What did Gyp care whether hearts ached for her? She knew not love as yet, perhaps would never know the pains of unrequited love. Intoxicated with life, she led her many admirers a pretty dance, treating them with a sort of bravura. She did not want them to be unhappy, but she simply could not take them seriously. Never was any girl so heart-free. She was a queer mixture in those days, would give up any pleasure for Winton, and most for Betty or her aunt—her little governess was gone—but of nobody else did she seem to take account, accepting all that was laid at her feet as the due of her looks, her dainty frocks, her music, her good riding and dancing, her talent for amateur theatricals and mimicry. Winton, whom, at least, she never failed, watched that glorious fluttering with quiet pride and satisfaction. He was getting to those years when a man of action dislikes interruption of the grooves into which his activity has fallen. Hereditary gout, too, had begun to bother him.

The day that she came of age they were up in town, and he summoned her to the room, in which he now sat by the fire recalling all these things, to receive an account of his stewardship. He had nursed her greatly embarrassed inheritance very carefully till it amounted to some twenty thousand pounds. When he had explained exactly what she owned, shown her how it was invested, and told her that she must now open her own banking account, she stood gazing at the sheets of paper. Without lifting her eyes, she asked, "Does it all come from—him?"

He had not expected that and flushed under his tan.

"No; eight thousand of it was your mother's."

Gyp looked at him, and said, "Then I won't take the rest—please, dad."

Winton felt a sort of crabbed pleasure. What should be done with that money if she did not take it, he did not in the least know. But not to take it was like her, made her more than ever his daughter—a kind of final victory. He turned away from the window from which he had so often watched for her mother. Difficult to believe it was not she! And he said: "Very well, my love. But you will take the equivalent from me instead. The other can be put by; some one will benefit some day."

At those unaccustomed words, "My love" from his undemonstrative lips, the

color mounted in her cheeks and her eyes shone. She threw her arms round his neck.

She had her fill of music in those days, taking piano lessons from a Monsieur Harmost, a gray-haired native of Liège, with mahogany cheeks and the touch of an angel, who kept her hard at it and called her his "little friend." There was scarcely a concert of merit that she did not attend or a musician of mark whose playing she did not know, and, though fastidiousness saved her from squirming in adoration round the feet of those prodigious performers, she perched them all on pedestals, and now and then met them at her aunt's house in Curzon Street.

Aunt Rosamund, also musical, so far as breeding would allow, stood for a good deal to Gyp, who had built up about her a romantic story of love wrecked by pride from a few words she had once let drop. She was a tall and handsome woman, a year older than Winton, with a long, aristocratic face, deep-blue, rather shining eyes, a gentlemanly manner, warm heart, and one of those indescribable, not unmelodious drawls that one connects with an unshakable sense of privilege. A cheery soul, given to long coats and waistcoats, stocks, and a crutch-handled stick, she, like her brother, had "style," but more sense of humor—valuable in musical circles! At her house, the girl was practically compelled to see fun as well as merit in all those prodigies, haloed with hair and filled to overflowing with music and themselves.

Winton had his first really bad attack of gout when Gyp was twenty-two and, terrified lest he might not be able to sit a horse in time for the opening meets, he went off with her and Markey to Wiesbaden. The cure was long and obstinate, and Winton badly bored. Gyp fared much better. Attended by the silent Markey, she rode daily on the Neroberg, chafing at regulations which reduced her to specified tracks in that majestic wood. Once or even twice a day she went to the concerts in the *Kurhaus*, either with her father or alone.

The first time she heard Fioren play she was alone. Unlike most violinists, he was tall and thin, with great pliancy of body and swift sway of movement. His face was pale, and went strangely with hair and mustache of a sort of dirt-gold color, and his thin cheeks with very broad, high cheek-bones had little narrow scraps of whisker. Those little whiskers seemed to Gyp awful—indeed, he seemed rather awful altogether—but his playing stirred and swept her in the most uncanny way. He had evidently remarkable technique; and the emotion, the intense, wayward feeling of his playing was chiseled by that technique as if a flame were being frozen in its swaying. When he stopped, she did not join in the tornado of applause, but sat motionless, looking up at him. Quite unconstrained by all those people, he passed the back of his hand across his hot brow; then, with a rather disagreeable smile, he made a short, supple bow or two. And she thought, "What strange eyes he has—like a great cat's!" Surely they were green, fierce, yet shy, almost furtive—mesmeric! Certainly the strangest man she had ever seen, and the most frightening. He seemed looking straight at her, and, dropping her gaze,

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she clapped. When she looked again, his face had lost that smile for a kind of wistfulness. He made another of those little supple bows straight at her—it seemed to Gyp—and jerked his violin up to his shoulder. "He's going to play to me," she thought absurdly. He played, without accompaniment, a little tune that seemed to twitch the heart. When he finished, this time she did not look up, but was conscious that he gave one impatient bow and walked off. That evening at dinner she said to Winton:

"I heard a violinist to-day, dad, the most wonderful playing—Gustav Fiorsen. Is that Swedish, do you think—or what?"

Winton answered:

"Very likely. What sort of a bounder was he to look at?"

"Tall and thin and white-faced, with bumpy cheek-bones and hollows under them, and queer, green eyes. Oh, and little goldy side-whiskers!"

"By Jove! It sounds the limit."

Gyp murmured, with a smile.

"Yes; I think perhaps he is."

She saw him next day in the gardens. They were sitting close to the Schiller statue, Winton reading *The Times*, to whose advent he looked forward more than he admitted, for he was loath by confessions of boredom to disturb Gyp's manifest enjoyment of her stay.

Certainly she had never looked prettier, daintier, shown more breeding than she did out here among these Germans with their thick pasterns, and all the cosmopolitan hairy-heeled crowd in this God-forsaken place. The girl, unconscious of his stealthy regalement, was letting her clear eyes rest, in turn, on each figure that passed, on the movements of birds and dogs, watching the sunlight glisten on the grass, burnish the copper beeches, the lime trees, and those tall poplars down there by the water. The doctor at Mildenhall, once consulted on a bout of headache, had called her eyes "perfect organs." She was attractive to dogs, and every now and then one would stop, in two minds whether or no to put his nose into this foreign girl's hand. From a flirtation of eyes with a great Dane, she looked up and saw Fiorsen passing, in company with a shorter, square man, having very fashionable trousers and a corseted waist. The violinist's tall, thin, loping figure was tightly buttoned into a brownish-gray frock-coat suit; altogether quite a dandy. His most strange eyes suddenly swept down on hers, and he made a movement as if to put his hand to his hat.

"Why, he remembers me!" thought Gyp. That thin-waisted figure, with head set just a little forward between rather high shoulders, and its long stride, curiously suggested a leopard or some lithe creature. He touched his short companion's arm, muttered something, turned round, and came back. She could see him staring her way, and knew he was coming simply to look at her. She knew, too, that her father was watching. And she felt that those greenish eyes would waver before his stare—that stare of the Englishman of a certain class, which never condescends to be inquisitive. They passed. Winton said,

"Rum-looking johnnies one sees here!"

"That was the violinist I told you of—Fiorsen."

"Oh! Ah!" But he had evidently forgotten.

The thought that Fiorsen should have picked her out of all that audience for remembrance subtly flattered her vanity. She lost her ruffled feeling. Once, at least, during the next two days, she noticed the short, square young man who had been walking with him, and was conscious that he followed her with his eyes.

And then a certain Baroness von Maisen, a cosmopolitan friend of aunt Rosamund's, German by marriage, half-Dutch, half-French by birth, asked her if she had heard the Swedish violinist, Fiorsen. He would be, she said, the best violinist of the day, if—and she shook her head. Finding that expressive shake unquestioned, the baroness pursued her thoughts:

"Ah, these musicians! He wants saving from himself. If he does not halt soon, he will be lost. Pity! A great talent!"

Gyp looked at her steadily and asked,

"Does he drink, then?"

"Pas mal! But there are things besides drink, *ma chère*."

Instinct and so much life with Winton made the girl regard it as beneath her to be shocked. She did not seek knowledge of life, but refused to shy away from it or be discomfited; and the baroness, to whom innocence was piquant, went on:

"*Des femmes—toujours des femmes! C'est grand dommage!* It will spoil his spirit. His sole chance is to find one woman; but I pity her—*sapristi, quelle vie pour elle!*"

Gyp said calmly.

"Would a man like that ever love?"

The baroness goggled her eyes.

"I have known such a man become a slave. I have known him running after a woman like a lamb while she was deceiving him here and there. *On ne peut jamais dire. Ma belle, il y a des choses que vous ne savez pas encore.*" She took Gyp's hand. "And yet, one thing is certain: With those eyes and those lips and that figure, you have a time before you." Gyp withdrew her hand, smiled and shook her head; she did not believe in love. "Ah, but you will turn some heads! No fear, as you English say. There is fatality in those pretty brown eyes!"

A girl may be pardoned who takes as a compliment the saying that her eyes are fatal. The words warned Gyp, uncontrollably light-hearted in these days, just as she was warned when people turned to stare at her.

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Coming in from a ride, a week after she had sat with Winton under the Schiller statue, Gyp found on her dressing-table a bunch of Gloire de Dijon and La France roses. Plunging her nose into them, she thought: "How lovely! Who sent me





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these?” There was no card. All that the German maid could say was that a boy had brought them from a flower-shop “für Fräulein Winton”; it was surmised that they came from the baroness. In her bodice at dinner, and to the concert after, Gyp wore one La France and one Gloire de Dijon—a daring mixture of pink and orange against her oyster-colored frock, which delighted her, who had a passion for experiments in color. When she saw Fiorsen come forward, her cheeks began to color from sheer anticipation.

He played first a minuet by Mozart; then the César Franck sonata, and, when he came back to make his bow, he was holding in his hand a Gloire de Dijon and a La France rose. Involuntarily, Gyp raised her hand to her own roses. His eyes met hers; he bowed just a little lower, then, quite naturally, put the roses to his lips as he was walking off the platform. Gyp dropped her hand as if it had been stung. Then, with the swift thought, “Oh! that’s schoolgirlish!” she contrived a little smile. But her cheeks were flushing. Should she take out those roses and let them fall? Her father might see, might notice Fiorsen’s—put two and two together! He would consider she had been insulted. Had she? She could not bring herself to think so. It was too pretty a compliment, as if he wished to tell her that he was playing to her alone. The baroness’s words flashed through her mind: “He wants saving from himself. Pity! A great talent!” It was a great talent. There must be something worth saving in one who could play like that!

Three days later, she went to an afternoon “at home” at the Baroness von Maisen’s. She saw him at once, over by the piano, with his short, square companion, listening to a voluble lady and looking very bored and restless. Gyp had been feeling out of mood, a little homesick. Now she felt excited. She saw the short companion detach himself and go up to the baroness; a minute later, he was brought up to her and introduced—Count Rosek. Gyp did not like his face; there were dark rings under the eyes, and he was too perfectly self-possessed, with a kind of cold sweetness; but he was very agreeable and polite, and spoke English well. He was—it seemed—a Pole who lived in London and seemed to know all that was to be known about music. Miss Winton—he believed—had heard his friend Fiorsen play; but not in London? No? That was odd; he had been there some months last season. Faintly annoyed at her ignorance, Gyp answered,

“Yes; but I was in the country nearly all last summer.”

“He had a great success. I shall take him back; it is best for his future. What do you think of his playing?”

In spite of herself, for she did not like expanding to this sphinxlike little man, Gyp murmured,

“Oh, simply wonderful, of course!”

He nodded, and then rather suddenly said, with a peculiar little smile:

“May I introduce him? Gustav—Miss Winton!”

Gyp turned. There he was, just behind her, bowing; and his eyes had a look of humble adoration which he made no attempt whatever to conceal. Gyp saw another smile slide over the Pole’s lips, and she was alone in the bay window with

Fiorsen. The moment might well have fluttered a girl’s nerves after his recognition of her by the Schiller statue, after that episode of the flowers, and what she had heard of him. But life had not yet touched either her nerves or spirit; she only felt amused and a little excited. Close to, he had not so much that look of an animal behind bars, and he certainly was in his way a dandy. Speaking with a queer, crisp accent, he said:

“Miss Winton, you are my audience here. I play to you—only to you.”

Gyp laughed.

“You laugh at me; but you need not. I play for you because I admire you. I admire you terribly. If I sent you those flowers, it was not to be rude. It was my gratitude for the pleasure of your face.”

His voice actually trembled. And, looking down, Gyp answered:

“Thank you. It was very kind of you. I want to thank you for your playing. It is beautiful—really beautiful!”

He made her another little bow.

“When I go back to London, will you come and hear me?”

“I should think anyone would go to hear you, if they had the chance.”

He gave a short laugh.

“Bah! Here, I do it for money; I hate this place. It bores me! Was that your father sitting with you under the statue?”

Gyp nodded, suddenly grave.

He passed his hand over his face, as if to wipe off its expression.

“He is very English. But you—of no country—you belong to all!” Gyp made him an ironical little bow. “No; I should not know your country—you are neither of the North nor of the South. You are just Woman, made to be adored. I came here hoping to meet you; I am extremely happy. Miss Winton, I am your very devoted servant.”

He was speaking very fast, very low, with an agitated earnestness that surely could not be put on. But suddenly muttering, “These people!” he made her another of his little bows and abruptly slipped away.

Too sensitive to confide in anyone, she had no chance to ventilate the curious sensations of attraction and repulsion that began fermenting in her, feelings defying analysis, mingling and quarreling deep down in her heart. It was certainly not love, not even the beginning of that; but it was the kind of dangerous interest children feel in things mysterious, out of reach, yet within reach, if only they dared. And the tug of music was there, and the tug of those words of the baroness about salvation—the thought of achieving the impossible, reserved only for the woman of supreme charm, for the true victress. But all these thoughts and feelings were as yet in embryo. She might never see him again—and she certainly did not know whether she even wanted to.

## IV

Gyp was in the habit of walking with Winton to the Kochbrunnen, where, with other patient-folk, he was required to drink slowly for twenty minutes every morning. While he was imbibing, she would sit in a remote corner of the garden, and read a German novel as a daily lesson.

She was sitting there, the second morning after the “at home” at the Baroness



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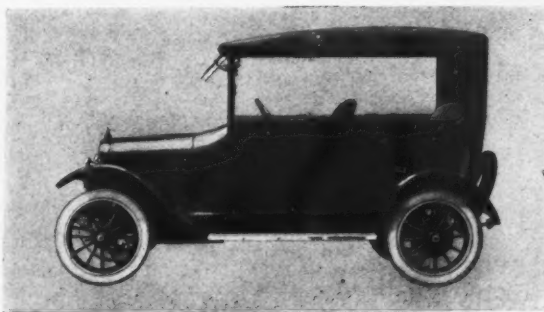
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von Maisen's, reading Turgenev's "Torrents of Spring," when she heard Fiorsen's voice, behind her, say,

"Miss Winton!"

He held a glass of the waters in one hand, and his hat in the other.

"I have just made your father's acquaintance. May I sit down a minute?"

Gyp drew to one side and he sat down.

"What are you reading?"

"A story called 'Torrents of Spring.'"

"Ah, the finest ever written! Where are you?"

"Gemma and Sanin in the thunder-storm."

"Wait! You have Madame Polozov to come. What a creation! How old are you, Miss Winton?"

"Twenty-two."

"You would be too young to appreciate that story if you were not you. But you know much—by instinct. What is your Christian name—forgive me!"

"Ghita."

"Ghita? Not soft enough."

"I am always called Gyp."

"Gyp—ah, Gyp! Yes; Gyp!"

He repeated her name so impersonally that she could not be angry.

"I told your father I have had the pleasure of meeting you. He was very polite." Gyp said coldly,

"My father is always polite."

"Like the ice in which they put champagne."

Gyp smiled; she could not help it.

And suddenly he said,

"I suppose they have told you that I am a *mauvais sujet*." Gyp inclined her head. He looked at her steadily and said: "It is true. But I could be better—much."

She wanted to look at him, but could not. A queer sort of exultation had seized on her. This man had power; yet she had power over him. If she wished, she could make him her slave, her dog, chain him to her. She had but to hold out her hand, and he would go on his knees to kiss it. It was her first experience of power; and it was intoxicating. But—but! Gyp could never be self-confident for long; over her most victorious moments brooded the shadow of distrust. As if he read her thought, Fiorsen said,

"Tell me to do something—anything; I will do it, Miss Winton."

"Then—go back to London at once. You are wasting yourself here, you know. You said so." He looked at her, bewildered and upset, and muttered,

"You have asked me the one thing I can't do, Miss—Miss Gyp."

"Please—not that; it's like a servant!"

"I am your servant!"

"Is that why you won't do what I ask?"

"You are cruel."

Gyp laughed. He got up and said, with sudden fierceness,

"I am not going away from you; do not think it." Bending with the utmost swiftness, he took her hand, put his lips to it, and turned on his heel.

Was ever courtship more strange than that which followed? It is said that the cat fascinates the bird it desires to eat; here the bird fascinated the cat, but the bird, too, was fascinated. Gyp never lost the sense of having the whip-hand, always felt like one giving alms or extending favor, yet had a feeling of being unable to get

away, which seemed to come from the very strength of the spell she laid on him. The magnetism with which she held him reacted on herself. Thoroughly skeptical at first, she could not remain so. He was too utterly morose and unhappy if she did not smile on him, too alive and excited and grateful if she did. The change in his eyes from their ordinary restless, fierce, and furtive expression to humble adoration or wistful hunger when they looked at her could never have been simulated. And she had no lack of chance to see that metamorphosis. Wherever she went, there he was. If to a concert he would be a few paces from the door, waiting for her. Every afternoon he walked where she must pass, riding to the Neroberg.

Except in the gardens of the Kochbrunnen, when he would come up humbly and ask to sit with her five minutes, he never forced his company or tried in any way to compromise her. Experience, no doubt, served him there; but he must have had an instinct that it was dangerous with one so sensitive. There were other moths, too, round that bright candle, and they served to keep his attentions from being too conspicuous. Did she comprehend what was going on, understand how her defenses were being sapped, grasp the danger to retreat that lay in permitting him to hover round her? Not really. It all served to swell the triumphant intoxication of days when she was ever more and more in love with living, more and more conscious that the world appreciated and admired her, that she had power to do what others couldn't.

Was not Fiorsen, with his great talent and his dubious reputation, proof of that? And he excited her. Whatever else one might be in his moody, vivid company, one would not be dull. One morning, he told her something of his life. His father had been a small Swedish landowner, a very strong man and a very hard drinker; his mother, the daughter of a painter. She had taught him the violin, but died while he was still a boy. When he was seventeen he had quarreled with his father, and had to play his violin for a living in the streets of Stockholm. A well-known violinist, hearing him one day, took him in hand. Then his father had drunk himself to death, and he had inherited the little estate. He had sold it at once—"for follies," as he put it crudely. "Yes, Miss Winton; I have committed many follies, but they are nothing to those I shall commit the day I do not see you any more!" And, with that disturbing remark, he got up and left her. She had smiled at his words, but, within herself, she felt excitement, skepticism, compassion, and something she did not understand at all. In those days she understood herself very little.

But how far did Winton understand, how far see what was going on? He was a stoic; but that did not prevent jealousy from taking alarm and causing him twinges more acute than those he still felt in his left foot. He was afraid of showing disquiet by any dramatic change, or he would have carried her off a fortnight at least before his cure was over. That long, loping, wolfish fiddling fellow with the broad cheek-bones and little side-whiskers (Good God!) and greenish eyes, whose looks at Gyp he secretly marked down, roused (Continued on page 166)

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

# Sonora

CLEAR AS A BELL



*A* tone as brilliant as the sparkle of gems—and as sweet as an old love song—as clear as the Sabbath church bells' chimes—and as true as the ring of a gong—*this* is Sonora's tone which was awarded the highest score at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

HEAR the Sonora and you will decide that it is as claimed "The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World"—the instrument *you* wish to buy.

TO own a Sonora is an enviable distinction. Its superiority is due to the perfection of individual parts—unique, exclusive, patented.

#### TEN SUPERB MODELS

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Today send for handsome free illustrated catalogue C-61. It is of decided interest to every lover of music and the phonograph

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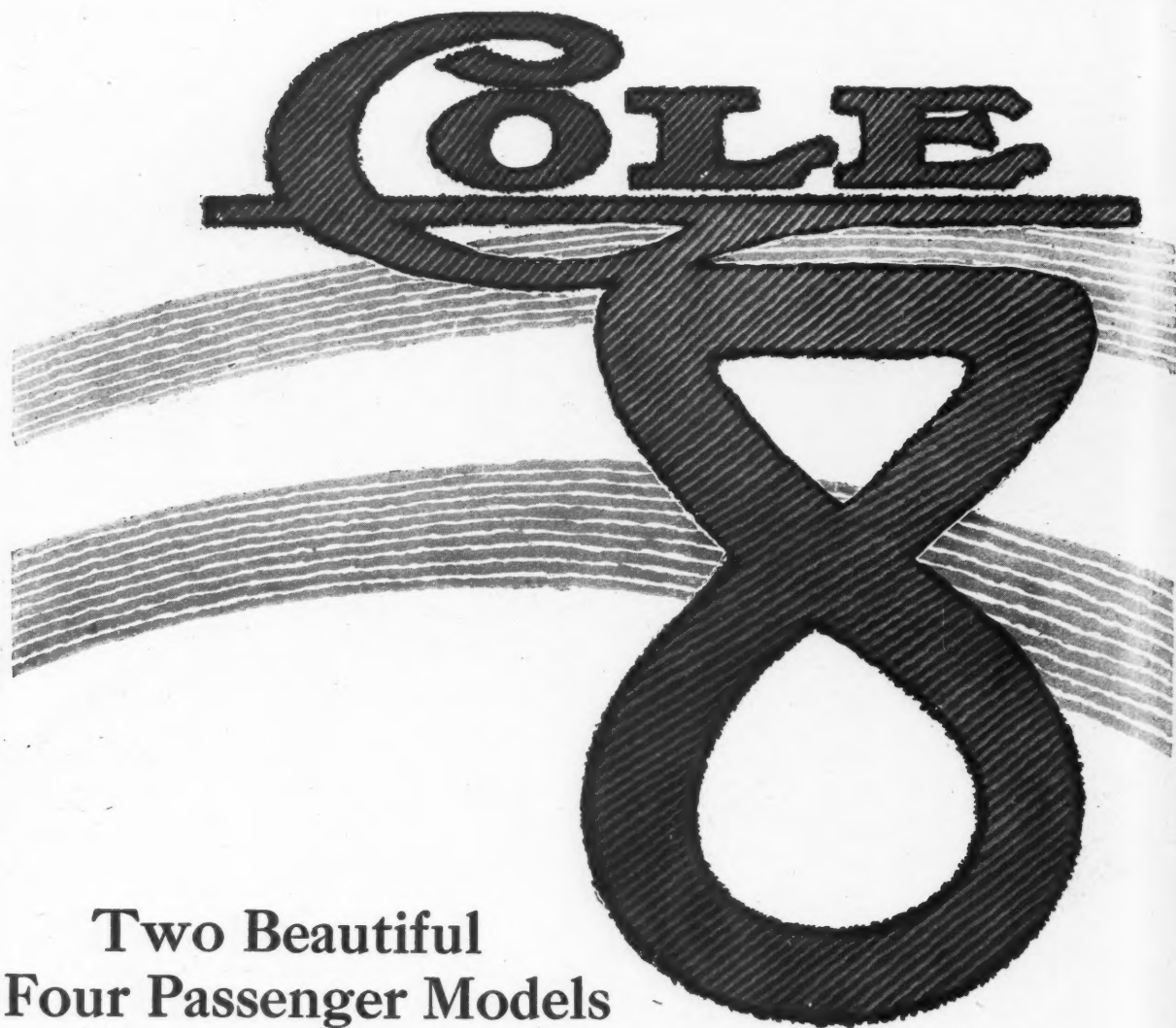
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## Two Beautiful Four Passenger Models

*Ready for Delivery*

First to introduce the eight cylinder seven passenger Springfield Type closed car, we now offer for immediate delivery the new line of Cole Eight four passenger cars—open and closed.

The four passenger all-season Cole Eight is of the Springfield type—the only real convertible body on the market.

This magnificent Cole is known as the Tourcoupe.

It is both a closed coupe and an open roadster—all in one unit—all for one price.

With the windows in place you have all the comfort, protection and luxury of the standard coupe. However, all windows are removable. In a few minutes they can be taken out, placed out of sight, and your coupe is immediately transformed into an open roadster.

It seats four adults comfortably.

This model, we believe, is one of the most practical all-season cars ever designed.

This Cole Tourcoupe has all the famous Cole advantages—the well known eight cylinder motor; magnificent coach work; wide aisleway between front seats—fine upholstery and an absolutely complete equipment—right down to an electric dash clock.

Many still prefer the standard open roadster. For those we have designed a perfect beauty.

This also seats four. The interior and exterior are shown on the opposite page.

Look at the room; look at the graceful lines.

Ever see a finer job?

Roadsters are in great demand. They are mighty serviceable and practical.

This roadster is made to order for smaller families, not that it is a small car, for it is the largest eight cylinder roadster in the world. But many prefer four passenger capacity on account of its distinctive body style.

These two Cole designs are without question two of the most beautiful, most efficient, most economical cars ever offered the American public.

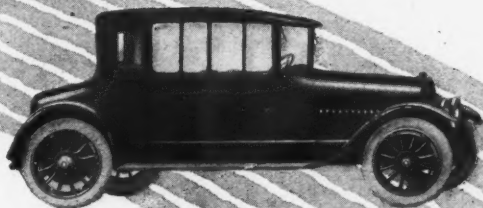
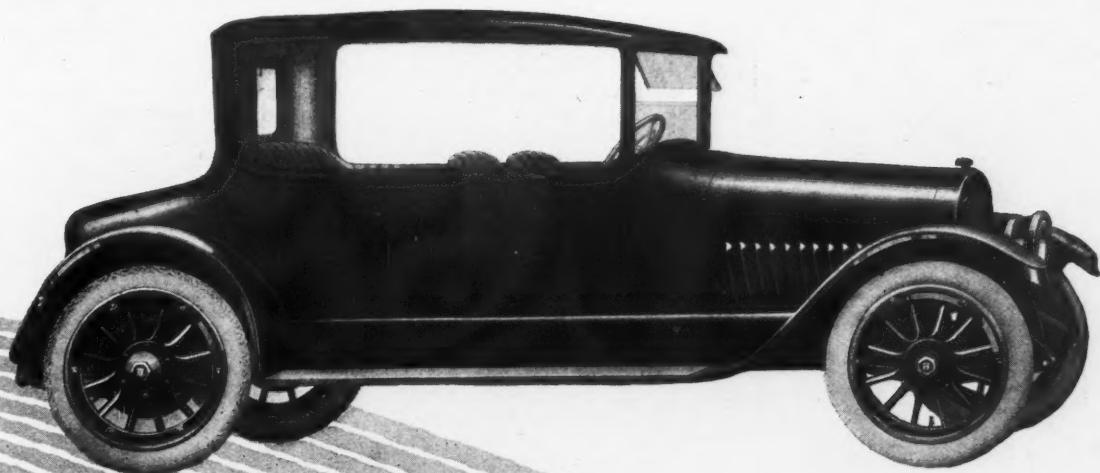
To fully appreciate their comfort and quality you must have a personal inspection.

To fully appreciate the remarkable strength and smoothness of the giant seventy horsepower Cole motor—you must drive one yourself. Do so today—see the nearest Cole dealer.

Deliveries on both these models now.

**Cole Motor Car Company, Indianapolis, U. S. A.**

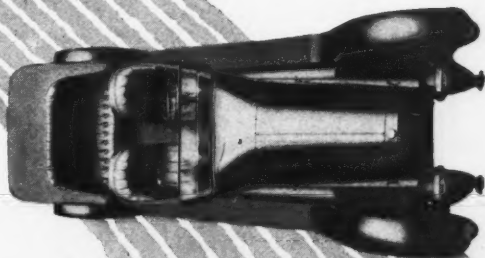




**Cole Springfield Tourcoupe**

An open and closed car—all in one—for one price. Four passenger capacity. Wide aisleway between front seats. 70 horsepower; eight cylinder motor. 127 inch wheelbase.

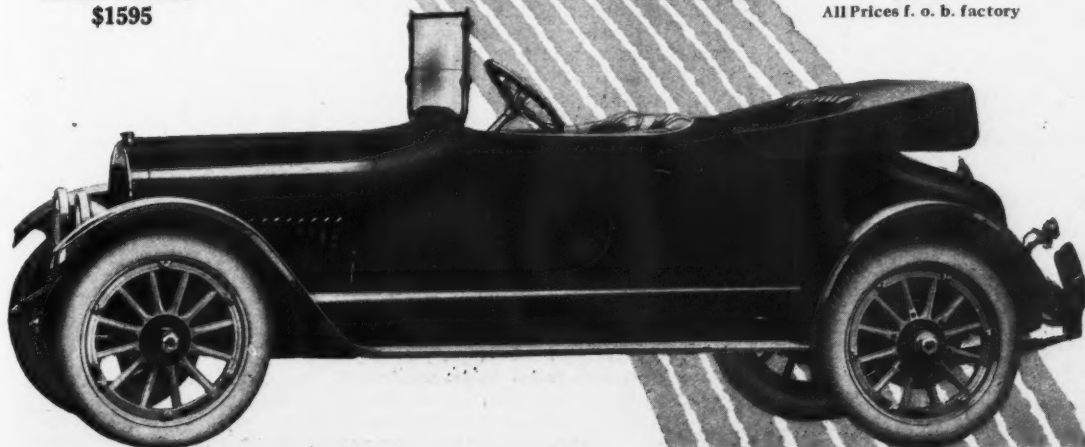
**\$2195**



**Cole Eight Tuxedo**

A superb touring roadster. 4 passenger capacity. Wide aisleway between front seats. 70 horsepower; eight cylinder motor. 127 inch wheelbase.

**\$1595**



**Other Cole Eight Models**

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7 passenger Touring Car

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We have a series of four new Fisher Pictures made especially for Cosmopolitan readers, the titles being "A LOVE STORY," "CONFIDENCES," "COMPENSATION" and "WIRELESS." These are in large size—12x16 inches—in full colors, and the price is 25c each, postpaid. (10 cents for registration outside of the U. S.) Delivery guaranteed. Send for FREE PORTFOLIO OFFER. Catalog in miniature FREE ON REQUEST.

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his complete distrust. Perhaps his inbred English contempt for foreigners and artists kept him from direct action. He could not take it quite seriously. Gyp, his fastidious, perfect Gyp, succumbing, even a little, to a fellow like that! Never! His jealous affection, too, could not admit that she would neglect to consult him in any doubt or difficulty. He forgot the sensitive secrecy of girls, forgot that his love for her had ever shunned words, her love for him never indulged in confidences. Nor did he see more than a little of what there was to see, and that little was doctored by Fiorsen for his eyes, shrewd though they were. Nor was there in all so very much, except one episode the day before they left, and of that he knew nothing.

That last afternoon was very still, a little mournful. It had rained the night before, and the soaked tree-trunks, the soaked fallen leaves gave off a faint liqueur-like perfume. In Gyp there was a feeling as if her spirit had been suddenly emptied of excitement and delight. Was it the day, or the thought of leaving this place where she had so enjoyed herself? After lunch, when Winton was settling his accounts, Gyp wandered out through the long park stretching up the valley. The sky was brooding-gray; the trees were still and melancholy. It was all a little melancholy, and she went on and on, across the stream, round into a muddy lane that led up through the outskirts of a village, on to the higher ground whence she could return by the main road. Why must things come to an end? For the first time in her life, she thought of Mildenhams and hunting without enthusiasm. She would rather stay in London. There she would not be cut off from music, from dancing, from people, and all the exhilaration of being appreciated. On the air came the shrilly, hollow droning of a thresher, and the sound seemed exactly to express her feelings. A pigeon flew over, white against the leaden sky; some birch trees that had gone golden shivered and let fall a shower of drops. It was lonely here! And, suddenly, two little boys bolted out of the hedge, nearly upsetting her, and scurried down the road. Something had startled them. Gyp, putting up her face to see, felt on it soft pin-points of rain. Her frock would be spoiled, and it was one she was fond of—dove-colored, velvety, not meant for weather. She turned for refuge to the birch trees. It would be over directly, perhaps. Muffled in distance, the whining drone of that thresher still came traveling, deepening her discomfort. Then in the hedge, whence the boys had bolted down, a man reared himself above the lane, and came striding along toward her. He jumped down the bank, among the birch trees. And she saw it was Fiorsen—panting, disheveled, pale with heat. He must have followed her, and climbed straight up the hillside from the path she had come along in the bottom before crossing the stream. His artistic dandyism had been harshly treated by that scramble. She might have laughed; but, instead, she felt excited, a little scared by the look on his hot, pale face. He said breathlessly:

"I have caught you! So you are going to-morrow, and never told me! You thought you would slip away—not a

word for me! Are you always so cruel? Well, I will not spare you, either!"

Crouching suddenly, he took hold of her broad ribbon sash, and buried his face in it. Gyp stood trembling—the action had not stirred her sense of the ridiculous. He circled her knees with his arms.

"Oh, Gyp, I love you—I love you—don't send me away—let me be with you! I am your dog—your slave! Oh, Gyp, I love you!"

His voice moved and terrified her. Men had said, "I love you," several times during those last two years, but never with that lost-soul ring of passion, never with that look in the eyes at once fiercely hungry and so supplicating, never with that restless, eager touch of hands.

She could only murmur,

"Please get up."

But he went on:

"Love me a little, only a little—love me! Oh, Gyp!"

The thought flashed through Gyp: "To how many has he knelt, I wonder?"

His face had a kind of beauty in its abandonment—the beauty that comes from yearning—and she lost her frightened feeling. He went on, with his stammering murmur: "I am a prodigal, I know; but if you love me, I will no longer be. I will do great things for you. Oh, Gyp, if you will some day marry me! Not now. When I have proved. Oh, Gyp, you are so sweet—so wonderful!"

Without quite knowing what she did, Gyp touched his hair, and said again,

"No; please get up."

He got up then, and standing near, with his hands hard clenched at his sides, whispered:

"Have mercy! Speak to me!"

She could not. All was strange and mazed and quivering in her, her spirit straining away, drawn to him, fantastically confused. She could only look into his face with her troubled, dark eyes. And suddenly she was seized and crushed to him. She shrank away, pushing him back with all her strength. He hung his head, abashed, suffering, with eyes shut, lips trembling; and her heart felt again that quiver of compassion. She murmured:

"I don't know. I will tell you later—later—in England."

He bowed, folding his arms, as if to make her feel safe from him. And when, regardless of the rain, she began to move on, he walked beside her, a yard or so away, humbly, as though he had never poured out those words or hurt her lips with the violence of his kisses.

Back in her room, taking off her wet dress, Gyp tried to remember what he had said and what she had answered. She had not promised anything. But she had given him her address, both in London and the country. Unless she resolutely thought of other things, she still felt the restless touch of his hands, the grip of his arms, and saw his eyes as they were when he was kissing her; and once more she felt frightened and excited.

He was playing at the concert that evening—her last concert. And surely he had never played like that—with a despairing beauty, a sort of frenzied rapture. Listening, there came to her a feeling—a feeling of fatality—that, whether she would or no, she could not free herself from him.

The next instalment of *Beyond* will appear in the December issue.



**He  
made  
his  
Mark**

## From 14 cents an hour to Railroad Official

**A**T the age of eighteen Frank R. Judd was a machinist's helper earning 14 cents an hour—\$1.40 for ten hours work. One day he marked the coupon of an American School advertisement and a few weeks later enrolled as a student. Before he finished his course he was holding a good position in the engineering department of the Illinois Central Railroad. "Because I had the proper training," said Mr. Judd, "other advances were rapid." Today he is Engineer of Buildings for the entire 6,000-mile system, with hundreds of men under him. He is a trained man—and the high position he holds is his just reward. **He has made his mark!**

## Make Your Mark

Just put an X before the position in life that **you** want to fill—we'll tell you how easily you can fit yourself for it. For nearly twenty years our practical lessons—written in plain, understandable language—have been training men for promotion. Today, thousands of our students are "making their marks" in engineering, business and law. Marking the coupon will bring full particulars about your choice of 34 well-paying positions. Investigate **now!** Your own ambition, your fondest dreams, say "Mark the coupon!" Do it now—for the sake of the man you want to be.

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**October  
16th to 21st.**

## The New Edison

**O**F the various arts and sciences Mr. Edison takes the greatest interest in the recording and reproduction of sound. Unquestionably, of all his numerous inventions, the New Edison, the instrument of Music's Re-Creation, is his favorite. It marks the goal of his ambition to record and reproduce all forms of music with such utter perfection that the reproduction can not be distinguished from the original music.

Mr. Edison has perfected this new instrument for the reproduction of music, and recently submitted it to comparison with the voices of such great artists as Marie Rappold, Anna Case and Arthur Middleton of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Thomas Chalmers of the Boston Opera Company, Alice Verlet of the Paris Opera, Christine Miller, Elizabeth Spencer and Marie Kaiser, the great concert singers.

Remember, these great artists stood beside the New Edison in *Carnegie Hall*, New York, *Symphony Hall*, Boston, the *Astor Gallery*, and other shrines of music. They sang in direct comparison with Edison's reproduction of their voices. More than 200,000 music lovers attended these demonstrations and were unable to distinguish the original from the reproduction. The music critics of more than two hundred of America's leading newspapers admitted that they were unable to detect the slightest difference. To differentiate this new instrument from the ordinary talking machines, the critics coined a new expression—*Music's Re-Creation*.

These astounding tests have proved conclusively to music critics everywhere that the New Edison is incomparably superior to any and all other devices for the reproduction of sound. We have the verdict of the American press and American music critics. We now want the verdict of the American people.



## Bringing it home to you—\$1,000 in Prizes

And 10 cents a word for your opinion, as explained below

**I**N every locality there is a merchant licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell the New Edison. These merchants have set aside a limited number of specially tested instruments which will be sent on *absolutely free trial* to the homes of responsible people during Edison Week. Bring Music's Re-Creation into your home. Keep the instrument for three days during Edison Week. Let your family form its opinion. Then put that opinion into words.

The music critics have told in their language why the New Edison is infinitely superior, from their standpoint, to any and all talking machines. We want you to tell us in your language why the New Edison is more valuable and desirable in the American home than any other talking machine. We want you to tell us why it is superior as an entertainer and as a means of developing real culture and musical appreciation on the part of your family. We already have a booklet that contains the opinions of lead-

ing American music critics. This booklet tells the technical and artistic side. We want another booklet that will tell the human side, and this is what we are willing to pay for your opinion:

**\$500 for the Best Opinion**  
**\$200 for the Second Best Opinion**  
**\$100 for the Third Best Opinion**

The Contest Closes October 23, 1916

Ten cents per word for opinions which do not win prizes, but which we decide are worthy of publication. No opinion to be more than 200 words in length

**The Conditions are Perfectly Simple**

Go to an Edison dealer at once and apply to him for a three days *free trial* of the New Edison during Edison Week. If you are not too late he will give you an entry blank containing all of the conditions. Let us make plain that you assume no obligation to purchase the instrument placed with you. At the end of three days trial you may return the instrument if you desire to do so. This free trial imposes no responsibility upon you except that you promise to be careful of the splendid instrument that is to be placed in your home.

Professional writers and phonograph trade are barred. You don't have to be a trained writer to

win a prize. Ideas are what count. You can make grammatical errors and misspell words and it will not count against you. The New Edison stirs deep feelings in music lovers' souls. We want your feelings expressed freely in your own words. Don't wait. Act quickly. Remember the number of instruments available for these free trials is limited. Should you be too late to have an instrument placed in your home, there is a consolation contest open to you for the best opinions based on merely hearing the New Edison in an Edison dealer's store. The prizes in this consolation contest are

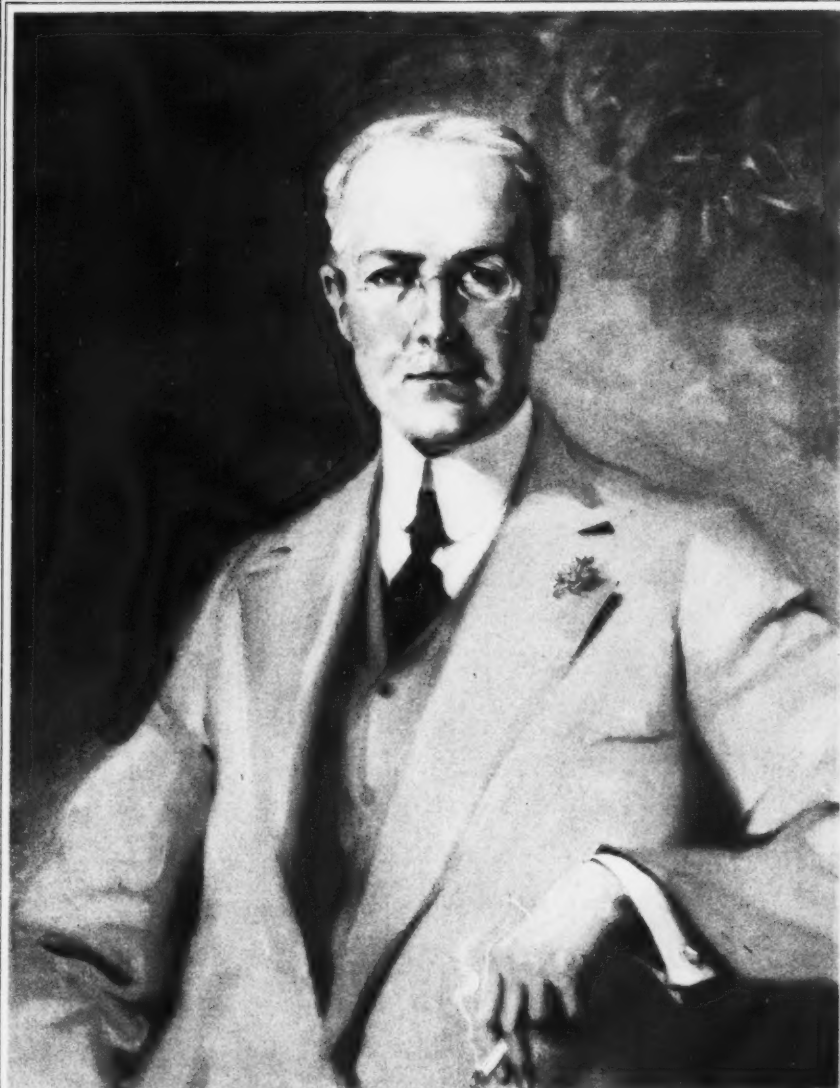
**\$125 First \$50 Second \$25 Third**  
The Contest Closes October 23, 1916

The dealer will explain everything to you. Go to his store this very day. Owners of the New Edison may compete. Go to your dealer and get an entry blank.

**Let us help you win a Prize**

Write to us at once and we shall gladly send you these helps: The brochures "Music's Re-Creation", "The Music Master's Conversion" and "What The Critics Think."

**THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.**  
Department 1048 ORANGE, N. J.



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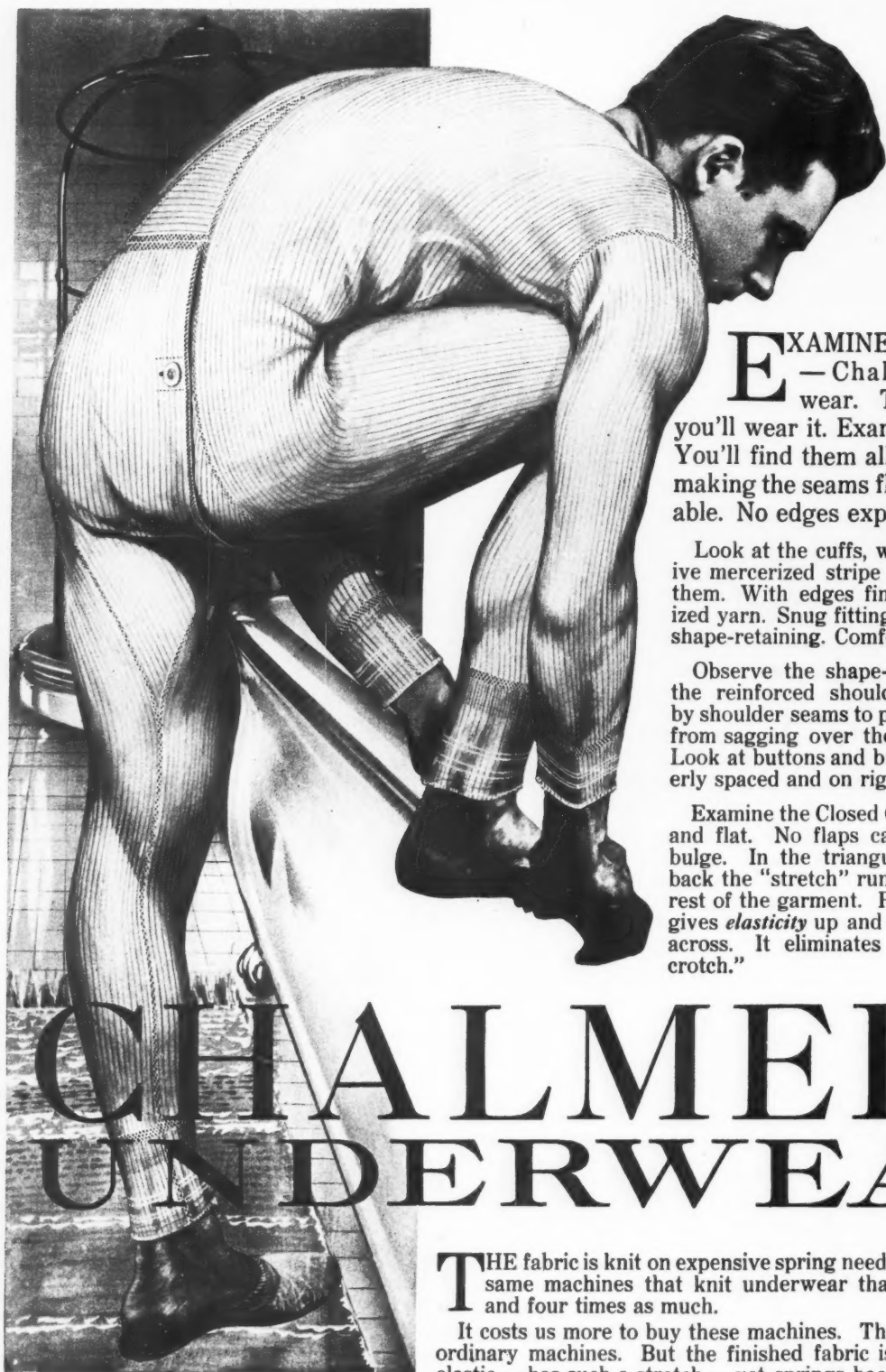
**F**ATIMA may never become the only cigarette smoked by keen, substantial men of this type. But you will find that Fatima has already become more popular with such men than almost any other cigarette regardless of price.

This is because men who smoke wisely want a **SENSIBLE** cigarette—a cigarette that is cool and comfortable to the tongue and throat and that leaves a man feeling "fit" and clear-headed even though he may smoke more often than usual.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

# FATIMA

*A Sensible Cigarette*



**E**XAMINE—and compare —Chalmers Underwear. Then we know you'll wear it. Examine the seams. You'll find them all cover-seamed, making the seams flat and comfortable. No edges exposed to irritate.

Look at the cuffs, with their attractive mercerized stripe running through them. With edges finished in mercerized yarn. Snug fitting—yet elastic and shape-retaining. Comfortable to the last.

Observe the shape-retaining neck—the reinforced shoulders—reinforced by shoulder seams to prevent the sleeve from sagging over the shoulder point. Look at buttons and buttonholes. Properly spaced and on right.

Examine the Closed Crotch. It is even and flat. No flaps can gape open or bulge. In the triangular piece in the back the "stretch" runs opposite to the rest of the garment. Pull it and see. It gives *elasticity* up and down as well as across. It eliminates "cutting in the crotch."

# CHALMERS UNDERWEAR

**T**HE fabric is knit on expensive spring needle machines—the same machines that knit underwear that retails at three and four times as much.

It costs us more to buy these machines. They knit less than ordinary machines. But the finished fabric is so wonderfully elastic—has such a stretch—yet springs back into shape and always retains its tailored fit—that we know you will buy Chalmers Underwear for all time—once you wear it and learn its amazing comfort.

**Fall and Winter Weight, Spring Needle Ribbed, Closed Crotch Union Suits, \$1.25 up. Shirts and Drawers, 75c each**

*Unusual Illustrated Booklet Free*

**CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, Amsterdam, N. Y.**



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## "You Get The Job"

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The boss can't take chances. When he has a responsible job to fill, he picks a man *trained to hold it*. He's watching *you* right now, hoping you'll be ready when your opportunity comes. The thing for you to do is to start *today* and train yourself to do some one thing better than others. You can do it in spare time through the International Correspondence Schools without losing a day or a dollar from your present work.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Certified Public Accountant | <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Telephony        |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist     | <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgist or Prospector |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman        | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigator                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice       | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising            |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engineer                | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian                    |

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## REX BEACH

Who Lives Adventures As Well  
As Writes Them, will tell in

### December Cosmopolitan

of his interesting travels  
and experiences among

### "The San Blas People"

Have you ever heard of the  
Gulf of San Blas? It is a  
name and place which is to  
mean much to America.

The article will be profusely  
illustrated with photographs  
taken by Mr. Beach himself.

In December Cosmopolitan

## My Hawaiian Aloha

(Continued from page 62)

witnessed. And unforgettable were the flower-garlanded Hawaiians, the women *pa-u* riders on their lively steeds, with flowing costumes that swept the ground, toddling Japanese boys and girls, lantern processions straight out of old Japan, colossal dragons from the Flowery Empire, and Chinese schoolgirls, parading two by two in long, winding columns, bareheaded, their demure black braids down their backs, slimly graceful in the white costumes of their foremothers. At the same time, while the streets stormed with confetti and serpentine tossed by the laughing races of all the world, in the throne-room of the old palace (now the Executive Building) was occurring an event as bizarre in its own way and equally impressive. Here, side by side, the two high representatives of the old order and the new held reception. Seated, was the aged Queen Liliuokalani, the last reigning sovereign of Hawaii; standing beside her was Lucius E. Pinkham, New England born, the governor of Hawaii. A quarter of a century before, his brothers had dispossessed her of her kingdom; and quite a feather was it in his cap for him to have her beside him that night, for it was the first time in that quarter of a century that anyone had succeeded in winning her to enter the throne-room.

### AN EARTHLY PARADISE

Hawaii is a paradise—and I can never cease proclaiming it; but I must append one word of qualification: *Hawaii is a paradise for the well-to-do*. It is not a paradise for the unskilled laborer or for the person without capital from the mainland. The one great industry of the islands is sugar. The unskilled labor for the plantations is already here. Even the skilled laborer is needed only in small, definite numbers.

For the person without capital, dreaming to start on a shoe-string and become a capitalist, Hawaii is the last place in the world. The shoe-string days are past. The land and industries of Hawaii are owned by old families and large corporations.

But the homesteader may object, saying that he has read the reports of the millions of acres of government land in Hawaii which are his for the homesteading. But he must remember that the vastly larger portion of this government land is naked lava rock and not worth ten cents a square mile to a homesteader, and that much of the remaining land, while rich in soil values, is worthless because it is without water. The small portion of good government land is leased by the plantations. Of course, when these leases expire, they may be homesteaded. It has been done in the past. But such homesteaders, after making good their titles, almost invariably sell out their holdings to the plantations. There is a reason for it. There are various reasons for it.

For, be it understood, that Hawaii is patriarchal rather than democratic. Economically, it is owned and operated in a fashion that is a combination of twentieth century, machine-civilization methods and of medieval feudal methods. Its rich lands, devoted to sugar, are

farmed scientifically. The last word in machinery is vocal here, the last word in fertilizing and agronomy, and the last word in scientific expertness.

The Sugar Planters' Association and the several sugar factors or financial agencies control sugar, and, since sugar is king, control the destiny and welfare of the Islands. And they are able to do this, under the peculiar conditions that obtain, far more efficiently than it could be done by the population of Hawaii were it a democratic commonwealth, which it essentially is not. Much of the stock in these corporations is owned in small lots by members of the small business and professional classes. The larger blocks are held by families who, earlier in the game, ran their small plantations for themselves, but who learned that they could not do it so well and so profitably as the corporations, which, with centralized management, could hire far better brains for the entire operation of the industry. As a result, absentee ownership or landlordship has come about. Finding the work done better for them than they could do it themselves, they prefer to live in their Honolulu and seaside and mountain homes, to travel much, and to develop a cosmopolitanism and culture that never misses shocking the traveler or newcomer with surprise. Of course there are notable exceptions to this practise of absentee landlordism, and such men are active as sugar factors and in the management of the Planters' Association. Yet will I dare to assert that no owning class on the mainland is so conscious of its social responsibility as is this owning class of Hawaii, and especially that portion of it which has descended out of the old missionary stock. Its charities, missions, social settlements, schools, hospitals, and other philanthropic enterprises are many; and some of its members contribute from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of their incomes to work for the general good.

### HAWAII'S PROBLEMS

But all the foregoing, it must be remembered, is not democratic or communal, but is distinctly feudal. The coolie and peasant labor possess no vote, while Hawaii is, after all, only a territory, its governor appointed by the President of the United States, its one delegate sitting in Congress at Washington but denied the right to vote. Under such conditions, it is patent that the small class of large landowners finds it not too difficult to control the small vote in local politics.

Interesting, even menacing, problems loom large for Hawaii in the not distant future. Let but one of these be considered, namely, the Japanese and citizenship. Granting that no Japanese immigrant can ever become naturalized, nevertheless remains the irrefragable law and fact that every male Japanese, Hawaii-born, by his birth is automatically a citizen of the United States. Since practically every other person in all Hawaii is Japanese, it is merely a matter of time when the Hawaii-born Japanese vote will not only be larger than any other Hawaiian vote but will be practically equal to all other votes combined. When such time

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of the *why* and the *how* of the problems he had to solve.

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comes, it looks as if the Japanese will have the dominant say in local politics. If Hawaii should get statehood, a Japanese governor of the state of Hawaii would be not merely probable but very possible.

In passing, it may be significantly noted that while the Chinese, Filipinos, and Portuguese flock enthusiastically into the national guard, the Japanese do not. There are no Japanese in the national guard.

#### A COVETED DEGREE

But a truce to far troubles. This is my Hawaiian *aloha*—my love for Hawaii; and I cannot finish it without stating a dear hope for a degree of honor that may some day be mine before I die. I have had several degrees in the past of which I am well proud. When I had barely turned sixteen, I was named "Prince of the Oyster Pirates," by my fellow pirates. Since they were all men grown and a hard-bitten lot, and since the term was applied in anything but derision, my lad's pride in it was justly great. Not long after, another mighty degree was given me by a shipping commissioner in San Francisco, who signed me on the ship's articles as A. B. Think of it—able-bodied! I was not a landlubber or an ordinary seaman, but an A. B. An able-bodied seaman before the mast! No higher could one go—before the mast. And in those youthful days of romance and adventure, I would far rather have been an able-bodied seaman before the mast than a captain aft of it.

When I went over Chilkoot Pass in the first Klondike Rush, I was called a *chechaquo*. This was equivalent to newcomer, greenhorn, tenderfoot, short horn, or new chum, and as such I looked reverently up to the men who were sour-doughs. It was a custom of the country to call an old-timer a sour-dough. A sour-dough was a man who had seen the Yukon freeze and break, traveled under the midnight sun, and been in the country long enough to get over the frivolities of baking-powder and yeast in the making of bread, and to content himself with bread raised from sour dough.

I am very proud of my sour-dough degree. A few years ago I received another degree. It was in the West South Pacific. A kinky-headed, asymmetrical, apelike, head-hunting cannibal climbed out of his canoe and over the rail and gave it to me. He wore no clothes. On his chest, from around his neck, was suspended a broken white-china plate. Through a hole in one ear was thrust a short clay pipe. Through divers holes in the other ear were thrust a freshly-severed pig's tail and several rifle-cartridges. A bone bodkin four inches long was shoved through the dividing wall of his nose. And he addressed me as "skipper." Owner and master I was, the only navigator on board; but it was the first time I had been called "skipper," and I was mighty proud of it. I'd rather possess these several degrees of able seaman, sour-dough, and skipper than all university degrees from bachelor of arts to doctor of philosophy. But there is yet one degree I should like to receive, than which there is no other in the wide world for which I have so great a desire. It is *kamaaina*.

*Kamaaina* is Hawaiian. It contains five vowels, which, with the three consonants compose five syllables. (Concluded on page 178)



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No syllable is accented; all syllables are pronounced, the vowels having precisely the same values as the French vowels. *Kamaaina* means not exactly old-timer or pioneer. Its original meaning is "a child of the soil," one who is indigénous. But its meaning has changed, so that it stands to-day for "one who belongs"—to Hawaii, of course. It is not merely a degree of time or length of residence. It applies to the heart and the spirit. A man may live in Hawaii for twenty years and yet not be recognized as a *kamaaina*. He has remained alien in heart-warmth and spirit-understanding.

Nor can one assume this degree for oneself.

*Kamaaina* must be given to one. He must be so named by the ones who do belong and who are best fitted to judge whether or not he belongs. *Kamaaina* is the proudest accolade I know that any people can lay with the love-warmth steel of its approval on an alien's back.

Pshaw! Were it a matter of time, I could almost be reckoned a *kamaaina* myself. Nearly a quarter of a century ago—to be precise, twenty-four years ago—I first saw these fair islands rise out of the sea. I have been back here numerous times. As the years pass, I return with increasing frequency and for longer stays.

Some day, some one of Hawaii may slap me on the shoulder and say, "Hello, old *kamaaina*." And some other day, I may chance to overhear some one else of Hawaii speaking of me and saying, "Oh, he's a *kamaaina*." And this may grow and grow until I am generally so spoken of and until I may at last say of myself: "I am a *kamaaina*. I belong." And this is my Hawaiian *aloha*:

*Aloha nui oe, Hawaii Nei!*

## The Life of Charles Frohman

(Continued from page 79)

December 27, 1904, it was an immense and brilliant success.

The first Peter in England was Nina Boucicault, who played the part with great wistfulness and charm. She was the first of a quartet of Peters, which included Cissy Loftus, Pauline Chase, and Madge Titheradge.

Charles Frohman so adored "Peter Pan" that he produced it in Paris, June 1, 1900, at the Vaudeville Theatre, with an all-English cast headed by Pauline Chase, who played Peter. The first presentation was a great hit, and it ran for five weeks.

Charles Frohman was now a conspicuous and prominent figure in British theatrical life. He was a friend of the great, and his opinion was much quoted. In addition to his sole control of the Duke of York's, he had interests in a dozen other play-houses.

To name the American plays that he produced in London is to give an almost complete list of the American dramas revealed to British eyes. Curiously enough, at least two plays, "The Lion and the Mouse" and "Paid in Full," that had made enormous successes in America, failed utterly in England under his direction. He gave England such typically American plays as "The Great Divide," "Brewster's

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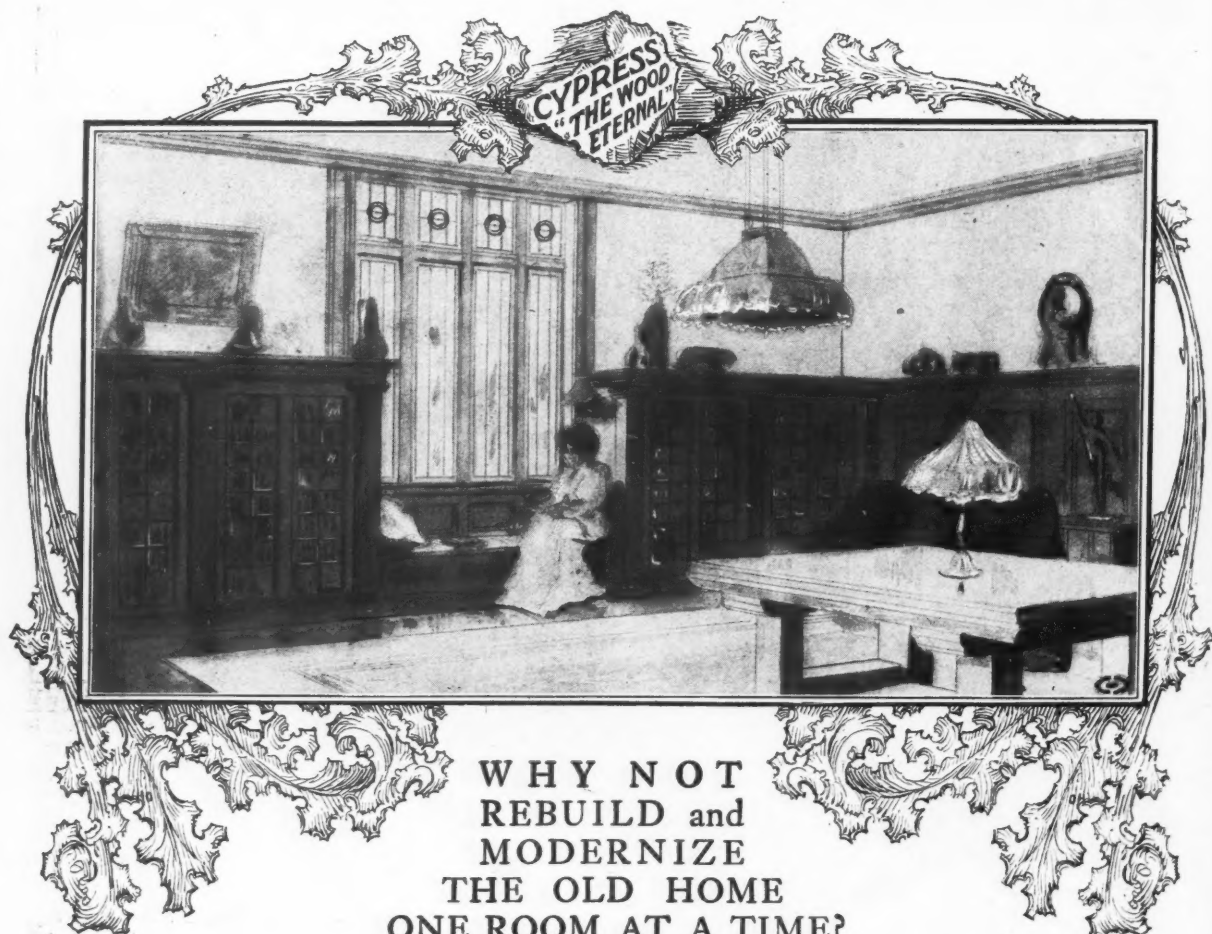
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#### THE REPERTORY THEATRE

We now come to the most brilliant of all the Charles Frohman achievements in England. Had he done nothing else than the Repertory Theatre, he would have left for himself an imperishable monument of artistic endeavor. The extraordinary thing about his performance was that it was left for an American to finance and promote, in the very cradle of the British drama, the highest and finest attempt yet made to encourage that drama. The enterprise cost him a princely fortune, but it was an achievement that gave him an undying glory.

The National, or Repertory, Theatre idea, which was the antidote for the "long run," the agency for the production of plays that had no sustained box-office virtue, and which took the speculative feature out of production, had been prevalent in England for some time. Granville Barker had tried it in the Court Theatre, where the Shaw plays had been originally produced. At Manchester and Dublin, the experiment had also been tried. The movement needed energy and money.

With his marvelous grasp of things, Frohman swiftly got at the heart of the repertory movement. When he launched the enterprise at the Duke of York's, he said:

"Repertory companies are usually associated in the public mind with the revival of old masterpieces, but if you want to know the character of my repertory project at the Duke of York's, I should describe it as the production of new plays by living authors. Whatever it accomplishes, it will represent the combined resources of actor and playwright working with each other—a combination that seems to me to represent the most necessary foundation of any theatrical success."

Limitation of space forbids any detailed description here of the Repertory Theatre. The mere unadorned list of plays produced is in itself a sufficiently eloquent exhibit. These plays were "Justice," by John Galsworthy; "Misalliance," by Bernard Shaw; "Old Friends," and "The Twelve-Pound Look," by James M. Barrie; "The Sentimentalists," by George Meredith; "Madras House," by Granville Barker; "Chains," by Elizabeth Baker; "Prunella," by Lawrence Housman and Granville Barker; "Helen's Path," by Anthony Hope and Cosmo Gordon Lennox, and a revival of "Trelawney of the Wells," by Sir Arthur Pinero.

The way "The Twelve-Pound Look" came to be produced was interesting. When the repertory for the theater was being discussed, one day, by Barrie and Granville Barker, at the former's flat in Adelphi Terrace House, the latter said,

"Haven't you got a one-act play that we could do?"

Barrie thought a moment, scratched his head, and said:

"I think I wrote one about six months ago when I was recovering from malaria. You might find it somewhere in that desk." He pointed toward the flat-top table where he had written "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan."

Barker rummaged around through the drawers and finally found a manuscript written in Barrie's near-hieroglyphic hand. It was "The Twelve-Pound Look."

The production of "Justice" alone was generally regarded in England as the finest example of stage production that has been made within the last twenty-five years.

Despite the enormous expense, and the fact that Frohman insisted upon making each play a splendid production, the Repertory Theatre prospered. It ran from February 21, 1910, until the middle of May. Its run was terminated by the death of King Edward VII, and it was impossible to revive the project successfully after the formal period of mourning closed.

Frohman's constantly widening activities in London made it necessary for him to have more spacious quarters. The story of his offices really tells the story of his work, for they increased in scope as his operations widened. When he leased the Aldwych Theatre, he set up his headquarters there. With the acquisition of the Globe, he needed more space, and this theater became his seat of operations. In 1913, and with characteristic lavishness, he engaged what was perhaps the finest suite of theatrical offices in London. They were in a marble structure known as Trafalgar House, in Waterloo Place, one of the choicest and most expensive locations in the city.

Here he had a suite of six rooms. Like the man himself, his own personal quarters were very simple. There was a long, high-ceiled room with a roll-top desk, which was never used, at one end, and a low Morris chair at the other. From this Morris chair and from his rooms at the Savoy Hotel, he ruled his English realm.

#### LAST LONDON PRODUCTION

Charles Frohman's last London production, strangely enough, was by his closest friend, Barrie. It was a double bill, "The New World," a fireside scene, which was followed by "Rosy Rapture."

By a strange coincidence, Frohman's first English play was a failure, and so was his last. Yet the long and brilliant journey between these two dates was a highway that any man might have trod with pride. Thanks to Charles Frohman, the English-speaking drama received an impetus and a standard that it never would have had without his unflagging zeal and his generous purse. He left an influence upon the British stage that will last for all time.

What endeared him perhaps more than anything else to England was the smiling serenity with which he met criticism and loss. There may have been times when the English resented his desire for monopoly, but they forgot it in tremendous admiration for his courage and his resources. He revolutionized the economics of the British stage; he brought life, energy, action, a whole new relation between author and producer. Here, as in America, he was the pioneer and the builder.

The next instalment of *The Life of Charles Frohman* will deal with this great manager's private life and associations in England.

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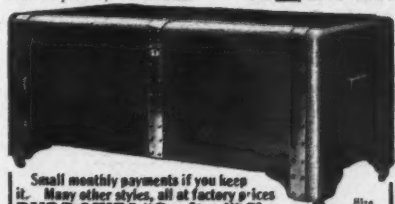
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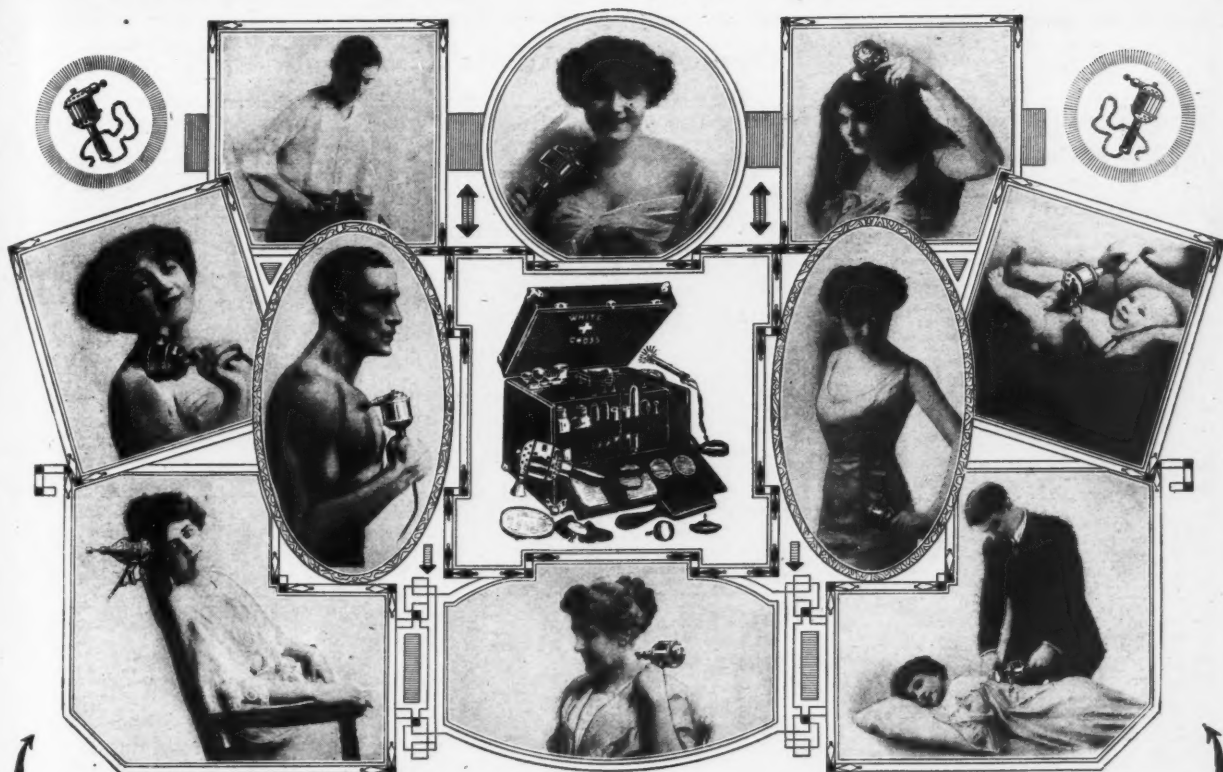
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Continued on page 184





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Without any obligation at all please send me, free and prepaid, your free book on Vibration, full particulars of the White Cross Vibrator and your Special 60-Day Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

My Electrical Dealer's Name is .....

## Opportunity Adlets (Continued)

### AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Stop here—make money fast. Sell Eisen Regulator for Ford Headlights. Needed on every machine. Retail only \$2.50. Gives splendid satisfaction. Big profits—sales guaranteed. Write quick for details. Eisen Instrument Co., 307 Valentine Bldg., Toledo, O.

Electro-Gas Saves Gasoline. Eliminates Carbon. Every automobilist, garage, repair shop wants it. Big profits, exclusive territory. Sales and product guaranteed. Electro-Gas Co., 340 Walnut, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Salesmen—Can you sell the farmer? Our men are earning big money selling our new 200 candle-power table lamp and mantle lantern. Easy sales, big profit, exclusive territory. State age, experience, reference and territory wanted. Fitzer Co., 8 East Kinzie St., Chicago.

Salesmen—Wanted everywhere by a responsible, established house. Average sales of one or two machines a week, and make from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a year. Sell Chemical Fire Engines on Wheels to factories, stores, Fire Depts., etc.—no capital required—exclusive territory—goods well advertised. Ajax Fire Engine Works, 97a Liberty St., N.Y. City.

Insyde Tyres, inner armor for automobile tires, double mileage and prevent punctures and blowouts; quickly applied; cost little; demand tremendous; profits unlimited; details free. American Accessories Co., Dept. C, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Securities Salesmen Wanted Everywhere to interview prospects; leads will be furnished; attractive and active stock traded in on the New York curb; strictly commission; no advances; an exceptional opportunity for a live, representative man; state qualifications and connections. E. M. Fuller & Co., 60 Broad Street, New York.

District Managers, each county and city—Greatest polisher yet; every woman buys; popular price; huge profits. Write for free outfit. Address U-Need-A Specialty Co., 206-B Broadway, N. Y.

Salesmen: Send your name and address to Raymond E. Wood, 629 Dreyer Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. I am the manufacturer's Sales Manager for the best household and office electric specialty ever invented. Sells for \$3.50 and \$5.00. Guarantee for credit or deposit required. Capable men only need apply. I want only a few men; the work is permanent, profitable and high-grade. You will be given territory and expected to produce business.

50% Commission selling spineless cactus. Wonderful plant—Grows 300 tons per acre, cheapest and best food for Cattle, Dairy Cows, Hogs and Poultry. Best for tropical and semi-tropical countries—for arid lands. We furnish literature. Barnard & Flanders, Growers, Washington Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

\$1000 per man per county—Strange invention starts world—agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$195 first 12 hours. \$1200 cold cash made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; \$15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only \$6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 276 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Agents Make Big Money—The best line of Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors, Perfumes, Soaps and Toilet Preparations, etc., ever offered. Over 250 light weight popular priced quick selling necessities—in big demand—well advertised—easy sellers—big repeaters. Others making \$5.00 to \$10.00 per day. Complete Outfits furnished free. Just a postal today. American Products Co., 9614 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Large mfr. wants agents to sell Custom-made Raincoats. Prices defy competition. 1916 outfit free. Exceptional inducements. Enormous profits. Amer.-Europ.-Raincoat Co., 175 E. W. Y., Desk A.

Transfer Initials, Letters, Monograms; applied on automobiles while they wait; cost 2c each; profit \$1.38 on \$1.50 job; free particulars. Auto Monogram Supply Co., Dept. 2, Niagara Bldg., Newark, N.J.

N. R. G. Little Wizard Labor Saver washes clothes in 10 minutes, absolutely without rubbing. Contains no Lime, Lye, Paraffin, Wax or other injurious chemical and cannot possibly injure the clothes or hands. There is nothing like it on the market. It is positively the wonder of the age, sells for 15c, enough for 5 family washings. We supply one free sample with every package you buy and guarantee the sale of same. All you do is to leave the free sample with the housewife and, when you call again, she is eagerly awaiting to become your steady and permanent customer. Secure territorial rights at once, or you will regret it. A 1c postal card brings sample and full particulars. Farquhar-Moon Mfg. Co., Desk F204, 140 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Large profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisps," costs cent to make. Sells like hot cakes for 5c. Machine & instructions, prepaid, \$7.50. Send 10c for sample. Barley Crisp Co., 1208 B'way, San Fran.

Lady Agents make good money selling Mrs. McCormick's Beauty Cream. Large 10c 50c etc. Repeats. Beautifies complexion. Delightful odor. A wonderful face cream. Write for particulars. Behrens Drug Co., Waco, Texas.

Salesmen selling restaurant, hotel, cafe, cigar, pool, drug, general store trade can do big business with our new live pocket side line. All merchants towns \$100,000 and under want it. \$5.00 commission each sale. No collecting. No expense or risk to merchant. We take back all unsold goods. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

### AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Agents:—A free course in General Salesmanship is given to every man of our Sales Organization. This organization is a body of successful men selling the Handy Light; that unique electrical device which cuts the cost of electric lighting in half. Sells for \$3.50 and \$5.00, is used in home, office, store, factory; weighs only one pound. Sold by demonstration. All agents furnished with well-planned methods for gaining interviews. A high-grade business for a man of ability and standing in his community. General Agents preferred. Inquire for our full proposition by addressing The Handy Light Co., 665 Handy Light Block, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Armstrong earned \$67.50 1st day; new collection System sells \$5 to \$30. Agents profit 150%. No competition. Exclusive territory. Free sample. Sayers Co., 404 Walnwright, St. Louis.

Men and women: others making \$1,500 to \$3,000 yearly, taking orders for over 90 Household Articles. Outfit Free. Full Instructions. Big Chance. Duo Factories, Dept. B 41, North Java, N.Y.

Sells like hot cakes. Brand new ironing wax, perfumes clothes, clamps to ironing board, has asbestos iron rest. Working outfit \$c. Waxinpad, Lynbrook, N. Y., Dept. 1.

We pay women liberally to introduce "National" dress goods and garments among friends and neighbors. Magnificent selling outfit makes work easy and agreeable. Every family a customer, so representatives should make \$35.00 weekly. For free particulars write National Dress Goods Co., Dept. 48, New York.

## Widen your markets

The Parcels-Post combines with Cosmopolitan to open big business opportunities to little merchants.

It costs only \$13.00 to tell a condensed story of your merchandise to more than a million Cosmopolitan readers. No other magazine offers such a large market to the small advertiser.

Here is your chance to widen your market—to find new customers in every state in the union.

Big businesses have been built up from small beginnings in the Opportunity Adlet Section of Cosmopolitan.

Why not let us help you make a start?

Tell us what you have to offer. We will advise you how to advertise it. There is no charge for our services.

### Opportunity Adlet Section COSMOPOLITAN

119 West 40th Street, New York

Agents—Sell Buckeye Duplex Overcoat-Raincoat Direct from Manufacturer, retailing from \$3.95 Up. Each Coat guaranteed. Write for Booklet. Buckeye Mfg. Co., 42 Lincoln Bldg., N. Y. C.

Salesmen wanted—to sell Shinon Products to retailers and jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Low prices; attractive deals, 18-year quality reputation. Big commission nets large income. All or part time. Shinon, Rochester, N. Y.

Agents to handle exclusively or as a side line Accident and Sickness Policy at \$10 yearly, \$5000 Principal Sum. \$100 monthly for Accident or Sickness. One-half policy \$5. Deposit with State. Underwriters, Dept. A., Newark, N. J.

Act quick! Automobile Gasoline going up! Sell Gaso-Tonic. Equals gasoline at 3c a gallon. Eliminates Carbon. First order sold or money refunded. White Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Cincinnati, O.

Women make money introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Underwear, Dresses in spare time. Beautiful samples furnished. Fitzcharles Co., Dept. 135, Trenton, N. J.

Salesmen acquainted with drug trade and hospitals to sell our Genuine Russian Mineral Oil as a side line. Liberal commission. Arnold B. Weil & Co., Wade Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Guaranteed Hosiery Selling from Mill Earns \$5 a day for our representatives. No cap. or exp. needed. Permanent position. Exclusive territory. C. Weber Mills, Nicetown Sta., Phila., Pa.

We establish you in business for yourself. Now paying others \$3,000 to \$6,000 yearly. Exclusive territory contracts for selling our Visual Instruction Equipment to schools and libraries. High-grade, educated men with references; cash deposit guarantee required. Underwood & Underwood, 417 Fifth Ave., Dept. A., New York.

### AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Phonograph factory seeks representative. Energy and \$100 needed for territory. This \$10 Hornless Phonograph equals in results \$100 machines. Splendid opportunity. Princess, 505 5th Ave., N. Y.

Start in business for yourself selling our guaranteed Hosiery and Underwear direct to wearers. Others make \$20 to \$30 weekly to start. Write to-day for booklet. The Cee & Dee Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Agents—500% Profit—\$30.00 to \$100.00 a week.—That's what our agents are making selling our new metallic Sign Letters for office windows, store fronts and glass signs of all kinds. No experience necessary. Anyone can put them on and make money right from the start. One agent says: "I have already put up 14 signs in this little burg and more in sight. Your letters are the best things I have seen in years. Will soon be in a position to buy in 5,000 lots." Another says: "I am getting all the work I can do and the letters have given entire satisfaction everywhere." We are daily receiving such letters from our agents. This is the only field not overcrowded. There is a big demand for window lettering everywhere. You can sell to near-by or travel all over the country. Write today for a free sample and full particulars. Metallic Letter Co., 420 N. Clark Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

We will pay you well. Hardenburg's famous line of Leather Goods, Diaries and other Advertising Specialties. Product of forty years' experience. Easy sales, satisfied customers. A serious offer to hustling salesmen. No canvassers. H. B. Hardenburg & Co., 69 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—To sell the newest electric appliance on the market; sold everywhere there is electricity, in the home, office, store, factory: liberal profits; sales-driving sample, weighs a pound, no experience or knowledge of electricity required; it shows how to use one light instead of two and get the same results; sells for \$3.50 and \$5.00 and saves the purchaser an investment of \$25; write for particulars. The Handy Light Co., 617 Handy Light Block, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Who wants to make more money selling brushes, every home needs a Special method of getting entrance. Fuller Sanitary Brushes are nationally advertised—largest output—best terms. Your territory is valuable. Write Fuller Brush Company, Hartford, Conn., Rock Island, Ill.

Large manufacturer wants representatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, slacks, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

Let us start you in a permanent business of your own selling guaranteed Planto-Silk Hosiery, and Underwear direct from factory to the homes; capital and experience not necessary; many of our representatives make \$3,000 to \$5,000 per year. Write for particulars to Malloch Knitting Mills, 111 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Every Home on Farm in small town or suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal-oil) Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One farmer cleared over \$500 in 6 weeks. Hundreds with signs or autos earning \$100 to \$300 per month. No capital required; we furnish goods on time to reliable men. Write quick for sample lamp for free trial, distributor's proposition and secure appointment in exclusive territory. Mantle Lamp Co., 602 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Salesmen: Get Our Plan for Monogramming Automobiles, motorcycles, traveling bags, etc., by transfer method; very large profits. Motorists' Accessories Company, Mansfield, Ohio.

Exclusive Sales Agent wanted in every county. Position worth \$750 to \$2000 yearly. We specially train our agents. Have us show you. Novelty Cutlery Co., 7 Bar St., Canton, O.

Hosiery Manufacturer Offers Permanent position supplying regular customers in home town at mill prices. Large monthly income earned. All or spare time. For particulars address F. Parker Mills, 2733 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Canvassers wanted—to solicit orders for trees and shrubbery. Salary or commissions payable weekly. Year round employment. Perry Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. Established 21 years.

1916's Sensation! 11-piece toilet article set selling like blazes at \$1, with \$1 carving set Free! Whirlwind stunt! Newcome made \$18 one day! Write E. Pierce Co., 906 Lake St., Chicago.

Agents—"Exclusive features" are what make easy sales—I can gain attention, close the sale and collect the money on six customers with the exclusive features of my non-alcoholic flavoring extracts, while you are struggling with one customer on the old commonplace line of talk. So can you! Prove it! Write to-day. J. M. Pitkin Co., 625 R. St., Newark, N. Y.

We make largest line sanitary brushes for every purpose. Big money for Agents. Write for attractive proposition, Puritan Sales Co., Dept. C, 1965 Broadway, N. Y.

Smoker wanted—we want silent salesmen who will smoke a pipe and get paid for it. Send no money, just write for particulars. M. H. Putnam, 607 West 51st Street, New York City.

Agents: Earn Big Commissions selling \$20.00 value made to measure suits for \$12.50 retail. Satisfaction Guaranteed. No exp. necessary. Fall line. Chgo Woolen Mills, Dpt. 102, 833 W. Jackson, Chgo.

OPPORTUNITY ADLETS  
Continued on page 186



## He Flags the Sleeper

**A**T three-fifteen the call boy comes, to wake the railroad man. Big Ben was on the job *first*. He started the day at *three*. He is right on the minute when there's an early run.

The railroad boys all like Big Ben. He helps them make the grade. He calls "All aboard!"—they're out of bed—plenty of time and a grin—signals set against a grouch—all cheery clear ahead.

Big Ben will run *your* day on schedule time—he'll sidetrack the Sandman whenever you say.

You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's seven inches tall, spunky, neighborly—*down-right* good all through. He rings two ways—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your jeweler's, \$2.50 in the States, \$3.00 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your jeweler doesn't stock him.

*Westclox* folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. **Western Clock Co.** Makers of *Westclox*

Other *Westclox*: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo, Sleep-Meter, Lookout and Ironclad



## Opportunity Adlets (Continued)

### AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Men and women representatives wanted in every locality to handle the wonderful Mager Game; fast becoming a craze that will soon sweep the whole country; sells at sight in every home where there are children; play and education combined; the most fascinating and alluring game ever devised; exclusive territory; one hundred per cent profit; a splendid chance to build up a permanent business; fastest selling article now before the public. Address

G. E. Mager, 1225 Garden St., Hoboken, N. J.

Become a Business Man, appoint sub-agents to sell the original and genuine Karbonoid, used and indorsed Autocar Service Co., also Auto Mfgs., and many others. Sales guaranteed, large profits, recorders. \$36 investment which retails for \$96 starts you. Salesmanager, Karbonoid Corp., 131 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

We start you in business, furnishing everything: men and women, earning \$30 upward weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Hillier-Ragsdale Co., E. Orange, N. J.

Agents—here's a winner. The Midget Vest pocket Garment Hanger—sells on sight. Most attractive proposition ever offered. No competition, as article is fully protected by U. S. & foreign patents. Dept. C. M. Silver Company, 119 W. 4th St., South Bethlehem, Pa.

Energetic Men make big money selling slick-shine in every home, store, garage and through sub-agents. Duplicate orders come easy. Address Slick-Shine Co., Newark, N. J.

Big Textile Mills Want ambitious men and women everywhere to show latest dress fabrics, neckwear, hosiery, underwear, and sweaters. 400 styles. Easy sales. Values beat stores. Many making over \$30 weekly. All or spare time. Complete sample outfit starts you. Steadfast Mills, 62 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

Agents Make Big Profit selling our Auto Monograms & Initials, Window Sign Letters, Changeable Signs, & Show Cards. 1000 Varieties; enormous demand. Sullivan Co., 1123 Van Buren St., Chicago.

Agents—Get Free copy of "The Thomas Agent." Greatest agents' paper published. Full of money making plans and experiences of successful agents. Editor Thomas Co., 1218 North St., Dayton, O.

\$7.50 Commission each sale and repeat orders; traveling salesmen among gen'l mercantile trade; every State; wily settlement; no competition; pocket sample. Toledo Cable Co., 204 Davis Bldg., Toledo, O.

Agents—pair silk hose free. State size and color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. E., 720 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Free Sample—Nosplash water strainers sell themselves—no talking—experience unnecessary. Daily profits \$5 upwards. Send 2c (mailing cost). T. O. F. Union Filter Co., 73 Franklin St., N. Y.

Agents: Cooper made \$314 last month, \$91 last week, selling "Kantleak" Raincoats. New proposition. We deliver and collect. Sample coat free. Corner Mfg. Co., 13 Dorris St., Dayton, O.

Specialty salesman wanted. Big commissions being earned selling Ever-Ready Cans. Write for particulars.

Ever-Ready Can Company, Greenfield, Ohio.

Make and sell your own goods. Formulas by Expert Chemists. Manufacturing Processes and Trade Secrets. Formula Catalog for Stamp, Robert Mystic Company, Washington, D. C.

\$150.00 salary for 60 days' work paid woman or man in each town to distribute free circulars, and take orders for White Ribbon Flavoring. J. S. Ziegler Co., 7c E. Harrison St., Chicago.

Agents Wanted—Men or Women: big profit, selling specialties used in homes, hotels, stores, and offices. The Carson Company, Box 1D-800, Houston, Texas.

They sell on sight! Our marvelous Nibco Auto Washer for cleaning automobiles. Also our adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters, sanitary brushes and other household specialties. Complete line. Immense profits. Write now. Silver-Chamberlin Co., 1-5 Maple St., Clayton, N. J.

Agents get particulars of one of the best propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Others making \$25.00 to \$50.00 weekly. Just a little ad like this. E. E. Eltman, Sales Manager, 9714 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Some of the biggest advertisers to-day sometimes use a little ad like this. A postal will bring you full particulars about this department. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

### BOOKS—PERIODICALS

"Sexual Philosophy," 12c; clear, specific, authoritative, satisfying. Really, splendidly, best sex manual published. An eye-opener. "Health-Wealth" Pub. House, 77 Bennington, Lawrence, Mass.

Learn another man's language by the easy practical Hoesfeld Method for Spanish, French, German, Italian, Russian, Portuguese, Japanese, each one dollar. Free circulars. Peter Reilly, Publisher, Dept. Co., Philadelphia.

Many big advertisers first started with a little ad like this. The cost is little and the results big. We will gladly send you full particulars. Drop us a postal to-day. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

#### Learn a New Business

That can earn you \$3,000 to \$6,000 yearly in professional fees making and fitting a foot specialty. Easily learned by anyone at home, in a few weeks at small expense; no further capital required, no goods to buy, job hunting, soliciting or agency. Openings everywhere with all the trade you can attend to. To obtain particulars state something of your abilities, occupation, etc. Stephenson Laboratory, 5-12 Irvington St., Boston, Mass.

Wanted—District Managers in larger cities capable of employing and training salesmen and of conducting an aggressive sales campaign. An unusual opportunity in a growing organization. No capital required, must be able to furnish references and bond. P. O. Drawer 64, Hartford, Conn.

Big opportunity for sales mgr. capable of organizing agency force. Exclusive rights, new fast selling \$7.50 Adding Machine. Does work of expensive machines. Calculator Sales Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Hire Yourself as Boss." Big corporation will back you in a money making Mail Order business selling Guaranteed, quick sale goods. Start spare time at home or office. Small investment will prove selling plan a winner. Valuable instructions free. Write for Free Booklet "Forceful Facts," Wm. J. Dick, Mgr., Dept. C-11, 20 W. Lake St., Chicago.

Learn to collect money. Good income; quick results. Instructive booklet, "Skillful Collecting," free. National Collectors' Assn., 41 Park Place, Newark, Ohio.

\$2500 death & \$15 weekly sickness and accident benefits cost \$5 yearly. Identification in leather case. Men or women 18 to 70, 2 1/2 million assets. Secure agency. Big Commissions. Write today. Southern Surety Co., 208 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Free—The Western Miner. Devoted to an exceptional mining investment and mining news, will be sent 3 months free to get acquainted. The Western Miner, 2520 West 37th Ave., Denver, Colo.

Over a million copies of this magazine are sold each month. A postal will bring you full particulars about this department. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

### JEWELRY

Arizona Fire Agate. Full of Fire. Direct from the mines. Set in 20-year mountings. Scarf pins \$1.00. Cuff links \$1.50. Brooches \$2.00. Jas. Duffy & Co., 421 So. 7th Ave., Phoenix, Arizona.

### HONEY

Finest Quality White Clover Honey, crop of 1916, thirty lb. can, \$3.60, two or more cans, \$3.45 each. Sample 10c. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

### OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Nursing easily learned at home. Complete training; rates low; easy terms; affiliated with Central Hospital of Phila. Catalog free. Philadelphia School for Nurses, 2231 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Ladies to sew at home for a large Phila. firm; good money; steady work; no canvassing; material sent prepaid; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 8, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

### GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, vaudeville sketches, monologues, dialogues, speakers, minstrel material, jokes, recitations, tableaux, drills, musical pieces. Make-up goods. Large catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 24, Chicago.

### WEDDING INVITATIONS

Wedding invitations, announcements, etc., 100 in script lettering, including inside and outside envelopes, \$2.50; 100 visiting cards, 50 cents. Write for samples. C. Ott Engraving Co., 1015 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### ADVERTISING

Learn to write advertisements. Will positively show you by mail how you can earn \$25 to \$100 a week. Biggest field in the world. Information free. Page Davis Co., 1117 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

### PRINTERS

Want to Print a Book, Booklet, catalogue, publication, daily, weekly, monthly? Low rates, prompt service; foreign translation; linotype. Call Press, 390 Sixth Ave., New York.

### PRINTING

Excellent Printing—500 Bond Letterheads or Envelopes, \$1.75; 500 fac-simile letters, \$2.40. Send 2c stamp for beautiful blotter and price list; 10c for samples. Colossus Printing Company, St. Louis, Mo.

### ENGRAVED STATIONERY

Your monogram engraved on 24 sheets letterpaper and envelopes, each initial only 75 cents, three initials \$1.35. Fine linen finished paper. Makes beautiful holiday gifts. Sample free. Monogram Co., 200 New Jersey Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### DUPPLICATOR DEVICES

Our "Modern" Duplicator—yours for \$2.40. No glue or gelatine. Always ready. All sizes. Free trial, 34,000 users. Standard for 15 years. Becket free. Sole mfrs., J. S. Durkin & Reeves Co., 339 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

### PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents secured or fee returned. Actual search and report as to patentability free. Send sketch or model. 1916 Edition, 90-page patent book free. Write for it. Personal and prompt service. My patent sales service gets full value for my clients. George P. Kimmel, 245 Barrister Bldg., Wash., D. C.

Patent your ideas—\$9,000 offered for certain inventions. Books "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents we have obtained. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 20 years. Address Chandee & Chandee, patent attorneys, 806 F St., Washington, D. C.

Patents that protect and pay. Advice and book free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. Send sketch or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, 624 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Wanted—an Idea—Inventors should write for list of "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent"; sent free. Randolph & Co., Dept. 33, Washington, D. C.

Patents wanted—Write for list of patent buyers who wish to purchase patents and What to Invent with List Inventions Wanted; \$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Write for our four Guide books sent free upon request. Patents advertised free. We assist inventors to sell their inventions. Victor J. Evans & Co., Patent Attys., 753 9th, Washington, D. C.

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list hundreds of inventions wanted sent free. I help you market your invention. Advice free. R. B. Owen, 4 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Don't lose your rights to patent protection. Before proceeding further send for our blank form "Evidence of Conception" to be signed and witnessed. Book, suggestions and advice free. Lancaster & Allwine, 251 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

This department is always glad to hear from any one thinking of using classified advertising. Write us about it—we may be able to help you. A postal will do. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

### PATENTS

Invent something; your ideas may bring wealth; our free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent, through our new credit system; write today. Waters & Co., 4290 Warder Bldg., Washington, D. C.

### TELEGRAPHY

Telegraphy—Morse and Wireless—also Station Agency taught. Graduates assisted. Cheap expense—easily learned. Largest school—established 42 years. Correspondence courses also. Catalog free. Dodge's Institute, 12th St., Valparaiso, Ind.

### DULL RAZOR BLADES

Because we can't convince by words how fine our work and service are, we'll re-edge 3 safety blades free and return in Handy Mailing Case with "Inside Facts on Resharpening." Parker-Warren Engineering Lab., 107-F, W. 42d St., N. Y.

### GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

Prepare for railway mail, post office, custom house and other Government Civil Service "Exams" now work and service, we'll re-edge 3 safety blades free and return in Handy Mailing Case with "Inside Facts on Resharpening." Parker-Warren Engineering Lab., 107-F, W. 42d St., N. Y.

### INCORPORATING FOR POLICY HOLDERS

Life Insurance Policies Bought. We can pay up to 50% more than issue company can legally pay for. Deferred Dividend policies maturing 1917 to 1920. Write for booklet. Chas. E. Shepard & Co., Inc., Est. 1886, 56 Liberty St., N. Y. City.

### INCORPORATING OR GOING TO

Arizona Incorporation laws most liberal. Least cost. Stockholders exempt corporate liability. Serve as resident agents. Specialists' corporate organization. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 8-P, Phoenix, Arizona. Branch office, Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

### POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; 50 cents per year, four months on trial for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 153, Syracuse, N. Y.

### SONG WRITERS

Song Writers "Key to Success" Sent Free. Get real facts. We revise poems, compose & arrange music, copyright and facilitate Free Publication, or sale. Submit poems for examination. Knickerbocker Studios, 109 Gaity Bldg., N. Y. C.

### HEALTH PROMOTION

Men and women, are you thin? I can place 10 to 25 lbs. of stay-there flesh on your bones. I guarantee to build you up scientifically, naturally, without apparatus or drugs, in the privacy of your own home. Write today for information. Edward J. Ryan, Martin Bldg., Utica, N. Y. U. S. A.

### LAME PEOPLE

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, iron, steel needed. Worn with rent-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. Henry C. Lotz, 313 Third Avenue, New York.



"I wonder if he's going to be ill"

THE suggestion to take Sanatogen would at once come from friends who have had experience with this natural food-tonic. For it is a fact that thousands upon thousands of men and women, weakened through the stress and strain of work and worry have thus regained vitality and working power.

When Sir Gilbert Parker writes: "Sanatogen is a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves and giving fresh vigor to the over-worked body and mind," he but expresses the thoughts of multitudes of others.

That over 21,000 physicians have endorsed Sanatogen in writing; that many physicians, including famous nerve specialists, use Sanatogen in their own families—these facts speak for themselves.

And thus you may be sure you can find no more trustworthy safeguard for your health at such times than Sanatogen.

*Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in three sizes, \$1.00 up. Awarded Grand Prize at the International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913.*

**Sanatogen**  
Endorsed by over  
21,000 Physicians



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During last August alone—a month when few people usually subscribe to magazines—372 women from the New York Social Register subscribed to Harper's Bazar. You know the celebrated "400." Practically all of them, as you see, are now enthusiastic readers of the Bazar.

In every number are signed fashion articles and exclusive models from Lucile, Henry Bendel, Hickson and Tappe of New York—also Paquin and the other great Paris designers. There is fiction by W. J. Locke, Alice Duer Miller, May Edginton, Elizabeth Frazer, and many others. There are remarkable signed society articles by such women as Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, and Mrs. Nathalie Schenck Laimbeer.

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## The Mayor of Chicago

(Concluded from page 80)

unless this law were repealed, it must be enforced, and he would enforce it. The announcement of his intention created such a storm as this vast Chicago of many races had never known before. On Sunday, November 7, 1915, a parade of sixty thousand people, the greatest parade that Chicago had ever known in all its history, marched the streets from mid-day to sunset, protesting the enforcement of the ordinance. It was such a demonstration as no weak man in modern politics would have resisted or denied. But this stalwart athlete, mental and physical, set his jaw a little tighter, and the ordinance stands to-day enforced throughout the entire city.

Prior to this prompt answer of the challenge of this vast parade, the mayor had done an equally bold but individual thing. There was a strike in Chicago among the employees of her many miles of street-railways that threatened the stability and prosperity of the city. It was a crisis of extraordinary menace.

Promptly the mayor called into consultation in his office men on either side. First, he spent a day with the men who represented the street-railways, and failing to influence them to recede from their position, he called a conference of the street-railway employees and held them for a day in his office, endeavoring to compose their differences, but in vain.

Then, William Hale-Thompson set himself with sterner resolution to the task, and called the leading men of both sides into his office, locked them in, sat down in their midst, and told them that neither he nor they would get out of the mayor's chamber until that strike was settled.

Before the day was done, a committee of three arbitrators was chosen. MacLay Hoyne represented the street-railway men, and James M. Sheehan represented the employees. These two men promptly chose the mayor as the third man to be on that committee, and, before nightfall, the menacing strike was settled with a favorable result to the working men.

Back of this exhibition of mental and physical back-bone was the splendid outdoor athletic training of William Hale Thompson. These two vital battles in Chicago's life were won with a back-bone born of twenty years of plain-life on the Western prairies, followed by the vigorous exercise of the football field. He led the team of the Chicago Athletic Association to the national championship in 1906.

Mayor Thompson has carried his love for the outdoor physical development of the people to every detail of his official life. He has given himself with extraordinary interest to the development of Chicago's great lake front, which he is given to speak of as its "great sleeping asset." He has been vitally a part of that great public improvement—the municipal pier—the greatest municipal playground in the world. He boasts of the fact that Chicago has more playgrounds for children than any city in the world, and his administration is likely to be memorable in this line of public improvements which will endure.

## Gave up \$72,000 Job— Now Worth Millions



Frank Channing Haddock

The author of "Culture of Courage" ranks with men like James Bergson and Royce as a scientist. Mr. Haddock does not merely tell you to banish your fears, he doesn't merely tell you not to be afraid, but he gives you rules and simple exercises that actually develop your courage, exactly as the muscles of your arms can be developed by exercise!

**Remarkable Story of Young Man Whose Courage Made Him a Millionaire. What Any Man Can Do. The One Great Secret of Wealth, Power, Happiness, Easily Acquired**

He came to work there as an office boy. Afraid of nothing, filled with supreme *courage*, he rose from the ranks, became Salesman, Sales Manager, Vice-President. Several years ago, when his salary was reputed to have been \$72,000 a year, his courage again WON for him. He left his position to go into business for himself. Today he is a leading automobile manufacturer, whose name is known from coast to coast, and worth millions.

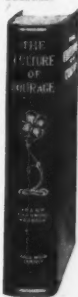
## Fortunes Won Through Courage

The case mentioned above is not unusual among big men. Observe them carefully, talk to them and you will find that the *one* thing in which these men are superior to you is—*Courage*. THAT marvellous, irresistible force *wins* wealth, power, happiness, everything you want in life where strength, wit and money fail! The man who has "nerve" is the man who surmounts all obstacles—who makes his brain pay biggest dividends.

If you lack confidence in yourself, you are hopelessly beaten even *before* you start. If you admit the superiority of others—if you are "afraid of what might happen"—if you hesitate when opportunity is presented to you—if you stand, cringing, hat in hand when you want a thing—in short, if you lack *Courage*, *your work in this world will be but drudgery!* You will work for those who HAVE *Courage*. But if you develop your own latent courageous instincts YOU can be the BOSS, you can be the master, you can command and demand all the pleasures and luxuries of life.

## How to Develop It

"Culture of Courage," by Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist whose name ranks with James Bergson and Royce, is a book of *definite, practical rules and exercises*, by following which *anyone* can quickly develop the *Courage that Wins*. It is a simple, sensible course in *how* to overcome each particular kind of human fear, physical as well as mental. The author throws a ghost-scattering searchlight into the shadows that have scared people from rich fields of life; he tears away the straw-and-gossamer entanglement which has held men and women in subjection; he pulls off the imagination-created masks of various fears, superstitions and bugaboos which in all ages have paralyzed the brain's energies and constantly dinned into eager ears the failure slogans: "I'm afraid," "I dare not try," "I haven't the ability," etc. This book will startle you, will awaken trains of thought that may easily change the entire course of your career, just as it has that of thousands of other men and women in all walks of life who have learned its wonderful back-bone-building, wealth-achieving secrets.



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# New Stomachs for Old

By Arthur True Buswell, M. D.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN

THOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around to-day with entirely remade stomachs. They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the foods we like best *correctly combined!*

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist, who has successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone!

In a recent talk with Eugene Christian, he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of various ailments through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discom-

fort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old, who had been travelling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After a few months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative, as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 911, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3.00, the small fee asked.

**Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.**

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## The Career of Katherine Bush

(Continued from page 75)

private press. Then come back with your eyes bright; and put on your new frock."

Katherine thanked her; there never could be anyone kinder or more thoughtful for others than was this arrogant great lady. The girl walked in the fresh May sunshine, but nothing lifted the weight which had fallen upon her heart, and her cheeks were paler than usual when she followed her mistress into the great tapestry saloon, wherein tea was laid.

Mordryn looked at her constantly, unobserved. He found himself more disturbed than he cared to own. Was it possible that she felt something for him? How wrong he had been, in that case, to put the "Eothen" and the "Abélard and Héloïse" and the lilies-of-the-valley in her room—cruel and wrong! He knew, now that he saw her again, that he had thought of her very constantly ever since Easter time.

Lady Garribardine watched the passage of events with an understanding eye. Something further must be done, she felt. So, just before dressing-time, she went with her work into his own sitting-room. The evening post had come in.

"Mordryn, I wanted to ask you—can I send a wire over to Hornwell? I have just heard Sir John Townly is staying there, and I want to suggest that he motors over to-morrow to tea. It will be a splendid chance for him to have a quiet hour with my Katherine Bush. I would like him to see her here as a guest. He is very much in love with her in his heavy way, and I believe I could get the matter settled."

The duke experienced a most unpleasant twinge. This was rather more than he had bargained for! Why should Sir John Townly be given this opportunity in his house?

"The match is quite unsuitable, Seraphim. I can't think how you can countenance it." Her ladyship appeared deliberately to misunderstand him.

"But I assure you, Mordryn, Sir John is not in the least upset by her origin or her suburban relations; he realizes the magnificent qualities of the creature herself, and he knows very well that she will make the finest hostess for Dullinglea that he could find."

Mordryn found himself absolutely revolted. The red flush mounted to his broad forehead.

"It is not their relative worldly positions I alluded to, Seraphim—but their ages and appearances—and, oh, tastes! I think it is perfectly inhuman of you!"

"Mordryn, I am really surprised! How can it possibly matter to you? You must have seen for yourself, that night at Gerard's, what a charming companion she can make, and how utterly she is wasted in the position of secretary—and yet you won't help me to do the poor child this good turn!"

"If you put it in that way, ask whom you like; but I cannot think how any woman, to escape any position, could sell herself to such a man as John Townly."

His tone was heated and his blue eyes flashed.

"That is just the tiresome part of it." And Seraphim looked concerned. "I



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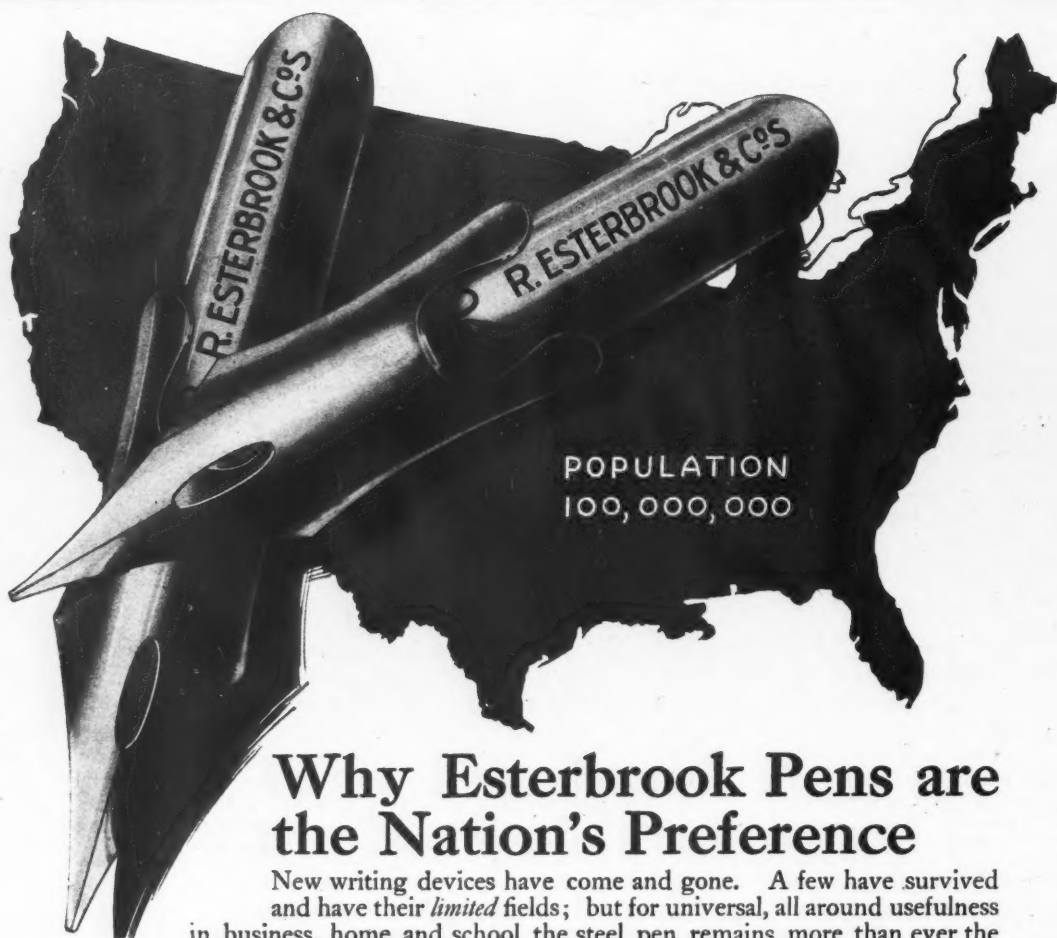
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believe she has your same foolish and romantic ideas, and so I thought if she could see him here among this fine company, perhaps the desire to remain in it and the glamour of the thing might bring her up to the scratch. Mordryn, do help me, like a kind friend."

"I think the idea is disgusting," Mordryn snapped impatiently; "but send your wire by all means."

Then he abruptly turned the conversation, and presently her ladyship left him alone, very well pleased with her work.

## XXIX

WHEN he was left alone, the duke swore sharply to himself. He was not a man accustomed to the use of strong language, but occasions arose in life, sometimes, when a good sound oath seemed to relieve tension.

Yes; of course she would adorn any position, and Dullinglea was only a very moderate house. He could see her tall, slender, graceful figure sweeping in rich velvets through much larger rooms than it contained. Such rooms as these, his own at Valfreyne! Then he went off to dress, in a fiery mood.

Katherine, meanwhile, had been looking over "Abélard and Héloïse." Her eye caught this sensible paragraph, and it stiffened her jaded spirit, and made her feel more calm:

How void of reason are men, said Seneca, to make distant evils present by reflection, and to take pains before death to lose all the comfort of life.

She was here at a splendid party, as a guest like everyone else, and she must enjoy it and forget anything but the pleasure of the moment. But, oh, if the duke would only talk to her!

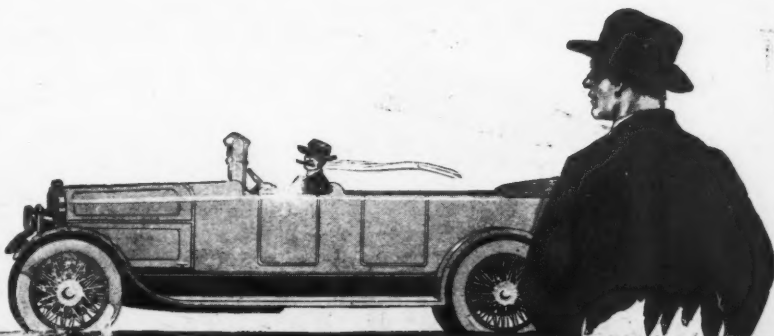
She wore the new white frock and looked quite beautiful, and some of the lilies-of-the-valley shone in her belt. Lady Garribardine was extremely pleased with her appearance and patted her arm.

"To-morrow, Sir John Townley is coming over from Hornwell, child, and I want you to be agreeable to him for me, as I shall be very busy."

Her ladyship knew that, however irksome it would appear, her command would be obeyed.

The duke's eyes were full of suppressed feeling at dinner, and his wit was caustic. Katherine could not hear it, but could see his face, and the puzzled expression which now and then came over the two ladies on either side of him; and once she met his gaze, and there was pain and a challenge in it. Excitement rose in her before dessert came. She knew—she felt—he was conscious of her presence, and that it was not indifference which kept him from her side. What was it all leading to? It was very evident that he was determined not to succumb to whatever it might be. It was also evident that he certainly did experience emotion.

Katherine felt unhappy, but this must not prevent her from talking politely and sympathetically to the ladies she happened to be sitting next to in the great drawing-room until the men came in. She remarked how protective and gracious her own dear ladyship was being to her, saying a word in passing and making her feel at home and (Continued on page 196)



## Which is You

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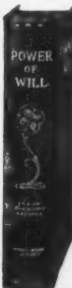
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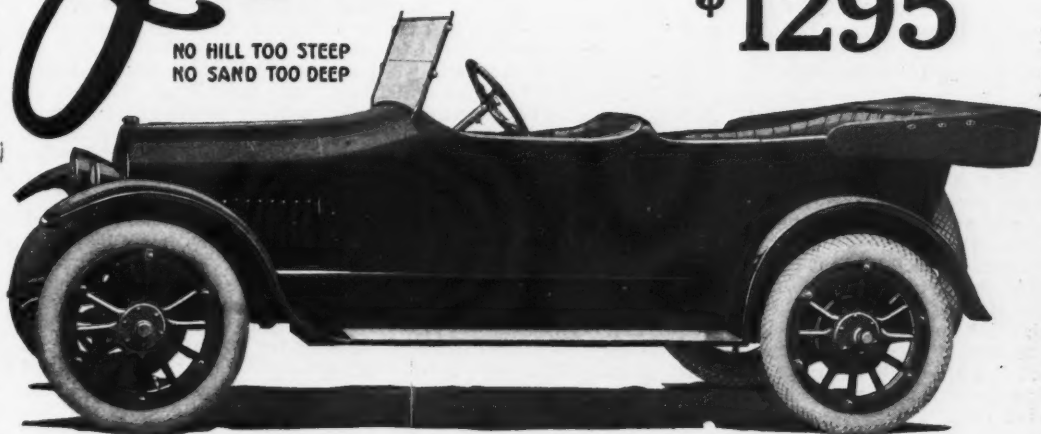




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Model "348-A"—Light-weight Eight, 112-inch wheelbase, five-passenger Touring Car, \$1195

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an equal and a guest. She must be very grateful for these things and not look ahead.

Now the duke, when the men left the dining-room, walked straight to his own sitting-room. He was a man of rapid action and supreme self-confidence. He opened the inner door softly and listened—there was no sound; he could move with impunity. There was no one in the passage-room. He crossed the space and deliberately entered the green room, turning on the light as he did so.

He hastily looked about at the books—yes; she had put the two special ones by her bed. And "Abélard and Héloïse" was underneath; he pulled it out and quickly found a passage he wanted and with his gold pencil he scored it deeply underneath, and, putting the volume on the top, he swiftly left the room and was again in his own and on his way to the white drawing-room. The whole affair had not taken two minutes. And with the knowledge of this feat accomplished, he looked almost serene as he sat down by a great lady's side and determinedly avoided looking at Katherine.

So the evening passed without speech between them beyond good-night, and Miss Bush retired, sorrowful, to bed.

But she could not sleep, and kept on the light to read. There were "Eothen" and "Abélard and Héloïse" close to her side, their order of placing reversed since she had left them—this change effected by the housemaids, no doubt. And the love-letters being on the top, she opened them first. She read many exquisite thoughts, and was just thinking of sleep when she turned a page and suddenly sat bolt upright in bed, for this is what she read:

I wish to heaven you had not such a power over me.

And the passage was deeply underlined.

Her heart beat to suffocation. There had been no such mark in this place when she had read this very page before dinner. How had it come there? Who—who—but there was only one person who could have done such a thing—the duke!

Next day, Sunday, a number of the party went to church, their host among them—but Katherine and Lady Garribardine did not accompany them. They were seated on the tennis-lawn watching a game when the churchgoers joined the group.

Three magnificent cedars of Lebanon made a great patch of shade, and here the chairs were placed. The duke took one and stretched himself on it, as though fatigued. He made an astonishing picture of length of limb and grace and distinction. The same curious emotion crept over Katherine again as she had already experienced—a strong desire to be very close to him. His hands were clasped idly upon his knee, and his voice, as he spoke softly to a lady, was lazy and complacent. Oh, how extremely bitter the whole situation was proving to be!

The emerald ring seemed to flash green fire as a tiny glint of sunlight struck it; it caught the attention of the sprightly dame to whom his grace was talking.

"What a very wonderful ring that is you wear, Duke! Has it a history?"

"Yes; a very remarkable one."

Katherine listened, deeply interested—

she had so often wondered about this ring, too.

"It has been in the family since the last Crusade. It came back with the tradition attached that it was the famous graven emerald seal which Theodorus made for Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos, about 590 B. C. and which was in vain thrown into the sea to be lost. It was brought back to Polycrates in the body of a fish next day. Such unexampled luck was considered to be ominous by his ally, Amasis, who broke off all alliance with him in consequence. And, truly enough, he was not long after murdered from jealousy of his good fortune! The ring then disappeared and was supposed, later, to have been found by a Roman who handed it down for generations until it somehow got back into Greece, and when wrecked there on his way home from Palestine, the Riveaulx of the day obtained it from its owner—how, history does not say—and it has always been with us ever since—a strange belief attaching to it that if life is happy, it must not be worn, but that if things have gone ill, then it is safe to wear it for the rest of time."

He put out his hand for the lady to look at the stone, and a knot of interested people drew near.

"You see," his grace continued, "it is deeply graven with a lyre—and sometimes it seems to be dull and sometimes it flashes angrily."

"Are you not afraid to wear it?" some tactless person asked.

The duke replied gravely:

"Why should I be? I have amply fulfilled all the conditions attached." And then the company, remembering the dark and ugly shadow of the mad duchess which had hung over his life for so many years, all seemed to talk at once, and so the slightly awkward moment passed.

For a second before lunch, Katherine happened to be standing near the duke, and so some kind of words were necessary for politeness' sake.

"I hope you find your room comfortable, Miss Bush."

She looked straight into his eyes.

"Yes; thank you—and I am especially interested in the books. The last guest who slept there must have taken liberties with your volumes and put strange pencillings under some of the paragraphs, which I discovered last night."

"It was a man who occupied the room lately. What presumption he showed!"

"Yes; I wondered if you knew about it, the most significant marking is in the 'Letters of Abélard and Héloïse.' The scribbler had a turn for sentiment it would seem, and probably was suffering from hallucination as to his own state, which he imagined to be one of subjection."

"No; he was a level-headed fellow, who was not particularly happy though, I remember, and no doubt he found solace in reading about the despairing passion of those two, and in underlining that passage which records Abélard's rebellion against pain so like his own."

Katherine sighed.

"Happiness, alas, lies in the hand only of the very strong!" And she passed on to another group.

And the duke frowned a little as they went in to lunch.

Sir John Townly came over in the afternoon, as he had been invited to do, and

Lady Garribardine intimated to her secretary that now she must take this incubus off her hands; so Katherine obediently proposed a stroll round the wonderful tulip-beds, which were in full bloom. And Mordryn saw them go off together from the window where he stood.

"I really do not think it looks so ridiculous after all," Lady Garribardine remarked to him reflectively, complacence in her tone. "He is quite a fine figure of a man except for his perfectly bald head, and that does not show now in his hat."

The duke made an exclamation of disgust.

"Poor Miss Bush!"

Lady Garribardine deemed it prudent to divert his thoughts; she realized that the moment for the final goad which would drive him over the brink into happiness had not yet come; so she spoke of soothing things, and then amused him and coaxed him into a more peaceful state, only again to see him restive when the pair eventually came in from the tulip-beds.

Katherine looked tired and depressed, but Sir John had an air of gratification about him which made Mordryn feel that he could willingly have punched his head.

His good manners alone enabled him to bid a cordial farewell to the poor man when presently he left.

The sun was declining, and the colors were opal over the lake. The duties of host to so many charming ladies restrained the duke, and he had the mortification of seeing Katherine and another girl go off with two of the young men in two canoes on the topaz waters, and by the time he went to dress, he was almost desperate.

Katherine was in black to-night, and a red rose was in her belt. Where had she got it from? Had that insupportable young Westonborough, whom she had been in the canoe with, given it to her? Surely, Bilton had not been so remiss as not to have seen that fresh lilies were put in the green room. But perhaps she preferred the red rose—women were incredibly fickle and capricious!

XXX

KATHERINE read "Abélard and Héloïse" far into the night. Her emotions were complex. She knew now that she was very unhappy and in a corner, and that she could not see clearly any way of escape. If she attracted the duke further, it would only increase the complications.

There was something in her nature which she feared was not strong enough to carry through deceit. Her great power had always lain in her absolute honesty, which gave her that inward serenity which engenders the most supreme self-confidence and so inevitably draws the thing desired. Her mind was too balanced and too analytical to give way to impulse regardless of cost, which, in such a situation, would have made nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of a thousand grab at the chance of securing Mordryn upon any terms. Of what good to obtain the position of duchess if it only brought a haunting unease? Of what good to obtain the love of this true and splendid gentleman upon false pretenses? She could then enjoy nothing of the results. For, above all worldly gains, she was well aware that to keep her own rigid self-respect mattered to her most. If his character had been

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less worthy of reverence, if she had not grown so near to loving him, if she had not become aware of the importance in the eyes of his world of the barrier between them, and so of the magnitude of the offense involved in the deceit, she would have played her game to a finish without a backward thought.

*But it could not be!* She had made an initial mistake and miscalculation in her career through ignorance of possible results, and she could never shuffle out of it. Self-deception was, of all mental attitudes, the one she despised the most. She must face the consequence of her mistake now with courage.

Extreme pallor showed in her face in the morning, and her great eyes were shadowed and sad. She remained in the antechamber at the writing-table which had been prepared for her, after she had breakfasted with Lady Garribardine in her sitting-room. Numbers of letters had come by the Sunday's post, and she made it seem necessary to answer them at once.

Her mistress allowed her to have her way. She felt some strong underneath currents were affecting the girl, and further tantalization would not be bad for the duke. So she left her at the writing-table and joined the rest of the party under the cedar trees on the tennis-lawn, and did not mention Katherine or her whereabouts. If Mordryn wanted to know why she had not come out, or where she was, he must pluck up courage to ask himself.

The duke glanced at her inquiringly, but said nothing—perhaps Katherine would follow presently—but could she have gone again on the lake with Lady Alethea and those empty-headed young men? He would not ask; he would go himself and see.

So when he had disposed of his important guests, he went to his own sitting-room, from which there was a complete view of the waterways, and then he took the trouble to get out his glasses and scan the occupants of the boats.

No; she was not among them.

She must, then, either still be in her bedroom—or writing, perhaps, in front of the window of the passage-place which was next this very room.

He would go out on the terrace from one of the windows and look in.

Yes; she was there, seated at the table, very busy, it appeared. He came forward and, stepping across the threshold, he stood beside her.

"Good morning, Miss Bush; it is quite wrong for you to be working on this glorious day. You must come out into the sunshine with the rest of us."

Katherine did not rise or appear to be going to follow his suggestion, so he added authoritatively,

"Now, be a good girl and go and get your hat."

"I am very sorry I cannot before lunch, I have much work to do, and it becomes disorganized if I leave it unfinished."

"Nonsense! You did not come to Valfreyne to work. There are such numbers of things I want to show you. Everyone is out in the garden—won't you at least come round the state rooms with me?"

How could she refuse him? He was her host, and the pleasure would be so intense. She rose, but without alacrity, and answered a little stiffly,

"I should much like to see them—if it will not take very long."

Her manner was distinctly different—he noticed it at once. A curtain seemed to have fallen between them ever since the conversation about the pencilings in the book. It chilled him and made him determined to remove it.

He held the door into his sitting-room open for her, and took pains to keep the conversation upon the ostensible reason for their voyage of inspection.

And Katherine saw priceless gems of art and splendor of gilding and tapestry, and hangings, and great ghostly beds surmounted with nodding ostrich plumes. And stuffs from Venice and Lyons—and even Spitalfields.

"How wonderful!" she said, at last. "And there are many other places such as this in England—how great and rich a country it is! We—the middle-class population—shut in with our narrow parochial views, do not realize it at all, or we would be very proud of our race owning such glorious things, and would not want to encourage stupid, paltry politicians to destroy and dissipate them all and scatter them to the winds."

Mordryn looked at her appreciatively. He delighted in hearing her views.

"It is so very strange that you should have this spirit, Miss Bush. If you had not told me of your parentage, I should have said you were of the same root and branch as Lady Garribardine. Are you sure you are not a changeling?"

"Quite sure. How proud it must make you feel to own Valfreyne, and what obligations it must entail!"

"Yes." And he sighed.

"It must make you weigh every action to see if it is worthy of one who must be an example for so many people."

"That is how you look upon great position—it is a noble way."

"Why, of course! It could not be right to hold all this in trust for your descendants and for the glory of England, and then to think yourself free to squander it and degrade the standard. All feeling would have to give way to fulfilling your trust worthily."

The duke felt his heart sink—a strange feeling of depression came over him.

"I suppose you are right." And he sighed again.

"I was so much interested in the story of your ring," she said presently, to lift the silence which had fallen upon them both. "It is such a strange idea that great good fortune is unlucky—since we always draw what we deserve. If we are foolish and draw misfortune at the beginning of our lives, we must, of course, pay the price; but if people's brains are properly balanced, they should not fear good fortune in itself."

"You think, then, that a whole life need not be shadowed with misery, but that if the price of folly is paid in youth, there may still be a chance of a happy old age?"

"Of course. One must be quite true—that is all—and never deceive anyone who trusts one."

"That would mean living in a palace of Truth and would be impracticable."

"Not at all. There are some things people have no right to ask or to be told—some things one must keep to oneself for the carrying on of life—but if a person has a right to know, and trusts you, and

you deceive him, then you must take the consequences of unhappiness, which is the reflex action of untruth."

"How wise you are, child! That is the whole meaning of honor. 'To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.'"

She looked straight up into his eyes; hers were pure and deep and sorrowful.

"Now I have seen your beautiful home, I must go back to my work. I shall always remember this visit, and this happy morning—all my life."

Mordryn was deeply moved. With great difficulty he restrained the words which rose to his lips. He did not seek to detain her, and they retraced their steps, speaking little by the way, until they came to his sitting-room.

"When you go to-morrow, will you take with you the 'Eothen' and the 'Abélard and Héloïse'? I would like to know that you read them sometimes, and there is one passage in Abélard's first letter which I know I shall have to quote to myself. It is on the fifty-fourth page, the bottom paragraph—you must look at it sometimes—" Then his voice broke a little. "And, now, let us say good-by—here in my room."

"Good-by," said Katherine, and held out her hand.

The duke took it and with it drew her near to him.

"Good-by—beloved," he whispered, and his tones were hoarse, and then he dropped her hand. And Katherine gave a little sob and, turning, ran from the room, leaving him with his proud head bent and tears in his dark-blue eyes.

And she made herself return to her work—nor would she permit her thoughts to dwell for an instant upon the events of the morning or the words of the duke, for she knew that, if she did so, she would lose control of herself and foolishly burst into tears. And there was lunch to be endured, and the afternoon and evening.

So this was the end—he loved her, but his ideas of principle held. And if she was only a common girl and so debarred from being a duchess, the duke should see that no aristocrat of his own class could be more game.

Lady Garribardine found her still writing diligently when she came in just before luncheon would be announced, and she wondered what made the girl look so pale.

After lunch, they were all to motor to an old castle for a picnic-tea, a beautiful ruin of a former habitation of the Monlucses, about five miles away.

Katherine went with the younger people, and Lady Garribardine had the duke to herself.

His manner was certainly preoccupied, and he spoke only of ordinary things as they went through the park.

"The party has been the greatest success, Mordryn. Are you pleased? Everyone has enjoyed it."

"Yes; I suppose it has been all right, thanks to your admirable qualities as hostess, dear friend. But how irksome I find all parties! I have been too long away from the world."

"I thought you seemed so cheery, Mordryn, yesterday, but to-day you look as glum as a church. You must shake yourself up; nothing is so foolish as giving way to these acquired habits of solitude and separation from your kind."

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Send me particulars of your plan of making money in spare time.

"I am growing old, Seraphim."  
"Stuff and nonsense!" her ladyship cried. "You have never looked more vigorous—or more attractive, and you are not subject to liver-attacks or the gout—so you have no excuse in the world for this doleful point of view."

"Perhaps not—it is stupid to want the moon."

"There are no such things as moons for dukes; they are always lamps which can be secured in the hand."

"Not without fear of combustion or fusing, as the case might be."

"Nothing venture, nothing have! No man ought to sit down and abandon his moon-chase—if he wants it badly enough he will get it."

"In spite of his conscience?"

Her ladyship looked at him shrewdly. Now was a moment for indicating her sentiments, she felt—he might understand her as he so pleased.

"No; never in spite of his conscience, but in spite of custom or tradition or any other man-made barrier."

But although the duke found much comfort in her words, he was not easily influenced by anyone, and the torrent of his love had not yet reached the flood-gate, and was restrained by his will. So he turned the conversation and endeavored to be cheerful. And Seraphim saw that for the moment she must leave things to fate.

Katherine looked quite lovely at tea. Her new air of rather pensive gentleness suited her well. She showed perfect composure: there was no trace of nervousness or self-consciousness in her manner; only her eyes were sad.

And so the afternoon passed with much suffering in two souls, and the rainbow tints of the evening came over the sky; the whole world was full of love and springtime promise of joy.

And Mordryn battled with himself and had his sitting-room blinds drawn to hide all these sweet things of nature and stayed alone there until it was time to dress for dinner, saying he had important letters to write.

The whole afternoon had been such a wretched tantalization—a long duty when he had spoken as an automaton to boring guests. He had not sought to talk to Katherine. That good-by in the morning had been final; there could be no anticlimax—that would make it all futile.

And she had *understood*; she had realized his motive—this he knew and felt, but took no comfort from the thought.

And Katherine, with half an hour to herself, looked for and found that passage on page fifty-four of "Abélard and Héloïse" and she read:

I remove to a distance from your person with an intention of avoiding you as an enemy. And yet I incessantly seek for you in my mind. I recall your image in my memory, and in such different disquietudes I betray and contradict myself. I hate you! I love you! Shame presses me on all sides. I am at this moment afraid I should seem more indifferent than you are, and yet I am ashamed to discover my trouble.

Well—if he felt like that—what could be the end?

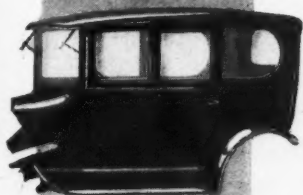
The conclusion of *The Career of Katherine Bush* will appear in the December issue.



# Announcing Allen Closed Cars



*Allen Coupe—  
seats three.*



*Allen Sedan  
with windows  
in place.  
Quickly con-  
verted to open  
car shown below.*

**U**PHOLDING the reputation thus far held by Allen Motor Cars the Coupe and convertible Sedan are comfortable, roomy and dependable, with charming body lines and handsome finish. They are good to look upon.

The appointments, the upholstery—every detail shows taste, with a touch of reserve rather than a tendency toward the radical.

**The Sedan**, shown below with "open" arrangement, is closed, at a moment's notice, by placing the pillars and raising the windows. The roof is rigid and permanently built. The Sedan carries five. Divided front seats allow passage between.

**The Coupe** is of the same durable construction—seating three. The side windows lower out of sight.

Read the specifications and consider, please, that they are backed by precise manufacture and by a car that is dependable and economical to run.

37 H. P.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  x 5 in. 4 cylinder motor.  
Two unit electric starter and lights.  
Stewart-Warner fuel feed, tank in rear.  
55 inch rear springs.

Full floating rear axle.  
Large, easy-acting brakes.  
112 inch wheelbase.  
Tires—33x4 inch, non-skid rear.

*Send for the Allen Closed Car Folder  
or see the Allen dealer.*

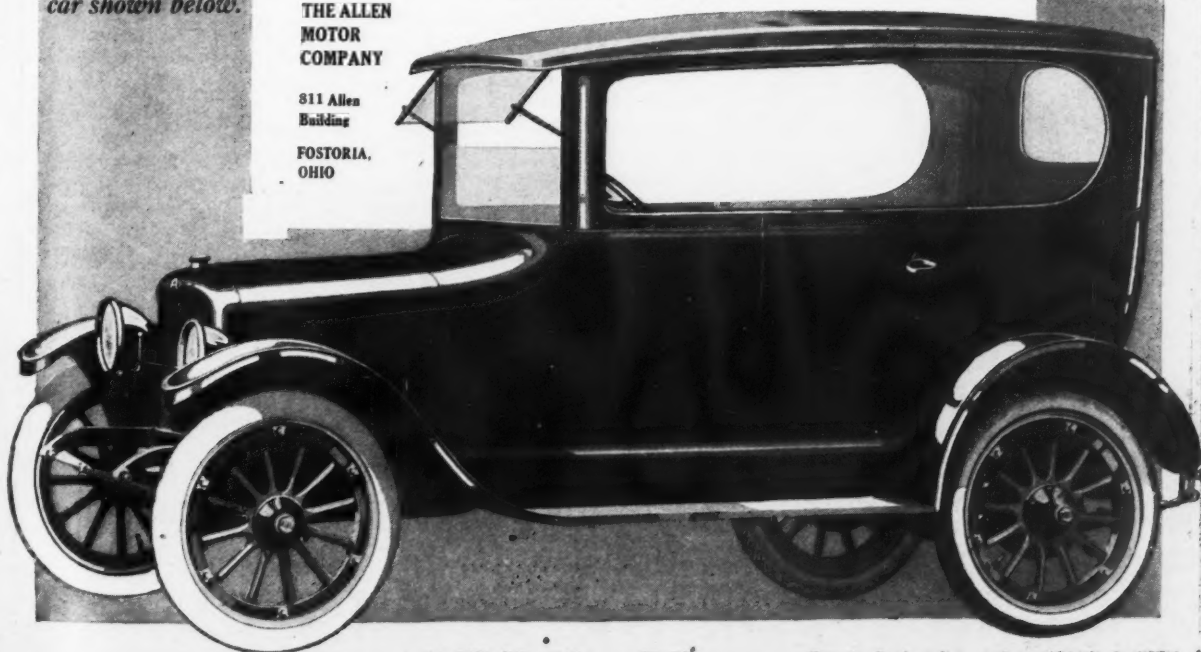
Sedan (5 pass.), convertible type, \$1095. Coupe (3 pass.), \$1075.  
Model "37" Touring (5 pass.) and Roadster (2 pass.), \$795.  
Classic Touring Cars and Roadsters, \$850.

**ALL PRICES—F. O. B. FOSTORIA**

**THE ALLEN  
MOTOR  
COMPANY**

811 Allen  
Building

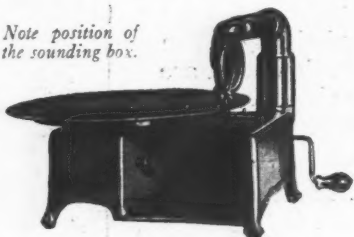
FOSTORIA,  
OHIO



**A \$10 phonograph that will play as clear and as loud as any expensive machine—any size record—any make of record—use any needle—and yet requires *no extra attachment!***

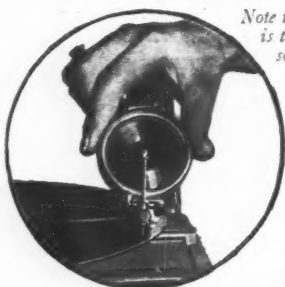
*All records are made in either lateral and vertical or hill-and-dale cuts.*

*Note position of the sounding box.*



*Here is the Melodograph as it plays any record of a lateral cut.*

### HERE IS HOW IT IS DONE



*Note that this is the same sounding box.*

*It has only been turned.*

*Here is the Melodograph playing any record of a vertical or hill-and-dale cut.*



*You can take it with you, anywhere, anytime.*

All the great artists of the world can sing or play for you on this newest and most complete of all phonographs.

Though the price of this instrument is but \$10.00 it is not a toy.

It is the most wonderful phonograph made. It is manufactured by a corporation the general manager of which has for years been one of the leading makers of phonograph parts.

## The Melodograph

### Costs only \$10.00

This wonderful little instrument embodies two new principles:

First, a new and secret composition of metals in certain exact proportions that form a perfect vibrating path for a large volume of sound and harmony.

Secondly, a new and adjustable sounding box that simply by a turn can be made to reproduce with absolute accuracy and purity of tone ANY work of ANY artist that has ever been recorded on ANY phonographic disc.

It is a marvel among present-day phonographs, because it has the qualities of all phonographs combined in one small inexpensive machine and yet possesses a purity and volume of tone unexcelled by the most costly instruments.

We point especially to our unusual selling guarantee to give you your money back, if your Melodograph will not do all that we say it will.

Here are the claims and guarantees of the Melodograph:

Constructed of a secret process composition of metals. No iron, tin or steel. Cannot warp like wood. Resists climatic changes. Will not rust. No metallic sound effects. Absolutely first-class spur-driven motor.

Uses any kind of needle—steel, fibre, diamond or sapphire. Has a full-sized tone arm; and sound box with mica diaphragm; a feature not to be found in any other small phonograph.

Will play any size record from the very small record to the full size twelve-inch record.

Reproduces every voice intonation and modulation with an effect equal to that of the most expensive phonograph made.

Has a tremendous sound volume.

It is as indestructible as a phonograph can be made. Children can use it without danger of breaking it.

**HAS A UNIVERSAL SOUNDING BOX WHICH PLAYS ANY DISC RECORD MADE, WITHOUT A SPECIAL ATTACHMENT—OR YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.**

Fill out the coupon now while you have it in mind. Thousands will want a Melodograph. Take no chances of delay in getting yours. In time every one will have one. It will revolutionize the phonograph industry. *Be one of the first to own a Melodograph.*

**Use this order coupon at once if you want to be sure to get a Melodograph.**

The Melodograph Corporation,  
142 West 14th St., New York City

Gentlemen: I enclose { check money order } for \$10.00

Please send me a Melodograph, all charges prepaid, with the understanding that I can return it to you in the enclosed package within 48 hours if I find that there is any disc record that cannot be played on it without an extra attachment, and you will return my money

Name.....

Address.....

## The Melodograph Corporation

142-146 West 14th Street

New York City



## A Rubberless World

**I**MAGINE this world suddenly deprived of rubber! Fires, now quenched by the use of rubber-lined fire hose, would feast on cities.

Gardens would shrivel up.

More than half the wheels of industry would stop for lack of rubber belting. Engines and pumps could not be operated without rubber packing. Factories and mines would close down.

Think of the railroad disasters if there were no rubber air-brake hose! With the disappearance of air and steam drill hose, the digging of our building foundations and the tunneling of mountains could only proceed at the pace of the pick and shovel.

Without rubber gloves and rubber surgical instruments the surgeon would be badly handicapped. Sufferings, unsoothed by the ice bag and hot water bottle, would be unbearably acute.

This is a glimpse. Picture the rest. Imagine your everyday world abruptly set back three-quarters of a century! A startling thought—but one that need not worry you.

For in the last 74 years there has grown up a mighty rub-

ber industry, able to supply civilization with the rubber articles it needs. With this industry has grown the group of rubber companies which form the United States Rubber Company, the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

From the 47 tremendous factories of the United States Rubber Company comes every kind of rubber goods humanity demands. It is a well-balanced output, embracing not only belting, hose, packing, mechanical and moulded rubber goods of every description, but also all styles of rubber footwear; canvas rubber-soled shoes; weather-proof clothing; tires for automobiles, motor trucks and all other vehicles; druggists' rubber goods; insulated wire; soles and heels—each in gigantic quantities.

The usefulness of the United States Rubber Company does not hinge on the continued demand for any one product. It grows with the increasing use of rubber for every purpose. And with that growth comes an increasing ability to furnish the quality, variety and quantity of rubber goods the public needs.



# United States Rubber Company



# Just Out!

## 21-Jewel Burlington

All sizes  
for both  
men and  
women.



The newest  
ideas in  
gold strata  
cases.

The New Burlington is ready—just out—and distributed for first time—on an astounding offer. The superb new model far surpassing everything of the past. 21 jewels, adjusted to positions, temperature and isochronism. Runs almost two days on one winding. Sold on an iron-clad guarantee. New thin design—and all the newest ideas in gold strata cases to choose from.

### Special Offer Now

And—we will send you this master watch without a cent down. If you decide to buy it—you pay *only* the rock-bottom price—the same price that even wholesale jewelers must pay.

# \$2<sup>50</sup> a Month!

Just think of it! \$2.50 a month—less than ten cents a day will pay, at the rock-bottom price, for the New 21-Jewel Burlington—the master watch. This perfect time-piece will be sent to you, prepaid, without a cent deposit so that you can see and examine it for yourself. When you hold it in your hand you will realize what a gigantic value it is—and you will know how the Burlington brought the highest watch values within the reach of all. Send the coupon at once for free book.

### Write for Introductory Offer!

Burlington Watch Co.  
19th St. and Marshall Blvd.  
Dept. 1048. Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me, without obligation (and prepaid), your free book on watches, with full explanation of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

Write today for our new catalog and the introductory offer. Read about this gigantic watch value. Learn about watch movements and why 21 jewels are the number prescribed by watch experts. Read what makes a watch movement perfect—and how the Burlington is adjusted to the very second. The watch book is free. Write for it today and get posted on watches and watch values. Send the coupon.

**Burlington Watch Company**

Dept. 1048, 19th Street and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

Faces glow with smiles  
of anticipation when

# NABISCO

Sugar Wafers


are served. The sweet, creamy filling 'tween wafers of airy lightness blend in a harmony of delicate goodness. Nabisco are equally appropriate as a confection or as an accompaniment to any dessert. In ten-cent and twenty-five-cent tins.

FESTINO—Like an almond in appearance, but a dessert confection of delicate goodness with almond-flavored creamy filling.


**NATIONAL BISCUIT  
COMPANY**




**Train Now To —**



**\$18<sup>00</sup> to \$20<sup>00</sup>  
Per Week**



**Make This Goal**



**\$3,000 to \$10,000  
Per Year**

## Buck the Line to Win!

Are you in the "game" are merely on the "side-line"? Are you going to be a star or a stick? You can't "get on," while "looking on." In business as well as in athletics the big stakes, the touch-downs, the goals and high scores are won by **trained men**. When you play go in to win or stay out. It is easy to win when you have been trained by the best coaches in the game.

You can begin your training **RIGHT NOW** for a high-salaried accounting position under some of the biggest men in the business. The first step is to mail the coupon. Let us tell you how others have won out with our coaching. There are great opportunities for you in the Accounting field. More than 500,000 firms need expert or executive accountants, and yet there are only 2,000 Certified Public Accountants in America to do the work. You can qualify for a splendid position in a comparatively short while. Let us show you how.

### We Train You By Mail

in spare time—at home  
—to qualify for one of  
these big, high-salaried  
positions paying from  
\$3,000 to \$10,000 a year.

We train you so that you can direct others in big business matters, be looked upon as one of the really important factors in the conduct of any business and one of the first men consulted in all the matters of finance and management.

Our course in Higher Accountancy is prepared to give you such instruction as you need in the shortest possible time. Under the personal supervision of our instructors and the coaching of our experts you learn every phase of practical Accounting, Theory of Accounts, Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Organization, Business Management, Business Laws, etc. In fact, no effort is spared to give you the personal training needed to suit your exact requirements whether as an executive in the employ of big institutions, corporations, etc., or in business for yourself as a Certified Public Accountant.

## Be An Expert ACCOUNTANT

At \$3,000 to \$10,000 a Year

### Small Cost Easy Terms

Begin now. The tuition fee is surprisingly small and terms so easy you will scarcely miss the money.

Write your name and address in the coupon and find out how quickly

you can enter a profession that is practically new—the field unlimited—the demand many times greater than the supply—and salaries, the largest paid to professional men. Take the first step now. Mail the coupon today.

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We give you a written agreement, signed by our treasurer, that if, upon completion of the course you should fail to pass C. P. A. Examination held in any state, we will give you special instruction and help—without additional charge—until you do pass. We further agree to refund entire amount of tuition, according to our **Guarantee Bond**, if dissatisfied with the Course.

You owe it to yourself to learn all the facts about this Course. Write us for full information. We will send you a book which tells the whole story—about the truly remarkable opportunities in store for you. How to pass State examinations, the salaries paid, etc. Take the first step now. Mail the coupon for full facts today.

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Send at once, without cost or obligation to me, your valuable book of Accounting facts and full details of your course in Higher Accountancy; also advise me about Special Reduced Rate and Convenient-Payment Plan.

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The lessons are practical, directly to the point, all needless text-book theory having been entirely eliminated. This prepares you for a rapid advancement to an executive position commanding a high salary.

The LaSalle Course trains you from the ground up—takes into consideration your individual knowledge or lack of knowledge. In other words, it provides complete and comprehensive instruction according to **your** individual needs—from the simplest bookkeeping principles to the most advanced accounting problems. Whatever training you may need on the subject of bookkeeping we'll give you without any extra expense to you.

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# Barrington Hall

## The Baker-ized Coffee

OR even better, let him bring you a trial can of Barrington Hall so that you can see for yourself, the fine, uniform granules which make correct brewing possible and note the freedom from dust or flavor-smothering chaff. Then make six large cups of Barrington Hall and let the family decide. It is only by such a test and by reading our booklet describing the Baker-ized Process, that you can appreciate the superiority of "the coffee without a regret."

Barrington Hall is sold in sealed tins by over 50,000 grocers at 40c to 45c a pound according to locality. Your grocer can easily get it if he has not yet ordered. Fill in the coupon and mail today. The free trial can and booklet will be sent to you at once.



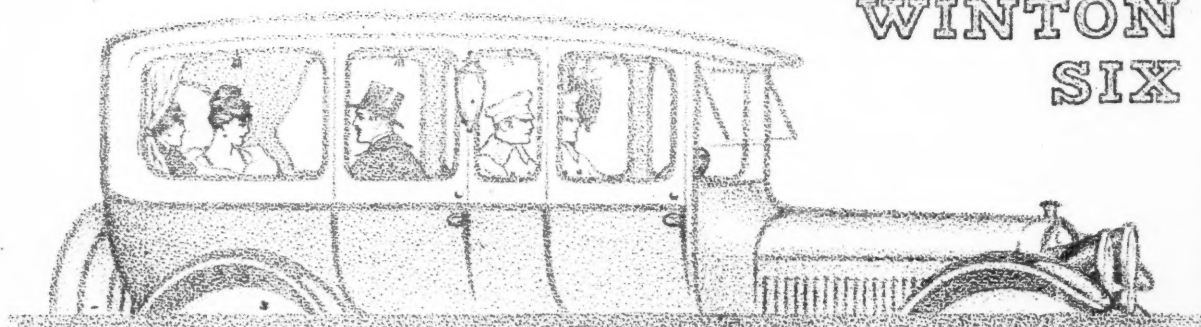
**FOR DRIP or FILTER POTS**  
Send for sample of PUL-VO-DRIP Barrington Hall. This is Baker-ized Barrington Hall reduced to a still finer granulation which gives perfect results by the drip process. When sample is sent, we will explain how to obtain free, this new PUL-VO-DRIP Porcelain Pot, scientifically designed for the preparation of drip coffee.

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY

108 Hudson Street  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

252 N. Second Street  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

## WINTON SIX



# "COME and RIDE WITH ME"

When friends accept your invitation, omit apologies for the car you drive. Apology cures not faults and wins no esteem. Happiness comes from owning a car that needs no defense, no "whitewashing"

Own an *appropriate* car. In winter that means a *closed* car. For the successful man or woman it means a closed car of *best merit*. To those accustomed to unhampered living it means a closed car of *exclusive distinction*, not a copy of any other car in town, but one of unmistakable charm and individuality—a car designed to your own personal taste in body style, finishing fabrics, color harmony, and appointments. Such a car requires no apology. Instead you are every day rewarded with the approval of your friends, with the approval of every passerby who has eyes to see.

In making your car, we enjoy creating a beauty that will exactly meet your desire. We fashion your car to your ideal. It becomes a splendid personal possession, a car that is a delight wherever and whenever it appears.

*Closed Car  
Prices range  
as low  
as \$2800.  
We are at  
your service.*

By specializing for many years on distinctive cars for private ownership, we have achieved in the Winton plant an art beyond imitation, an art that adds zest to the use of your Winton Six. That art is at your service. Simply write or telephone.

### The Winton Company

103 Berea Road, Cleveland



# Vitralite

THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

**I**N early American homes of romance, where heart-strings became tangled in the spinner's skein, there was always a great white room.

The memorable charm of any white room is reproduced and enhanced with Vitralite, the Long-Life White Enamel.

Vitralite's snowy whiteness is reflected in mirror-like floors of "61" Floor Varnish—long-lasting as well as water-proof.

**Free Book and Sample Panels** finished with Vitralite and "61" Floor Varnish, sent on request.

*The quality of P. & L. Varnish Products has always been their strongest guarantee. Our established policy is full satisfaction or money refunded.*

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

**Pratt & Lambert-Inc.**

Varnish Makers 67 Years

99 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.  
In Canada, 41 Courtwright Street,  
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"61" FLOOR VARNISH





### *A man's man*

**A**ND a man's overcoat, as you see. Without any loss of smartness this coat obviously is designed for practical, vigorous use.

Have you ever seen a more successful combination of top style and real utility in an overcoat? It is easy, roomy, and thoroly protective; and also extremely good looking to wear anywhere.

This is one style in our remarkable overcoat display for this season. You may like another style better; our dealer has them all for you. Be sure you see Varsity Six Hundred in its many variations.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Chicago      New York



1916